



THE SELECT POEMS
OF
DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

(EXCLUSIVE OF THE "BATTLE LYRICS")

EDITED BY
ALICE ENGLISH



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ALICE ENGLISH.

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LEGENDS AND LAYS.

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PRESS OF GROVER BROTHERS, NEWARK, N. J.
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KALLIMAIS.

I.

ONCE—once upon a time in Nomansland,
Hard by the dim shore of the Mythic Sea,
Went forth in arms a young and valiant knight,
Sir Huon of the Rose, with whom there rode
Bold Ferribrand, his stout and trusty 'squire.
These through an oaken forest all day long
Seeking adventures fearless forced their way
Where limbs and leafy branches overhead,
And mighty trunks with mossy bark begirt
Standing on every hand made dismal shade ;
But not a human creature met their eyes,
Nor things of life indeed, save once a deer
That scurried fast before the tramp of steeds,
And one scared lizard, warted, rough and grey,
Which for an instant threw a startled glance
From the dead trunk of an uprooted tree,
Then darted into covert. All day long
Thus rode the twain till darker grew the shadows,
When at the sunset hour they came upon
A treeless space, where in a garden fair,

With rose and lily planted, yews close-clipt,
Blue violets under foot, and many birds
Singing on sprays, a stately palace—
Whiter than snow the carven points whereon
The late light rested, tinged with blue the rest—
Lonely and fair it stood—a song in marble.
Straight to its gate of bronze Sir Huon rode,
And grasping there a silvern horn which hung
Suspended from above, a blast he blew
Which shook alarum over frieze and cornice,
Buttress and turret, moat and barbican,
Piercing with shrilly tones the casements through,
Then faintly fading into distant echo.
Scarce ceased the notes ere rose the barred portcullis,
The drawbridge dropped and opened wide the gates,
And thence came forth a bent and grey old man
Who, bowing, helped them to dismount and then,
The tired steeds giving to the charge of grooms,
Ushered the wanderers to the mighty hall
With rushes fresh-bestrewn, and bringing seats,
With reverence low and courteous words inquired
How he could serve his visitors the best.

Then said Sir Huon—"To your noble lord
Present my service and bespeak him thus—
'The errant knight, Sir Huon of the Rose,
Craves entertainment for himself and 'squire.'"

Answered the porter next—"O, noble knight,
Whose deeds in arms outstripped his coming here,
This palace has no lord—a maiden rules.
The noble Lady Kallimais, sole child
Of good Sir Ebberon, now with the saints—
(Sir Ebberon, once marquis of this wood,
And all the border-land wherein it stands)

Is mistress uncontrolled of this domain.
But nevertheless your welcome is assured,
Where hospitality as free as air
Best fitting his degree each guest receives."

Asked now Sir Huon—" Dwells she ever then
Alone and lonely, this fair damosel ? "

Spake then the porter in reply—" Not so ;
Never alone, since she has men-at-arms
Prompt to obey (if need be, to defend)
And varlets stout, and maidens at her beck ;
But lives she here with none of her degree,
Since to the Saracens from whence she came
Her step-dame went, the Princess Pharmakis.
Gloomy and terrible in mien was she,
And, so they whisper, wise in things forbidden,
Who loved not well the Lady Kallimais,
And at their parting flung back angry words
And threats of evil. I might more recount
But fear I prate too much. Be pleased to sit
While I acquaint my lady of your coming."

Then came a page with store of amber wine,
In golden flask, and cups of amethyst,
And wheaten bread upon a silvern salver,
Of which the knight partook, the 'squire in turn.

Now presently came forth fair Kallimais,
As breaks the bright moon through a rift of clouds—
As shows the yellow moon from sombre clouds—
Lighting all things and beautifying all.
She came preceded by her seneschal,
Around her gathered her attendant maids,
Her white-haired old confessor close behind—

The Fray Baltasar, bent with years and vigils—
And with a gentle air and courteous speech
Welcomed the knight, and bade her servitors
Attend him to a chamber with his 'squire,
That he might change apparel at his will.
Now Kallimais was young and beautiful,
And had a charming manner and a grace
That well accorded with her youth and beauty;
And stout Sir Huon felt his heart athrill,
And a strange fear which was a joy in mask
Pass through his spirit as he left the hall.
And after then, his armor laid aside,
In velvet double-piled and sable clad,
And silken hose, and shoes of Barbary leather,
And linen fine, and golden baldric on,
He came fine-prankt to banquet in the hall,
And seated at the right hand of the lady
Was waited on with honor and respect,
Fell straight in love who still had laughed at love
In days before, and worn no lady's token,
And troubled was thereat, for he was poor
Though coming of a good and ancient strain,
While she not merely was of highest rank
But riches had to match her pedigree.

And so that night Sir Huon in his sleep
Wandered through dream-land with sweet Kallimais—
Even in dreams with downcast eyes he gazed—
And wakened in the morn to think of her;
Yet had no thought of her when she was by,
For then both brain and heart were in a whirl;
And for the three days he remained as guest,
Grew more enraptured till at length he knew
He rather would be lord of that fair lady,
Than reign as king o'er all broad Nomansland.

Then went the knight away, bidding farewell
To Kallimais, and with his faithful 'squire
Journeyed to Palestine, where great renown
He won by fighting with the Paynim foe ;
And all men held him, as a warrior
Valiant afield, and passing wise in council ;
And went his name and fame to many lands ;
But wheresoe'er he was his mind went back
To one fair palace standing in a garden,
And one fair damosel with golden hair.

Two years had passed, when from the stirring wars
Seeking a rest from action, he came back,
And craved the hospitality again
Of Lady Kallimais, yet fairer grown,
Who welcomed him in honorable ways,
As did indeed the household of the lady
Which honored much the grave and silent knight,
Till something in her eyes emboldened him
To press his suit upon her, which he did.

The lady heard him with a blush and sigh,
And said—" I feel it honor to be wooed
By one whose name is good on all men's tongues,
And frankly say that no man lives on earth
Whom I would rather take to be my lord.
But ere I yield my maiden state and freedom,
One boon I seek. Pledge me the sacred word
Of a good knight and true, that every week
Upon each Friday, save when it may chance
That holy Christmas falls upon that day,
You suffer me to pass alone the hours
From early dawn to nightfall, seeking not
To penetrate the chamber where I go,
Nor ask to know how I am occupied.

Promise me this upon your knightly faith,
And I your loving lady will become,
And you henceforth shall be my gracious lord,
The master of my life and all I have."

To her Sir Huon in a burst of joy—
"Freely I promise this which is a trifle,
As I would more than this—I would 'twere more !
Not as condition for the hand you grant,
But from affection, and the yielding love
Which may deny you nothing. So I pledge."

And so in due time wedded were the twain—
The king, of whom the Lady Kallimais
Held land in fee, the match approving well ;
And noble lords and ladies gentle born
Made festival through all the honeymoon,
And tenantry and vassals loud rejoiced ;
And for a year the pair lived happily,
Naught to arrest the current of their bliss
And mutual fondness growing day by day.

II.

An old compaignon found Sir Huon soon—
Sir Ranulph of the Thistle—who at times
The palace visited, and since the twain
Had been in arms together in the past,
Was feasted and made welcome when he came.
Brave was Sir Ranulph, little fearing man,
Not fearing God at all—an envious wight,
And wicked, though his wickedness he hid
Beneath his roistering manner as a cloak.
Frank in his speech, but secret in his deed,
Open in manner, but with envy gnawed,

He felt chagrined Sir Huon should have won
Riches so great and eke a lovely dame
Who loved him dearly, and he strove to find
Some spot of weakness in the life of either
Which he might pierce and thus his malice sate.
And so he peered into the household ways,
And looked where no one saw his envious glance,
And heard where no one thought he used his ears,
Till, bit by bit, from casual words he learned
That from the cock-crow till the sunset hour
On every Friday, Lady Kallimais,
Locked in an inner chamber where no eye,
Save God's, could see her, passed the hours alone.
And marvelled not the household, for it deemed,
The day being one of fast, the lady there
In abstinence and prayer and meditation,
And wholesome mortification of the flesh,
As well became a sinful mortal, strove
To purge the spirit of its earthly dross.
Sir Ranulph smiled at this—some mystery,
He thought, was there beyond what met the senses
Which he would open. Hence he laid his plans.

And so it fell one Friday, ere the noon
Sir Ranulph came, and stayed till fish was served,
And learned the lady was at her devotions,
And could not be disturbed, for so her lord,
Having love and confidence, in truth believed.

Then, full of evil thought, Sir Ranulph said—
“A happy man are you, my dear old friend,
To have so good a wife, so pious too,
Of whom, and of whose ways you are assured.
Ah me ! that there are men less blest than you !
Ah me ! that there are dames less true than yours !

I knew a noble knight whose wife retired
Weekly as does the Lady Kallimais,
Your pure and virtuous consort. As for her,
A wicked wretch, and he, a man abused.
He knew not as he would not of her ways,
So confident was he ; but chance revealed.
There was a smart young page—but that is naught :
The dame is dead—she was a wicked woman ;
In truth I know not how the story came
Thus to my memory. Whence had you, pray,
This wine of Cyprus? 'Tis a toothsome drink,
And good for mind and body. Pledge me now
To the old days when both were bachelors,
And wish me some fair dame in whom I'll hold
That quiet trust you have, and should, in yours."
Then he began to bring again to mind
Their old adventures, when they had the world
All free before them, and their swords were new,
And hearts were eager, and their thoughts were young ;
And talking all, and listening none, soon wore
The hours, then took his leave and went away—
A wasp that ere it flew had left a sting.

Strode through the hall Sir Huon all alone,
And out the portals to the garden fair,
And up and down the walks ; but neither rose,
Of odorous petals tinged with delicate hues,
Nor stately lily with its snowy bell,
Nor modest violet from its timid lips
Offering its fragrance, had a charm for him.
He thought upon his dame, fair Kallimais—
So sweet, so pure, so true, fair Kallimais—
And yet so strange her ways, fair Kallimais.
Why, if devotion were alone her purpose,
Should she shut out the path to heaven above

She trod in to the loving lord she loved ?
She was no wicked dame, fair Kallimais,
As she of whom his friend, Sir Ranulph, spake ;
But good and sweet and filled with piety,
And fond of him beside—yea! loved him well.
And yet a wife who was a loving wife
Should have no secrets from her other self,
Not even in her intercourse with heaven ;
A whole day in devotion ; but one day,
And six which showed no thought of prayer or praise,
He might not spy—'twere mean indeed to spy ;
He might not follow her—his promise barred
The way to that ; he might not questions ply,
So he was pledged. Sir Huon's lot was hard.
And yet if by some mode outside his vow
He could discover aught, could find him why
Her fast was lone, and what she did within
That inner chamber from the world shut out,
Why then, his mind at ease, and then—and then.
So on another day, she being out,
He furtive sought that inner room, and found
But a mean altar with a crucifix,
A missal, and a vase of holy water,
A praying-stool of wood, and nothing more.
The stool was worn, and bore the marks of knees ;
The missal worn, and bore the marks of use.
Never a man so shamed of his suspicions ;
And yet when he beheld in the partition
A small round knot that outward fell on pressure,
And struck the floor of the adjoining room,
He let it stay there as it fell—of course.

When Friday next came on, so ill at ease
Sir Huon, that he wandered round the house
Until he came to that same empty chamber

Next where his pious wife was knelt in prayer.
He crept there softly, like a thief he crept,
And would have shrunk away, had not his glance
Fell on the hole from which the knot had dropped.
Then curiosity o'ercame resolve,
And so he stood before the aperture,
And slowly placed his eye thereto, and saw.

And this he saw. At first a tiny mouse
That capered up and down the room—then, horror!
A tigress body, supple, long and strong—
Black stripes and white upon a yellow ground—
Fearfully beautiful, with frightful paws,
And cruel claws, and slender limbs and strong—
A tigress body, with no tigress head,
A tigress body, with a human head,
A tigress body, and the head his wife's—
The head was that of Lady Kallimais,
The golden hair down falling like a mane,
The blue eyes raining floods of earnest tears,
The rosy lips with mental woe contorted—
Enchantress, or enchanted, who might know?
Meanwhile the mouse kept capering up and down,
Frolic and joyous, leaping here and there;
And every time the eyes of Kallimais
Rested upon the tiny creature's form,
A shudder ran through body and through limbs,
A newer shadow on the forehead passed,
A sharper pang of anguish on the face,
While the salt tears fell ever faster, faster;
And the poor creature, whatso'er it was,
Monster, or form enchanted, or a vision,
Would rest its fore-paws on the altar there,
And bow its head before the crucifix,
And seem to pray; whereat the mouse would leap,
And jump and frolic as the thing were mad.

Sir Huon had a noble soul and kind,
 And knew some doom had fallen on his wife,
 A fearful doom and weird and terrible.
 Such agony had come not of her will ;
 'Twas dealt by one who had the mastery,
 Or by her fault, or by his greater power ;
 But he would not believe 'twas through her fault
 And so he left, and sought the open air,
 And marvelled. When they met that night no word
 Dropt from his lips to tell what he had seen ;
 But when she fell asleep upon his breast
 He lay awake all night, and pondered much
 How and through whom he might deliver her,
 His dear wife Kallimais, from sore distress,
 And free her from her bonds, nor break his vow ;
 For such his love that he believed her wronged,
 And such his love he knew her innocent ;
 But innocent or guilty, nevertheless,
 Or wronged or wronger, he would save her yet—
 For, innocent or guilty, she was his,
 Or wronged, or wronger, he was still her lord :—
 For weal or woe he wedded that fair dame ;
 In weal or woe his love was still the same.

III.

Deep in the forest, in a mossy hut,
 By boughs o'ershaded, where a bubbling spring
 Rose eager from between the ferns and mosses,
 And filled its basin with a crystal flood
 Wherein the watercresses loved to grow,
 There dwelt the anchorite Heremiton.
 A saint was he who had a scholar been—
 And hence a sinner, for who knows all things
 Will do all things, and most of deeds are sin—
 Master of every tongue, and every science

Permitted and forbidden, but of those
 Forbidden he forebore. The mate of lords,
 The favorite of kings, he left them all,
 Flung riches, pomp and honors far away,
 And came to end his days in solitude
 Where man but rarely was, God evermore.
 And there he lived a lonely, quiet life,
 Save when some hind, sore smitten by disease,
 Called forth his skill in leechcraft to his aid—
 His food fresh herbs; his drink the limpid flow;
 Rushes his bed; his thoughts upon the grave.
 Sir Huon sought him out, and told him all.

The anchorite a moment mused, then said—
 "A capering mouse, the other seems to fear it?
 Saw you no human being in the place?"
 "Why, no," replied the knight; "naught save these
 two—
 And one is human surely though deformed,
 The tigress body with my lady's head,
 But saving this no trace of man or woman.
 The mouse, the altar, and the crucifix,
 The vase of holy water and the stool—
 The room held nothing more—of that be sure."

"And so this form—your wife, or whatsoe'er
 The creature be, if not illusion, knelt
 Before the altar and the crucifix,
 And not it seems in mockery. That proves
 The shape and change is not the fault or will
 Of Lady Kallimais. She has a foe
 So potent as to scoff at holy symbols,
 So strong it bids defiance to the church.
 Book, bell and candle will not chase the fiend,
 For here no fiend, but something even worse,

A raging woman. Has there ever been
A rival for your love who seeks revenge
On her who won your love? You shake your head.
Had then the gentle Lady Kallimais
No bitter foe who strikes for fancied wrongs?
No rival beauty whom in maiden frolic,
By some light word she wounded in her pride?"

The knight replied—"My lady has no foes,
That I have ever heard of—could not have;
For she is gentle as the morning dew,
And kindly is to every living thing,
And ever was. The only one who hated—
And she because my lady being heir
Barred her from all our lands—is leagues away,
The Princess Pharmakis. She is not here,
But far from hence in Paynim lands, where dwells
Her father, of a province there pashaw."

Then said the anchorite—"Be 't whom it may
Be sure she comes, and in the mouse's shape;
And ere the charm be broken she must die,
Or when the charm is loosened she must die.
My magic staff, my books of magic art,
Are buried deep, and I had never thought
To bring them to the light. Nathless, I will.
And now observe me well. On Thursday night,
When twelve has told its number from the bell,
And loosed uneasy spirits from the graves,
I will be waiting at the postern gate;
Admit me then, and to that oratory
Where prays and suffers Lady Kallimais,
Conduct and leave me. Then at cockcrow go,
When once thy lady shall have left her couch,
And seek thy spot of vantage. Look within,

Note what shall meet thy gaze, then go thy way ;
 Come thou again at nightfall, and again
 Note what thou seest, and there remain until
 I call thee, and be glad of heart meanwhile ;
 For if I read this tale of thine aright,
 And potence has not left me through disuse,
 The sufferer shall from wrong delivered be,
 The wronger perish at the place of wrong.
 The saints protect and guard thee—go !”

And so on Thursday at the midnight hour,
 When the clock struck Sir Huon left his couch—
 His wife still wrapt in slumber—oped the door,
 And took Heremiton with book and staff
 Straight to that inner chamber where he left him,
 Then to his couch returned, but not to sleep.

Ere the cock crowed the Lady Kallimais
 Arose and touched her lord, who slumber feigned,
 Then kissed him fondly as he lay and said—
 “The Holy Mother be his shield !” and then
 Hastily robing to her sorrow glided,
 Whereat the knight with tenderness was filled.
 Then crowed the cock within the palace yard,
 And rising from his couch Sir Huon now
 Followed, and sought his former hiding place
 From whence he looked upon the scene within.

His wife was kneeling at the altar's foot,
 Her sweet head bowed the crucifix before,
 When suddenly a dame, in velvet clad,
 Her back toward him, in the room appeared.
 The stranger spake not, stirred not, but a thrill
 Went through her form, and then it shrunk and shrunk,
 Smaller and smaller, shape and substance changing

Until it changed into a mouse which ran
And capered gaily in the chamber's space,
Then came and fixed its bright eyes on the dame.

Then rose the lady from the altar, rose
As one enforced, and in the centre stood,
And trembled there; and then a change began.
Her robe spread to a tigress' hide, her limbs
Were clad with fur, her fingers armed with claws;
And bit by bit, all but her face and neck
Became a ravening, savage brute, while tears
Fell from her eyes, and o'er her tortured features
There spread a veil of woe. And then the mouse
Ran here and there, and leapt and frolicked fast,
Whereon Sir Huon softly went away.
He dared not enter, for his oath forbade,
But all that day he neither ate nor drank,
And waited till the night was drawing nigh,
When he returned, and looked again, and saw.

There was the Lady Kallimais yet pacing,
And there the mouse was capering as before.
And now the last rays of the setting sun
Streamed through the oriel level from the west,
Wrapping them both in radiance like a flame,
When sudden stopt the tigress, so the mouse,
And shook the tigress, an expectant gaze
Crossing the face. The body shook and shook,
And bit by bit, the furred hide passed away,
The silken robes succeeding, and the limbs
Grew human once again, and on the stool
Before the crucifix the lady knelt
And thanked the Blessed Lord. Stood still the mouse,
And shook and shook, but on the instant then
A grey cat from beneath the altar crept,

With ears bent back, and whiskers quivering,
And sprang upon the mouse, and struck its claws
Into the creature's skull, and slew it straight.
Astounded stood the Lady Kallimais,
Then in a moment more the cat was changed,
And, book and staff in hand, before her stood
The grave, grey anchorite Heremiton.

The anchorite remained within; the knight
Came to the door and met his wife, who swooned
Into his arms; and then he kissed her lips,
Whereat once more she came to life, and o'er
Her cheeks and lips the blood took course again.
Called loudly by the anchorite, they entered;
And there upon the floor, a lifeless corse,
The velvet-covered Princess Pharmakis
Lay stretched before them. But Heremiton,
Shunning their thanks, bade them thank God alone,
And left the palace for his woodland cell.

That night the lady told her lord, with tears,
How once a beggar to the palace came—
A loathsome leper asking care and food,
Whereat she shuddered and avoided him,
On which he cursed her for a wretch, and then,
Her anger being roused, she bade her serfs
To scourge him off, of which she sore repented.
Up to that time the spells of sorcery
Of Pharmakis had never power; from thence
They fell in force; and, for she had a heart
So like a tigress on that day, was punished
By being made a tigress in her form
When fell the day she drove the leper off.

IV.

When came Sir Ranulph on one Friday morn,
And saw Sir Huon and his stately dame
Together in the garden, well he knew
Was happily solved the mystery of that pair
But not for him ; and so he held his peace,
And leaving them, and going to the wars,
Was slain in a *melée*. No more of him.

But nevermore the Lady Kallimais
Knew change of form ; the fearful doom had passed ;
And lived her lord and she in happiness
For many years, and died upon one day.
From them the house of Tourblanc came, whose crest,
A tigress demi, with a woman's head,
Rampant, surmounts its arms, a turret argent,
Proper, upon an azure field displayed.

So ends the tale of Lady Kallimais.



FIONN AND THE FAIRIES.

Fionn MacCumhail (the Finn MacCool, of the common tongue) takes a place in Irish legends, somewhat like that of Arthur, in the circle of the Knights of the Round Table, or Roland, among the twelve peers of Charlemagne. The Fingal of MacPherson's romance is a mere pinchbeck counterfeit of the original. Fionn is the leader of the Fianna, but in keenness and might, Oscar and others of his followers surpass him. He is a chevalier *sans peur*, but not *sans reproche*. The bardic traditions paint him as possessed of the weaknesses of a man, as well as the courage of a hero. In the story which follows, we have a leading idea which, in some shape, is common to the folk-lore of all countries. Arthur's Sleeping Heroes, the Seven Sleepers and Rip Van Winkle are all of this class. We find the abstraction of mortals by fairies a leading feature in Cymric folk-lore; but there the result is usually tragic. On the return of the unfortunate guest, he falls to ashes or dwindles and dies.

FIONN, who in those days was chief of the Fianna,
Started to seek in the mountains his prey;
With him his wolf-hounds, Brann, Brod and Lomluath,
Making o'er mead and through woodland their way,
Down to the glen of the thunderstruck oak-tree,
Cleft in the rocks that were grassless and grey.

Presently Brann stopped and scented, then bounded
Eagerly forward, the rest after him—
Ah! they were fleet and of noble endurance,
Massive of jaw and of muscular limb;
Woe to the elk or the wolf they encountered—
Triumph for them, but destruction to him!

Fionn followed fast, in the chase ever earnest,
Came where the hounds stood in front of their prey;
Not theirs to harm aught that seemed to be human;
This a dwarf harper, old, withered and grey,
On a stone seated, unheeding their presence,
Twanging his harp-strings, and chanting his lay.

Wizen-faced, small and deformed, but he sat there
Calm, as though nobles and ladies among ;
Never before did a harp make such music,
Never such song by a mortal was sung ;
Fionn heard in wonder ; the hounds in a circle
Sat on their haunches, outlolling each tongue.

Then, when at last died the sound of the harp-strings,
Fionn asked the dwarf : " Why alone in the glen ?
Brutes only live in the cliffs and the wild wood,
Harpers and bards in the dwellings of men.
Follow me straight to the camp of the Fianna ;
Sing there the song of the heroes again."

" Fionn of the Fianna !" the harper responded,
" Waste not a pity unneeded on me ;
Wander I may at my will and my pleasure—
Harp and its owner are equally free,
I am an elf—Cnu Deroil, so they call me,
Servant to Una, the Queen of the Sighe.

" But unto you for to-day is my mission,
Chief of the heroes and pride of the land ;
On you, through me, does my mistress lay *geasa*,
Not for a service by spear or by brand,
But as her guest, by the vow you have taken,
Never to fail at a woman's command."

Opened a way as he spake in the hill-side—
There was a portal where none was before ;
Wide was the entrance ; Fionn followed the harper—
True to their vows were the heroes of yore ;
Then when they passed it, closed clanging behind them,
Ponderous wings of the great brazen door.

Ah! what a vision of ravishing beauty
Burst on Fionn's sight! How surpassingly fair!
Blue sky above him, and lush grass around him;
Silvery fountains to freshen the air;
Pathways that led through the roses and lilies;
Birds ever singing with melody rare.

There on the lawn rose a palace of marble,
Azure in shadow and snowy in light;
Turrets and pinnacles, casements and doorways
Studded with rubies and diamonds bright;
Seneschal grave at the door to receive him,
Soldiers in saffron, and maidens in white.

Fionn, with his wolf-hounds at hand, entered boldly,
Towering his figure, athletic and tall,
Ushered with welcome where, robed in rich colors,
Courtiers and ladies were grouped in the hall;
There on her throne sat the golden-haired Una,
Gracious, and fairer by far than them all.

"Hero of heroes!" the Sighe-queen addressed him,
"Honor and service are yours where I sway;
All things around you are yours to partake of,
All of my subjects your orders obey;
Only one thing to you here is forbidden;
Use all the rest with what freedom you may.

"Here in the hall is a spring overflowing,
Limpid as ether, no crystal so clear;
Draught it has yet never furnished to mortal,
Meant but for those who are born to it here;
Touch it not, taste it not, else woe betide you,
Even one drop of it costing you dear."

Nothing for Fionn from that moment but pleasure,
Feasted and served with a homage profound ;
Every delight that the fairies could tender,
Pleasing to sight or to taste or to sound ;
Hours they went by on the swiftest of pinions,
Life was an evermore merry-go-round.

So, for six days a continual revel,
Even the hounds of the feasting partook ;
Then on the seventh satiety followed,
Fionn on his face wore a wearisome look ;
Brann, Brod and Lomluath, all growing sullen,
Crept to one side in a sheltering nook.

What were the dainties around in profusion ?
What were the wines of the purest and best ?
What were the homage and service they gave him ?
What was fulfilment of every request ?
What were the smiles of the golden-haired Una ?
Draught from that fountain was worth all the rest.

Fionn, with a thirst that was fierce and restless,
Stooped to the water and drank to his fill ;
Shrieks all around him ; rose bristling the wolf-hounds,
Went through their master a tremulous thrill ;
Broke with the draught all the magical fetters
Closing his vision and binding his will.

Elves clad so finely wore dead leaves for garments,
Everything round him was squalid and base,
Lawn, groves and hall were one damp, dripping cavern,
Noisome and gloomy the look of the place ;
Una was changed to a hag, old and withered,
Crooked in figure, and wrinkled in face.

Fled he in horror; a few rotting faggots
 Crossing the door made no barrier to him;
 Out in the sunlight, he stood there and shivered,
 Muscles were weakened and vision was dim—
 What made the wolf-hounds so old and decrepit,
 Gaunt, trembling, toothless and feeble of limb?

Marvelous change on himself! All unshaven,
 Down reached his beard to the waist-buckle near,*
 Over his person his dress hung in tatters,
 Tangled the locks that fell over each ear,
 Rusted his glaive till it clung to the scabbard,
 Rotten and worthless the haft of his spear.

Vanished the door that had been in the hill-side,
 Leaving the rock on it grassless and bare;
 Pathway that led to it covered with brambles,
 Tracks to it leading no longer were there,
 What had been meadow was grown up with coppice,
 Grass where the birches and hazel-trees were.

Making their way through the much-tangled thicket,
 Out came they all on a wide, open road;
 There they beheld a stout, vigorous peasant,
 Bearing of branches a staggering load—
 Gleaned from the forest—and merrily whistled,
 Cheerily seeking his humble abode.

“When was this road made?” asked Fionn, of the other;
 “Seven days since, and no pathway was here.”
 “You are a stranger,” the cotter made answer,
 “Else you would know all about it, that’s clear.
 Cormac, the king, had it cut when Fionn left him;
 Seven years that, on this day, to a year.

* The Fianna shaved the cheeks and chin, leaving only the
 mustache.

“Strange, too, it was; Fionn was traced to yon hill-side,
 He and his hounds; then, no tokens were found;
 Some say he went off to join ‘the good people,’*
 Others, he wandered to far foreign ground.
 No one knows rightly. He was a bold hero;
 Much they lament him when this day comes round.”

“And who leads the Fianna now?” “Diarmuid, the
 dauntless;
 Courts he Fionn’s widow, I hear gossips say;
 Makes but poor speed, I am told, in his wooing;
 Still the fair Maghneiss replies to him ‘nay,’
 Tells him that Fionn will return from his travel;
 But she’ll come round. Women do. ’Tis their way.”

Fionn heard no more, but strode steadily forward,
 Doubt and amazement fast kindling to wrath—
 “He who depends upon love, or on friendship,
 Little of hope for his happiness hath.”
 Then, whistling sharp to the three feeble wolf-hounds,
 Sadly pursued to his dwelling the path.

Soon he was there; when he came to the portal,
 Looking forlorn, ’twas a beggar, they thought;
 All were new servants, proud, arrogant, heartless—
 Vainly the needy their kindness sought.
 Maghneiss above, who had come to a casement,
 Threw him an alms-gift, which deftly he caught.

“Give the poor wanderer food, drink and shelter,”
 Maghneiss exclaimed. “On this day of the year

* *Daoine Maith*—good people, i.e., fairies. The Irish peasant, like the Welsh, never speaks of these mysterious beings in any other way.

No one shall go without dole and a welcome
 Due to his memory ever held dear.
He would have done it, for *he* was kind-hearted."
 "Maghneiss, my darling," cried Fionn, "I am here !"

THE WOLF-GIRL.

This legend is current, in some form, in all the northern countries of Europe, and similar stories may be found in the folk-lore of the East. In some cases, the enchanted woman takes the form of a serpent or a dragon; and, in others, is hideously scarred, or otherwise repulsively deformed. It is always a kiss, generally the third given, which breaks the charm and restores the victim to her original beauty. Occasionally, the sex is reversed, as in the instances of Beauty and the Beast, or the Brown Bear of Norway. In these last, however, it is positive affection, and not the mere semblance of it, which works the deliverance. There is a characteristic anachronism in the usual Irish legend which introduces a Christian priest to perform the marriage service, although the Fianna were undoubtedly Pagans, and their last chief, Fionn MacCumhail, was slain more than five centuries before the advent of St. Patrick. Filial affection, like a respect for female purity, holding so high a place among the ancient Irish—and in that respect the race has not degenerated—I have chosen to effect the release of the father through the self-sacrificing effort of the son.

THE Fianna sat at a banquet there,
 From ovens drawn the heath,
 And heaped on platters huge the meats
 That steaming lay beneath—
 The mighty joints of cattle black,
 Leaf-wrapped the lake-caught fish;
 While bowls of *meadh* went circling round
 For those who drink might wish.

Foul-mouthed, bald-headed Conan sought
 By coarsest jests to glean
 Some scattered grains of thoughtless mirth—
 "Where now," he cried, "is Fionn?
 Some damsel lures our grey-haired chief
 From comradeship to stray;
 And makes him laggard at the feast,
 Who still is first at fray.

“We miss our Diarmuid much to-day ;
His sword was of the best ;
And well as that his hand could wield,
His tongue could hurl a jest ;
But now, with much of meat and *meadh*,
The Fianna all are dumb ;
And even peerless Oscr here
Is long of face and glum.”

“Be silent, ribald !” Oscr said ;
“Such gibes are out of place ;
I have a cause for looks forlorn ;
Your words are scant of grace.
Life gloomy seems as here I sit,
For eighteen years to-day
Have passed since Lir, the Druid vile,
Stole Aebh, my child, away.

“Pursuit was made, but all in vain ;
We searched the country round ;
None know if she be living or dead ;
No trace of her was found ;
This day each year my soul is sad,
The sunbeams give no light ;
I feel no pleasure in the feast,
No longing for the fight.”

There as he spake came slowly Fionn,
With faint and tottering pace,
And grimly beckoned Oisin then,
And drew him from the place.
A gloom came over all around,
Even Conan had no word,
As earnestly and silently
The son and sire conferred.

"My son," said Fionn, "your sire is weak,
 Nor could his life to save
 Find needed force to hurl the spear,
 Or strength to wield the glaive."
 "Whence comes such weakness," Oisín asked,
 "Oh, sire, and chief of men?"
 "I fell this morn within her power,
 The Wolf-Girl of the Glen."

O'erspread with pallor Oisín's face,
 As Fionn rehearsed the tale—
 "She met me at the pile of rocks
 Before the Glann-na-Gael.
 I strove to spurn the wretched thing,
 And bade her from me flee;
 She only growled and bared her fangs,
 And spake these words to me:

"'Henceforth no strength be in your frame,
 No courage in your heart;
 A beardless stripling in the fight
 Shall play a manlier part.
 Henceforward pointless be your spear,
 And dull of edge your sword,
 Till I am wedded by your son,
 Despite my form abhorred.'

"Her curse has struck; a weakling now,
 To exile hence I go."
 He turned, but Oisín stayed his steps—
 "No, father dear, not so!
 Sweet Saebh, my mother, was your wife;
 Here with our comrades stay;
 And have a priest ere I return,
 For Oisín weds to-day."

Forth Oisín strode to Glenn-na-Gael,
And at its mouth beheld
A woman of such fearful mien,
That horror she compelled.
She lacked not grace, though clad in rags,
And moved with supple limb ;
But on her neck and shoulders wore
A wolf's head, fierce and grim.

The jaws were strong and told of blood,
The fangs were long and white,
Out lolled the red and dripping tongue—
It was a loathly sight ;
But when the Wolf-Girl spake, the voice,
To Oisín's great surprise,
Was gentle, sweet and tender-toned,
Despite those cruel eyes.

"What seeks young Oisín here," she asked,
"Since Oisín it must be,
For one so loathly to the eye,
None else would care to see ?
You love me not, you could not love—
You're coming here alone
To free a father from the spell
By magic o'er him thrown."

"I come," said Oisín, shuddering,
"To do as you demand ;
It is not love or heart you seek ;
You ask, I give my hand.
I swear to wed with you before
The Fianna all to-day,
And what so *geasa* you impose
Will faithfully obey."

A hideous sight that wolfish head,
A thing to scare and harm ;
Yet, as the tears fell from her eyes,
He felt a secret charm ;
Such gentle way, such silvery tones,
Such lithe and subtle grace—
Alas! to find them illy joined
To such a loathly face.

He took her gently by the hand,
And wondered at the sight—
A woman with a head so foul,
And hands so fair and white.
But ere with fitting courtesy
The Wolf-Girl thence was led,
She paused, and to the listening youth,
In gentle tones she said :

“As soon as we shall wedded be,
My first and sole command—
You bow to east and west and north,
And kiss me on each hand :
And then, despite these fangs and lips,
Lout lowly to the south,
Then clasp your arm around my waist,
And kiss me on the mouth.

“For thus and thus, and thus alone,
You break the potent spell,
That from the Druid's wrath through me
Upon your father fell ;
And thus and thus, and thus alone,
You may another free,
If, where the Fiannan heroes are,
You give me kisses three.”

They came to where the Fianna sat ;
The priest was waiting there,
While weakling Fionn far sat apart,
With dull and gloomy air.
Quoth Conan, with a grin : " Such bride
No bridegroom dare abuse ;
Some wives have ready finger-nails,
But this her teeth might use."

Amazed the stout companions all
When Oisín stood beside,
As blithe as though her face were fair,
His weird and fearful bride ;
And heard him tell the trembling priest
To speed the nuptial rite,
With voice as gay as though such fere
Would be his heart's delight.

With mistletoe and mystic sign,
The priest had made them one ;
But still the Fianna silent sat
When all was featly done,
And no one dared salute the bride ;
Even Conan made a pause
Before those wild and cruel eyes,
Those fanged and bony jaws.

But Oisín there, before them all,
Bowed north and east and west,
And fearlessly his shuddering lips
Upon her hands he pressed ;
A tremulous motion shook the bride ;
He bowed him to the south,
Then clasped his arms around her waist,
And kissed her on the mouth.

A thrill ran through the comrades here—
 What wondrous thing was this?
 What transformation strange had come
 Upon that triple kiss?
 To silk, bedecked with jewels bright,
 Changed were the rags she wore;
 And she, as lovely as the dawn,
 A Wolf-Girl now no more.

In speechless rapture Oisín stood;
 Cried Oscur as he rose:
 "Oh, Una's living image! come
 To bless my life-time's close!
 Speak! tell me who you are, fair bride!"
 She knelt at Oscur's knee—
 "One time the Druid stole me. Aebh,
 Your daughter—I am she!"

Sprang Fionn to feet with lusty bound,
 His olden strength returned;
 New vigor filled his stalwart frame;
 New fire within him burned.
 He backward drew his ponderous spear
 And hurled it at an oak;
 The spear-head found the hither side,
 The shaft in splinters broke.



THE RESCUE OF NIAV.

The myth, whose solution is found in the last stanza of this ballad, is not peculiar to Ireland, but is found in some shape or other in every country of the Old World. The contest between truth and error, right and wrong, light and darkness, plays a prominent part in the folk-lore of Europe and Asia. This particular story is not drawn from the legends of the Irish Fianna, but is characteristic. The suit of armor known as the Corrbolg, and the sword and spear that went with it, were in the custody of Meadhb [Maev], the Sighe Queen, and it was their absence which enabled Goll, of Connaught, to overcome Cumhail, the father of the famous Fionn. As for Fear Doirche, he plays important part in Irish story, and as Fir Dorocha, the vulgar form, he is the hero of a well-known bit of demon-lore.

THE Fianna were seated at banquet, with Fionn, the undaunted, at head,
And Oscur sat there on his right hand, but nothing to comrades he said.
Of the savory dishes around him, his lips and his hand took no heed,
And beside him, undrained and untasted, there stood the great beaker of mead.

Quoth Conan, the bald and the foul-mouthed: "Our Oscur is troubled, methinks;
The youth who pins faith to a woman may look for a trick from the minx.
Better that before marriage than after; in sorrow it softens the pain
To know we are free to seek others, not tethered by padlock and chain."

Ere Oscur could rise to rebuke him, in came with nor warning nor leave,
Dust-covered and breathless and footsore, the page of the fair Lady Niav.

Low louted he there before Oscur, and this was the story
he told :

“ Fear Doirche has seized on my lady, and borne her away
to his hold ! ”

Sprang the Fianna around to their weapons, so ready they
were for the fray,

And quick at battle as banquet ; but Fionn bade them
sternly to stay :

“ Though each charge on ten of the foemen, when courage
a triumph compels,

Fear Doirche scorns courage and numbers, so guarded by
magical spells.

“ He is bound by his oath to a combat, to combat with one
and no more,

The wealth of the vanquished the victor's, whenever the
conflict be o'er ;

And so long as that oath be unbroken, the stronghold
where safely he lies,

Though a thousand may be its assailants, their stoutest of
efforts defies.

“ At the door of his castle a war-horn is hung for a foeman
to sound ;

When its notes have awakened the echoes, Fear Doirche
to fight there is bound ;

But nothing of doubt has the Dark-Man, no terror of spirit
to feel—

Our swords are of bronze and fire-hardened, but his of in-
vincible steel.”

“ And yet will I meet him,” cried Oscur ; “ his spells and
his steel I defy ;

To rescue sweet Niav from his thraldom, I fight till I con-
quer or die.

Follow after who will to behold me; forbidden to aid, ye
may see
If your comrade be worthy of friendship, if fit for a *curadh*
he be."

Strode Oscur alone, while they tarried awaiting permission
of Fionn;
Through the glen, o'er the plain, past the wildwood, his
feet sought the distance to win;
But when passing Cairn Gorey in silence, his hand on his
well-tempered glaive,
Came a lady of ravishing beauty, the Sighe-Queen, the
powerful Meadbh.

"Stay thy steps at my *geasa*," she uttered; "to conquer
thy foe in the fight
The arms of the Clann-Sighe are needed to match those of
magical might."
Then she struck on the three stones beside her; they
opened, and forth from them came
Three dwarfs, and each one bore a burden—three dwarfs,
and not one had a name.

One bore the invincible Corrbolg, and one the infallible
spear,
One carried Skullbiter, the falcon—who bears it no foeman
should fear.
"Take this," said the Sighe, "for thine armor; take these
for thy weapons from me;
Thus armed, thou may'st equal Fear Doirche; the rest will
depend upon thee."

Then vanished the dwarfs and their mistress. The Corrbolg by Oscur was donned,
Skullbiter he grasped with his right hand, his left twirled the
spear like a wand;

Then, firm in his purpose and eager, he sped on the rough,
rocky way
To the fir-studded cleft in the mountain, where Niav as a
prisoner lay.

And there, at the gate of the castle, the bright, golden war-
horn was hung ;
A grasp! to the lips! and defiance in air to Fear Doirche
was flung ;
And scarce had the notes summoned echo, the echo that
came as they rang,
When opened the great iron portals, and flung themselves
back with a clang.

Forth came, in black armor, Fear Doirche, his magical
blade in his hand ;
No word left his lips, and no warning ; he spake by the
sweep of his brand.
And there Oscur's mouth was as speechless ; he came not
to talk, but to fight,
To peril his life for his lady, to do his *devoir* for the right.

Fear Doirche was black-haired and swarthy ; his dark eyes
were snake-like and cold ;
Young Oscur was fair-skinned and blue-eyed ; his locks in
the sunshine were gold ;
Fear Doirche was built like the oak-tree, the blast of the
tempest to take ;
Like the tall, slender ash-tree was Oscur, to bend some,
but never to break.

The grey rock is smitten by lightning, and stands there un-
moved by the shock ;
So each in attack was the lightning, and each in resistance
the rock ;

And long they fought keenly and fiercely, and neither a syllable spoke,
Their blades flashing fast in the sunlight, as clashing stroke followed on stroke.

Niav stood on the rampart above them, and eagerly noted each blow ;
And she cried : " Who would master Fear Doirche, to do it must never strike low !"
Oscur heard, and he pressed with more vigor ; on the helmet his blows fell like rain,
And, as Fionn and the Fianna came near them, Fear Doirche fell, clave to the brain.

Came the Dark-Man's retainers all humbly, the victor's commands to receive ;
And down in her ravishing beauty, there came, joy-transfigured, sweet Niav.
Though Truth had been captured by Error, stout Courage had rescued her straight ;
And Courage and Truth, with the Fianna, they entered the wide castle gate.



THE SLEEPING FIANNA.

The legend of warriors sleeping underground and awaiting the time for action, is one common to many countries. The Welsh have it, and talk about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, who, with their followers, lie asleep under Craig-y-Dinas, until the day when the Briton shall arise and expel the hated Saxon. In German folk-lore Frederick Barbarossa figures in a similar way. In most cases the summons is to be made by sound of trumpet; but there is a wise provision in the legend that he who seeks to become the champion must arm himself before he utters defiance—he must draw the sword before he blows the horn. The legend among the Irish varies only in the character of the sleepers. One, which I prefer, makes the sleepers to be Fionn MacCumhail * and the Fianna. Their sleeping-place is variously located in Ulster, Munster or Connaught, but the details are always the same. The legend is evidently mythical and based on the sleep of Nature during winter, waiting to be awakened by the rays of the spring sun. Study shows that most folk-lore is mythical in its nature, and not a legendary debasement of history.

DARKLY the falling twilight lay
On Sliabh-na-Bhan at close of day,
Where Con O'Regan made his way.

A desolate spot, the slopes of green
And scattered furze the rocks between
Were scarcely through the darkness seen.

By rounded mound and cliff-side tall,
Heart throbbing at the night-owl's call,
He reached at last the Glann-na-Small.

* The pronunciation of this famous hero's name, the Finn MacCool, of the vulgar tongue, and the Fingal, of MacPherson's romance, is difficult to convey to other than Irish ears. Fee'un Mac'Coow'ull, with the unaccented syllables so hurriedly pronounced that Fionn and Cumhail sound almost like monosyllables, will give the reader a notion.

Glancing around in fear, he spied,
In-swinging at the steep hill-side,
A gate of bronze that opened wide.

Light issued thence, but came no sound ;
A stream of radiance smote the ground,
And deepened more the darkness round.

Con knew the story often told,
How Fionn MacCumhail, with comrades bold,
Lay sleeping in some cavern-hold—

Waiting till one with mighty hand
Should come to lead the dauntless band,
And purge of Sagsain's brood the land—

To lead them forth, and victor then,
To reign the very king of men,
While Eirè would be free again.

He oft had heard that in the cave
Lay war-horn bright and tempered glaive,
Biding the coming of the brave.

What one these magic gifts should gain,
And on the war-horn wind a strain,
O'er Ireland as its king should reign.

Ambitious, though with timor filled,
Desirous, though uncertain-willed,
He entered, while his pulses thrilled.

The gate swung wider at his touch,
Yet somewhat lingered in his clutch,
The sight he saw appalled so much.

Ten lines of steeds were standing there,
Extending miles; and none were bare—
Caparisoned with trappings rare.

By each a warrior couch had made,
His form in saffron garb arrayed,
And at his side were spear and blade.

Rigid and silent all were they;
Yet each, though motionless he lay,
Seemed well equipped for bloody fray.

Bronze cressets pendant overhead,
A dim light, faint and wavering, shed
On those long lines of living dead.

Where horses stood and warriors lay,
Fainter in distance grew each ray
Till lost in darkness far away.

An altar at the entrance bore
The sword and horn, the same *he* wore—
Stout Fionn MacCumhail—in days of yore.

A harper, where these arms were set,
In stony silence sat, and yet
He seemed to sing a bargaret,

Of what in olden days occurred,
A voiceless song without a word,
By quick ears of the spirit heard.

Con stood there terrified; alone
With men and horses silent grown
By time and sleep to things of stone.

The warriors seemed like giants tall,
The steeds in size past those in stall,
The dust of years encrusting all.

Huge shapes of ill the shadows grew,
And creatures weird of sombre hue,
Flitted the space cavernous through.

Yet, faint of heart, his timid hand
The horn with trembling fingers spanned—
He dared not touch the warlike brand.

At this, to feet the sleepers sprang,
And spear and sword together rang,
Filling the cave with martial clang.

The horses tossed their heads and neighed,
And champed their bits; the warriors swayed
Their forms, and bared each tempered blade.

As went the stir the host among,
A banner green aloft was swung—
“Has the time come?” on every tongue.

Con felt it was enchanted ground;
But courage at the last he found,
The horn with feeble breath to sound.

At notes so tremulous and thin,
Laughter arose the place within,
And spake a voice above the din:

“Better the wretch had ne'er been born,
Who holds my famous sword in scorn,
And, ere he draw it, blows the horn.

“ Leader to whom all men will bow,
In time will come ; he comes not now ;
Nor such one, venturous fool, art thou.

“ No weakling varlet may command
The Fiannan host with spear and brand,
To smite the foe and free the land.

“ To wield as one the headstrong throng,
To raise the right and crush the wrong,
A leader must in heart be strong.

“ For halting will and feeble deed,
Rashness and folly caused by greed,
Destruction be thy proper meed !”

He ceased ; but when the speech was o'er,
A whirlwind rose with rush and roar,
And Con to outer darkness bore.

Closed then the rock ; when morn came round,
Some peasants Con O'Regan found
Stretched, dying, on the stony ground.

He told his tale ere life had gone—
Within the wilds of Sliabh-na-Bhan,
The last who saw the cave was Con.

Ere eyes again that spot may see,
Ere time arrives its host to free,
A hundred years must numbered be.

THE BELL OF CIL-MIHIL.

The legend of Lough Ennel confuses dates. Going back in Irish history as far as Irish history can be dissevered from bardic tradition, we find frequent mention of the beautiful sheet of water known by the name, which seems to have existed when Patrick made his advent as apostle and bishop, at or about A.D. 432. It was the same lake which, five hundred and thirty years later, King Donald, then *ard-righ* of Ireland, made the base of his internaval operations against the Munster insurgents. If the legend had been based on any convulsion of nature, the event must have occurred anterior to the conversion of the Gael to Christianity.

No vale of more beauty than Ennel
 Could vision or fancy reveal,
As it lay stretched in emerald beauty
 For miles round the rath of ua Nial,
While crowning a mound in the center
 Rose, mossy and hoary, Cil-Mihil.*

Woods here and woods there in the valley,
 The farms of the peasants between,
Tipped with light and low-nestled in shadow,
 Flecked the whole with their varying green ;
And far to the northward, copse-sheltered,
 There bubbled the fountain of Caoin.

In the days of the power of the Druids,
 They laid on that grove in the dell,
By charms and by doings unholy,
 A deep and a mystical spell ;

* "Cil-Mihil," the "Church of Michael." The Irish "C (Coll)" is always hard. Thus: "Cil," "Coll," "Cnoc," "Celt" and "Caoin," are pronounced "Keel," "Kul," "Knoc," "Kelt" and "Keen" respectively.

And its name told the destiny fearful
In future attached to the well.

Said the Druids: "So long as around it
Shall truth, love and justice abound,
So long shall its clear crystal waters
Flow freely and sink in the ground,
And peace to near dwellers and comfort
And plenty and gladness be found.

"But whenever, if ever, arises
A ruler unjust and unwise,
At whose hands, in the fury of passion,
A holy man innocent dies,
The well shall burst forth in a torrent
And cover the land where it lies."

The Druids had gone, and the Christians
Came there, and they builded Cil-Mihil;
They taught men the truths of the Gospel,
The ills of our nature to heal,
Till the time when to rule o'er the valley
Came the worst of the tribe of O'Neil.

His smile fell in blight upon woman;
His frown fell in wrath upon man;
And the wrong and the shame of the chieftain
Infected the hearts of the clan,
Till, in face of the world, prince and vassals
A race in iniquity ran.

When the priest rose to preach in the lecturn,
They scoffed at both sermon and text;
With jeering at matins and vespers,
The soul of the good father vex;

While each night that they wasted in riot
Was only the type of the next.

Prince Brian was first in the revel,
And first in the scoffing as well ;
On the priest and the young, pallid curate
His sarcasm bitterly fell ;
But his anger waxed highest whenever
They rang, night or morning, the bell.

Yet that bell to the church had been given
By Lorcan, his grandsire of old ;
It was wrought in a pattern of beauty,
Sounding sweetly through silver and gold,
From coins that were flung in the metal
As molten it ran to the mold.

The bishop had sprinkled and blessed it,
And hallowed by mass and by prayer ;
An anthem was reverent chanted
By silver-voiced choristers there,
And sweet-smelling incense ascended
As high rose the bell in the air.

And there in the turret suspended
The spires of the grey church among,
It was said that on Sundays and feast-days
The music in air that it flung
Brought kneeling the chiefest of sinners,
Subdued by its musical tongue.

When it rang at the birth of an infant,
With blessing the ringing was rife ;
It assured, when 'twas pealed at the bridal,
Sweet concord for husband and wife ;

When tolled at the earthing the knelling
Gave hopes of a heavenly life.

But now, under Brian, the wicked,
Men scoffed at its sweet, silver note ;
No longer on senses of hearers
Remorse for their wickedness smote ;
They bowed not in humble contrition
When the Angelus pealed from its throat.

But, one night, in the month of November—
Heaven guard us !—it sudden befell,
While the valley was covered with slumber,
Resounded the clang of the bell,
Awful, slow, through the murk of the midnight,
Waking all with its funeral knell.

Rose the sexton from bed at the tolling
To learn who the ringer might be ;
Half-clad came the folk from the village,
And roisterers checked in their glee,
Terror-struck, when below at the bell-rope
Mortal ringer no vision could see.

Then the boldest climbed up to the turret,
Whence came the deep sound to the air ;
The bell it was swinging and ringing,
But no mortal ringer was there ;
And he quickly descended where bended
The priest and the curate at prayer.

Came a *giolla* in haste from the castle,
And said to the neighbors around :
“ Ochone ! for the son of Prince Brian
Dead, dead in his bed has been found—

In the bed where his nurse left him sleeping—
An hour ere the bell gave a sound!”

Later on, when the corpse came for burial,
Prince Brian, who stood at its head—
“Take the bell from yon turret and break it,
Not alone for its jangling,” he said;
“But the bell that has tolled for my Eoghan
Shall sound for no commoner dead !”

In vain did the priest, horror-stricken,
The sacrilege ban in despair;
The Kerns, at command of their master,
Climbed, eager, the steep turret stair;
The belfry before them was empty;
The bell which they sought was not there.

Then Brian broke forth in his fury—
“A trick, done to thwart me !” cried he.
“Somewhere in the church it is hidden;
We’ll gain it, wherever it be.
Rack the place ! Tear to pieces the altar !
Bring the bell from its hiding to me !”

High the Host held the old priest before him.
“Bad man, from thy purpose refrain !
Lost is he, both in body and spirit,
Who the House of Our Lord would profane !”
Prince Brian he blenched not, and feared not,
Though shrank back the Kerns in his train.

Like cords stood the veins in his forehead;
His face grey as ashes, then red.
“For insolence die by the sword-strokes,
A warning to others !” he said.

And, their blood sprinkled over the altar,
The priest and the curate fell dead.

A shock like the shock of an earthquake ;
A crash like the loud thunder's sound ;
Burst the fountain of Caoin in a torrent,
Surged the fierce-rushing waters around.
At noon were church, valley and castle—
At night, but Lough Ennel was found.

Next morning, the priest and the curate
Were found in their robes on the shore ;
With rites of the church, and with mourning,
Their forms to the church-yard they bore ;
But the others, engulfed in the waters,
Were seen of the world never more.

And to-day, when the death-angel hovers
O'er one of the house of O'Neil,
The pitiful wail of the Bean Sighe *
They hear o'er the dark waters steal,
While wells from the depths of Lough Ennel
The sound of the bell of Cil-Mihil.

* "Banshee," woman fairy, whose office it is, in all families of pure Milesian descent, to give warning of impending death.



THE BEGGAR'S WORD.

The name of the wicked prince in this legend is arbitrary, though the ancient Irish had an *ard righ* (high king, or emperor) thus called. Of the latter is told, with some variations, the tale of Midas. The story was caught probably from some monk in the days when Ireland stood pre-eminent in classical as well as theological learning, and it became filtered through the peasants' sieve. This Labhradh Loingseach—Lora Lonshach of the common tongue (Leary?)—was gifted with a pair of horse's, not ass's, ears. The barber relieved his mind of the awful secret not by whispering it to a hole in the ground, but into a split which he made in a willow. Of this the king's musician chanced to make a harp that treacherously, at a public festival, uttered the barber's words, "*Da Chluais Chapail ar Labhradh Loingseach*"—i.e., Lora Lonshach has horse's ears. As for Donn, called *Firineach*—the teller of truth—from the invariable fulfilment of his predictions, he may be set down as an Irish Thomas the Rhymer. His identity is not fixed. Sometimes he is called a local fairy king, and sometimes set down as a son of Milesius, the conqueror of Ireland, who has taken up his residence in a rocky hill, waiting until the country recovers its nationality.

PROUDLY arose Cnocfrinn's height, at that time clothed
with trees.

Whose many leaves showed light or dark, synchronic with
the breeze.

A castle stood upon its crown—now lie its ruins low—
But that was in the olden time, twelve hundred years ago.

And there the cruel Lora reigned, the king of all that land;
No trace of justice in his heart, no mercy in his hand;
To noble high, or peasant low, denying ruth or right:
Black be his memory, Lora-na-ard, the tyrant of the height!

His wrath the worst on Cormac fell—on Cormac of the
Glen;

His hate for him was twice of that he felt for other men—
His cousin Cormac, rightful heir, whose crown usurped he
wore,

Who Glann-a-dord alone retained of all he held before.

But naught for sway did Cormac long ; a noble, shunning
strife ;

His greatest treasures, children twain and Amarach his
wife—

Oscur, his son, a stripling tall, of proud and noble air,
And Niav—right well Fiongalla * called—the innocent and
fair.

Long time had Lora set his eyes on daughter and on land ;
To wrest the last, to wreck the first, a deadly scheme he
planned ;

For tempting from his lofty towers, in all its pride complete,
Was Glann-a-dord, its woods and fields—and Niav was
young and sweet.

So when one morning Niav went forth, with handmaids in
her train,

As was her wont, to taste the air that swept the dewy
plain,

There sudden from behind a knoll rode gallowglasses base,
Who rudely seized the lady fair and bore her from the
place.

The gallowglasses of the king their saffron jerkins showed,
And to the summit of the hill the vile marauders rode.

The royal rath they entered, and with victory elate,
With shouts their lovely prize they bore within the castle
gate.

Her brother heard her piteous shrieks, and snatching spear
and brand,

Sprang light of foot up rock and cliff to intercept the
band ;

But only gained the castle gates to find them closed to him,
And at a wicket, sheltered well, the warder old and grim.

* Fair-Cheek.

"What do you here," the warder cried, "with spear and glaive displayed?

Our royal lord no comer brooks in hostile guise arrayed.
Begone, rash boy, or dread his wrath!" "'Tis Lora's self
I seek.

Where skulks this coward king of yours, oppressor of the weak?"

Oped at the words the castle gates, and poured the wretches forth,

The vile assassin kerns well armed, the hirelings from the North.

The first went down before the sword, two others followed fast;

But all too many they for one, who, wounded, fell at last.

They haled him soon where Lora sat, and grimly said the king,

"For this, at dawn, before your house, on gallows-tree you swing;

And for the treason that is bred in nest at Glann-a-dord,
Your father's lands are forfeited unto his sovereign lord!"

Ill news will travel fast; and hence, ere quite an hour had flown,

A mother's heart was throbbing quick, a mother's voice made moan;

A white-haired father bent in grief, all pride and state laid by,

His only son, his hope, his pride, next morn was doomed to die.

Amid their grief the sunset fell, the hour was growing late,
When came a tattered beggar there, and rapped upon the gate.

"I am," said he, "the poorest man among the sons of men;
God save ye kindly! give me bed and supper at the Glen."

"Alas, poor man," a servant said, "seek not for shelter here;
Avoid a house upon whose roof there falls such grief and fear."

"Nay, nay," said Cormac; "spurn him not! Whatever be our woes,
No man in need, while yet I rule, from hence unsuccored goes."

They let the beggar in the gate, they set him at the board,
Where some one told him of the doom that hung on Glanna-dord.

"Oh, *sha gu dheine?*"* said he then. "But Oscur shall not die:
Not his, but Lora's race is run, / I say, who cannot lie!"

The night had passed, the dawn was there, no cloud upon the sky;
And soon they raise before the door the ghastly gallows high;
And soon with mournful sound of horns the sad procession shows—
The troops of Lora on the march, and Oscur bound with those.

Came forth the beggar with his hosts, and with scarce-hidden laugh,
Exclaimed in measured accents, as he leaned upon his staff:

* Is that so?

"Last night there was no banshee's cry, that ever death portends;
Take comfort, gracious Bhan-a-teagh,* the right the right defends!"

Proud Lora prances on his steed, and lightly leaps to ground;
He gazes on the gloomy tree, then looks revengeful round,
When Amarach, with tottering steps, approaches where he stands,
And on her knees for mercy begs with high uplifted hands.

"The boy shall die!" the monarch said, "so treason may be checked,
And vassals taught their sovereign's will to hold in due respect."

"You err, O king," the beggar said; "not he, but you shall die.

I say it, I, Donn Firineach, the one who cannot lie!"

"Peace, fool!" replied the king. "And learn, O Cormac, to your cost,
Your son his life and you the lands of Glann-a-dord have lost.

But as for Niav, my leman she, to grace my palace hall."

"Thou liest, king!" the beggar said. "She has escaped thy thrall."

"Now who are you," the monarch cried, "who dares to wake my wrath?
Far better in the woodland stand within the wild wolf's path.

Vile beggar-churl, this insolence to-day you well shall rue.
The tree which they have reared for one, has room enough for two!"

* Vanithee (*vulg. dict.*)—i.e., woman of the house.

A noise as though the lightning-stroke a thunder-cloud had
kissed.

Cnocfrinn opened at its base, poured forth a cloud of mist,
Impetuous over rock and mead in mighty mass it rolled,
And hid the beggar from their sight within its silver fold.

All stood appalled. What sign is this? Now guard us,
Holy Rood!

Closer the cloud of mist advanced to where the monarch
stood;

An arm in glittering mail came forth, a hand that bore a
glaive;

It rose in air, then sweeping down, the head of Lora clave.

Then shrank the cloud away, dispersed, and showed a glit-
tering ring

Of warriors bold in green and gold, and at their head their
king—

Beggar no more—Donn Firineach, who one time ruled the
land;

And to her sire the Lady Niav he led with kindly hand.

“From my deep sleep in yonder hill,” he said, “I heard
your woe,

And came to raise the humbled right, and wrong to over-
throw.

There lies the tyrant's worthless corse; inearth the soulless
clay.

King Cormac has his own again, and none shall say him
nay.”

His green-clad soldiers formed in rank; they marched
toward the hill;

The awe-struck throng in wonder stood, their breathing
low and still.

Cnocfrinn opened wide its base ; the green elves entered there ;
It closed ; and rock and cliff around again were grey and bare.

Then joy was in the people's cup, o'erflowing at the brim ;
For Cormac ruled o'er Munster wide, and Oscar followed him ;
And Niav, before a year had gone, her young heart fairly won,
Was Queen of Ulster in the North, and bride of Nessa's son.

OWEN ROE'S VOW.

LORD TALBOT rode at even forth
With fifty merry men,
And as the darkness lower fell,
Swept through the Wizard's Glen.

Through straight ravine, past treacherous bog,
Their steps to safely guide,
A peasant, in a russet coat,
Rode by Lord Talbot's side.

No sound was heard but tramp of hoofs,
When sudden, left and right,
Broke forth, with startling discord there,
The voices of the night.

Pierced through the sombre shade around
The hooting of the owl ;
And in the distance far was heard
The wild wolf's fearful howl.

"These ominous sounds," Lord Talbot said,
"Are not for us, I know ;
They bode the fall of him and his,
The outlaw, Owen Roe.

"Too long a terror to the Pale,
His course will soon be run ;
We'll root the breed, and scotch the seed,
Before to-morrow's sun—

"Both him and his, the comely wife,
The children young and fair,
The very babe that hugs the breast ;
Nor sex, nor age, we'll spare."

"I know, Lord Talbot," quoth the guide,
"Your lordship's manner well ;
And how, a score of years ago,
Your wrath on wretches fell.

"The band of Cormac Roe O'Neil,
A hundred gallant men,
With you four times their number met
Within the Wizard's Glen.

"One-third your men you lost that day ;
One-half of his were slain ;
You promised ' grace ' if they would yield—
The terms they made were plain.

"A little space beyond it is—
We'll reach ere long the place
Where Cormac and his sons were killed,
Exempted from the ' grace.'

“ You spared the wife, but when she begged
Her sons' lives, bending low,
At least the fair-haired youngster there,
You sternly answered, ‘ No !’

“ She saw them die on gallows tree,
And said : ‘ For this, thy sin,
I have another son, who'll wash
His hands thy blood within.’ ”

“ You know the tale ? ” Lord Talbot cried,
As quick his rein he drew ;
“ None heard the woman's words save me ;
Who, peasant, then are you ? ”

He raised his good sword as he spake,
And smote, but missed his mark ;
The peasant swerved his horse aside,
And vanished in the dark.

What sound is that ? The raven's cry !
Whoever yet had heard
Within the murky gloom of night,
The croaking of the bird ?

That was the cry of Owen Roe—
The signal of his wrath :
The men-at-arms their horses reined
Within the narrow path,

For sudden came, in front and rear,
A mass of eager foes,
And these, within the rock-walled gorge,
Upon the horseman close.

A wall of pikes, before, behind,
Steep cliffs on either hand—
“Stand steady! strike the rascal kerns!”
Was Talbot's vain command.

As well strike wasps upon the wing,
As men in such a space;
As one went down ten others came,
Eager to fill his place.

Great rocks were hurled from heights above,
Came thrusts of pikes below;
And vainly the beleaguered men,
Dealt fiercely blow on blow.

Not one of all the men-at-arms
Who rode at eve of day,
Hemmed in, and barred on every side,
Escaped the fatal fray.

Lord Talbot there alone was left;
“Come on, vile knaves!” cried he.
“Stay!” said a voice; “you've dealt with them:
Their leader leave to me!”

With that a form came from the dark,
Full-armed from top to toe.
“You asked just now who I might be;
Learn I am Owen Roe.

“My kinsmen's blood cries from the ground,
And racks this heart of mine;
It will not cease till I have washed
My hands in blood of thine.”

Quick there a dozen torches blazed,
Not one who held them stirred—
As moveless they as cliffs around,
And no one spake a word.

No sound to break the stillness there,
Except the clash of steel,
So stern was each, and scant of speech,
Intent their blows to deal.

There stood the living men at bay,
The living men around,
And, in their ghastly stillness, lay
The dead men on the ground.

Lord Talbot's treacherous weapon broke ;
Its fragments flew apart,
As Owen's blade relentlessly
Pierced through his foeman's heart.

Then, thrusting in the welling blood
His hands, he bathed them both—
"Now, mother, rest in peace," he said,
"Thy son has kept his oath."

Since then four hundred years have gone ;
Yet glooms the Wizard's Glen ;
But never has that lonely spot
Seen deed of blood again.

Nettles and night-shade grow therein ;
Moss forms on tree and stone ;
But where Lord Talbot's blood was spilled,
The grass has never grown.

And whoso watches in the place,
 That same night of the year,
 The spectral torches' light may see,
 The clash of blades may hear.

THE WHITE DOVE.

The rapid conversion of the ancient Irish from Druidism to Christianity, compared to the slow progress of missionary efforts among other Northern nations, may be accounted for by the fact that the dominant people in Ireland were of a different race from those of England, Wales and the northern part of Europe. Originally, doubtless, Ireland was settled by the branch of the family known as Kelts, as other parts were by the branches usually called Belgæ and Teutones. Comparatively few in numbers, they gave way before the Teutonic sea-kings, the Fermorians, who were in turn displaced by the Belgæ, or Firbolgs, who were in turn driven out or exterminated by what appears to have been a Dacian invasion—the Tuatha de Danaan. All these seem to be of the same race—all of large, coarse build, with blue eyes and yellow or golden hair—the exceptions being so rare as to call for distinctive names when they appeared. The last invaders, who maintained permanent possession, were of a different race, and of different physical characteristics. They were called Milesians, or Gael, from their leaders, or Scotti, from the mother of Milesius, and came mediately through Spain from the Greek islands of the Mediterranean, between which and Ireland there can be traced some similarity of customs. They differed from the Kelto-Belgo-Teutonic race in appearance, their figures being more graceful, their hair dark, and their eyes blue—the ruling Irish type to-day. Their mythology was more intellectual, their habits less barbarous, their practices more chivalrous, and their folk-lore more innocent than that of their Celtic, Belgic or Teutonic predecessors. Hence probably their easier conversion. But it was nearly a century before Druidism was entirely destroyed, and the supremacy of the Gael practically established.

At that time lived Achy, the Druid, and Vauria, his wife,
 in a cot
 Which stood in a glen of Sliabh Boughta, a lone and a
 desolate spot.
 A Druid and Pagan was Achy; while Christians were
 others around,
 He clung to the faith he was bred in, and for Crom kept
 undaunted his ground.

With the pair was their twelve-year granddaughter, of kin,
but she was not of kind ;
Sweet her face as the dawning of morning ; as pure as
the night-dew her mind ;
Her hair of the tint of the sunlight ; her eyes, of the sky
overhead ;
And her smile thrilled the heart of the gazers—'twas visible
music, they said.

A life full of woe for the orphan, to toil for her grandsire
compelled ;
He hated her much for her father, but more for the faith
that she held ;
To make her deny or forsake it, nor curse nor caress could
avail—
Though her face was the face of the Firbolg, her heart was
the heart of the Gael.

“ Disobedient your mother,” said Achy, “ sole child, and
she scoffed my desire ;
She fled with a hated Milesian, in spite of the ban of her
sire ;
She was false to the faith of her father, the worship of
Crom she disdained,
And you, of the union sole offspring, in pestilent error she
trained.

“ Your father was slain in a battle, your mother soon sick-
ened and died ;
The haughty Milesians disowned you, and drove you away
in their pride.
I gave you that shelter and succor which vainly from
others you sought,
Yet you cling to their creed and defy me, and Crom and
our rites set at naught.”

And so they were cruel to Aoifè, however their love she
implored,
Her dress of the coarsest, in tatters, her food what was
left on the board ;
But she clung to the Blessed Redeemer, she lacked in no
duty she owed,
Was gentle in speech and in manner, and bore with sweet
patience her load.

Grew daily the wrath of her grandsire, and hotter the fire
of his hate,
And blows fell at times with his curses ; and sadder and
sadder her fate,
Till at last, in a frenzy of passion, he drove her away from
the door,
And bade her go forth to the stranger, and trouble his
household no more.

Sore-beaten, heart-heavy and tearful, went Aoifè perforce
on that day,
Bewildered, through forest and coppice, she wearily wended
her way,
Till sudden, a low, gentle cooing she heard in the branches
around,
And then came a dove from the covert, and fearlessly
stood on the ground.

It was white as the snow-drift in winter, on body and pin-
ions and crest,
Save a cross that was colored like blood-drops, and borne
plainly marked on the breast ;
And Aoifè, forgetting her sorrow, bent forward to give it
her care,
When it fluttered before as she followed, and rose now and
then in the air.

Absorbed in pursuit, she pressed forward, her woe and her
bruises unfelt,
Till she came where the forest was ended, and spread there
the green Brugh-na-Celt;
Behind her the maze of the woodland; before in the dis-
tance there lay,
With glassy repose on its surface, the beautiful water,
Lough Rea.

Went the dove out of view for the moment, for there, in
the sight of the maid,
Swept near from a break in the forest, a noble and proud
cavalcade,
Brave lords and fair ladies well mounted, with servants in
waiting beside,
And they paused, when the figure before them, shy, blush-
ing and trembling, they spied.

“Now, who,” said the young prince who led them, “be
you who are wandering here—
Are you one of the good fairy people, or wood-nymph
awaiting her fere?
And why, child, those rough, ragged garments, where
beauty rich velvets would grace,
And what is the cause of the trouble that mantles with
sorrow your face?”

The dove came and sat on her shoulder, and lovingly
cooed in her ear,
And the child, unabashed at their presence, spake then
with nor shyness nor fear:
“For my faith I am homeless, Prince Cormac; few words,
and my story is told;
My grandsire is Achy the Druid, my father was Nessa the
bold.”

Up spake Lady Saav, Cormac's mother: "My son, she
claims wardship from you,
For brother-at-arms to your father was Nessa, the brave
and the true.
That dove on her shoulder is token, for Nessa, her sire, on
his shield,
Bore it *argent*, cross *gules* on its bosom, displayed on a fair
azure field.

"She is heiress to all wide Cioncarragh; her uncle, proud
Ronan the Red,
Seized her land, drove her off to her grandsire, and told
all the world she was dead.
The tale, it appears, was a false one; Red Ronan relies
on his might;
You are prince of Iar Conacht; your duty to see that the
wronged has her right."

A sound in the distance like thunder, a crash and a far-
distant cry;
The dove in the air swiftly circled, then melted away in
the sky;
And soon came a *giolla* swift riding, to tell how a cliff
overhead
Had fallen and crushed the lone cottage, and Achy and
Vauria were dead.

Nine years rolled away, and a banquet for noble and
peasant was spread,
When Aoifè, the Flower of Cioncarragh, to Cormac, of
Conacht, was wed;
And her lord threw aside the half-lion, he had borne up to
then as his crest,
For the dove that was white as a snow-drift, a cross of
blood-red on its breast.

THE LEGEND OF THE O'DONOGHUE.

THE great O'Donoghue ! he ruled the land around Lough
Lean ;

The tree-clad hills that kissed the clouds, and many a fer-
tile plain ;

And happy were his people all, for in that blessed day,
Harvest rewarded honest toil, and justice held its sway.

Content the peasant in his cot, his tenure fixed and sure ;
No Duine Uasal dared oppress the honest, worthy poor ;
Each had his right, and leaned thereon ; he revered
king and law—

O'Donoghue gave the good his love, and kept the bad in
awe.

The king a feast to vassals gave upon the first of May,
And gallant knights and ladies fair were gathered there
that day ;

And Conn, the white-haired harper, sat in honor nigh the
king,

The daring deeds of warlike knights and damsels' charms
to sing.

Majestic sat O'Donoghue amid the glittering throng,
And gazed well-pleased upon the scene, and listened to the
song ;

But suddenly his gladness passed, he drooped his noble
head ;

And then, while all around were hushed, these startling
words he said :

“The gift of prophecy is mine—ah! would it were not so!
My sight beholds a thousand years with all their scenes of
woe.

Where now four potent monarchs rule, with one the chief
of all,
The stranger shall usurp their power and hold the land in
thrall.

“What follies, crimes and misery shall darken all the land;
Wrong sitting in the highest place and modest virtue
banned;
The fierce invader break the oaks whose trunks he may
not bend,
And men, grown wolves, with eager fangs their brothers’
throats shall rend.

“It will not be that Irish hearts or Irish courage fail;
It will not be through sword alone the stranger shall pre-
vail;
But bitter feud and warring kings and treachery and sin
shall tear the bonds of love apart, and aid the foe to win.

“By Irish hands shall Ireland fall, and not through alien
blows;
False sons shall thrust their mother forth, and profit by her
woes;
By venal wretches, in their greed, a people shall be sold,
And Esau yield his birthright for a title and for gold.

“The world shall see from year to year, however men may
strive,
The patriot on the gibbet die, the spy and traitor thrive,
The cabins lone and desolate, the castles ivy-grown,
The priests before the altar slain, the churches overthrown.

"Famine shall smite the stricken land, and fever burn and slay ;
The best and bravest of our sons to distant climes will stray ;
And Ireland's valor, learning, wit, all other lands shall stir,
And give them progress and renown, but not, alas! for her.

"So shall our race endure a fate of agony and tears ;
The stranger's yoke shall gird its neck for twice five hundred years ;
Then, right shall be a thing of might, and wrong be stricken low,
And conscience strike on Pharaoh's heart to let our people go.

"Ah, then ! what blessings shall be hers, our Erin green and fair !
No longer war, no longer hate, but peace and concord there ;
The hum of busy industry make music to the ear,
The hammers clink, the shuttles whirl through all the thriving year.

"Obey my son ; but as for me, I may not see this woe ;
From hence, till right is might again, O'Donoghue will go ;
But once in every hundred years my presence here shall be,
And those alone whose hearts are true may hope to gaze on me."

He ceased, and, striding from the hall, while they were still with fear,
He reached the strand and walked alone upon the waters clear ;
His stately figure all could see, touched with the sunset light,
Receding till the twilight mists had hidden it from sight.

And now, in every hundred years, those who are pure indeed
May see the great O'Donoghue upon his milk-white steed.
He sits there at the water's edge, as in his manhood's prime,
And looks, and shakes his head, and says: "Too soon! it is not time!"

Then, wheeling round his courser good, the surface o'er he glides,
Lost in the mist that settles down from Toomies' lofty sides,
While floats a strain of music, like a melancholy wail,
Above the murmurs of the wave and sighing of the gale.

But when the thousand years have gone, upon the placid lake
All men shall see O'Donoghue his joyous progress make;
His horse's hoofs shall touch again Killarney's grassy shore,
And Ireland cast her burden off, and rule herself once more.



KING CON MAC LIR.

The enchanted island, Tir-na-n-oge, of Irish folk-lore, like Flath Innis, of the Scottish, and Gwerddonau Llion of the Welsh romances, is an isolated land of untold delights, lying far off in the Western Atlantic, and only found by mortals whom those who people it desire as guests. It is ruled by the fairy-queen, Meabdh [Maev], whom some Irish writers think to be identical with Queen Mab. The latter, however, is evidently from the Welsh [*mab*—a little child]. Either Shakespeare himself or the writers of some of the many plays which he revised for the stage, and which are mixed with his own, were well acquainted with Welsh fairy mythology, as numerous allusions testify. The isle of Prospero bears more resemblance to Gwerddonau Llion than to Tir-na-n-oge. One legend tells of a visit to the place by Oisín [Ossian?], the son of Fionn [Fingal?], the son of Cumhail, but I prefer a variant of the story. Something should be said, for the general reader, about the Fianna of Connaught, who, like the Fianna of Leinster and the Clau-Degaid of Munster, are supposed to be an order of chivalry. Neither they nor the Red Branch Knights of Ulster could be said to be knights at all. Though pledged to be loyal to the king, kind to the poor and profoundly respectful to woman, and only becoming a *Curaih*, or companion, of the order, after prescribed ceremonies, the Fian was merely a *laoch* [hero], and the order bore no relation to knighthood, which was a Christian institution. Nor, beyond a helmet and shield, did the Fian wear defensive armor. The Fianna appear to have formed a superior part of the standing army of the native princes of which the galloglasses and kernes made up the bulk.

PAST sixteen hundred years ago, a prince, devoid of fear,
Was King of Conacht, known of men, as potent Con Mac
Lir,
Who, from the Shannon to the sea, o'er all the land held
sway,
Beyond Lough Gill upon the north, and southward to
Lough Rea.

He held no court at Cruchain while the summer days were
fine,
But in his rath at Brugh-na-ard, upon the Ceann-na-Slyne;
And there, within the banquet-hall, where mead and wine
were poured,
White-bearded counsellors and bards sat at the well-filled
board.

Around him were the Fianna brave, each laoch with
 weapon keen,
 'Neath where the yellow lion blazed upon its field of green ;*
 And there fair dames and damsels sat, with locks of ebon
 hue,
 And arms and hands of creamy white, and eyes of heav-
 enly blue.

King Con grew tired of mirth one day, and sought the
 open air,
 And seated him to gaze upon the heaving ocean there,
 When slumber overcame his sense ; but, waking soon, he
 found
 Two things enwrought with cunning hand beside him on
 the ground.

Wondering, he raised them both—a branch, of silver pure
 and white,
 With golden leaves and jewelled fruit, a fair and wondrous
 sight ;
 And near it, golden-hilted, lay a finely-tempered glaive,
 And on the branch and on the sword was cut the name
 of Maev.

“The queen of Tir-na-n-oge !” he cried. “Ah ! would
 that I might be
 Her guest within that happy isle, from care and sorrow
 free—
 The country of perpetual bliss, perpetual summer there,
 Where men are ever stout and brave, and women ever fair !”
 He girded on the magic sword, the branch he took in
 hand,
 When suddenly beside him there he saw a lady stand,

* This is an anachronism by poetical license. The lion *or* on a
 field *vert*, belonged to the Red Branch Knights of six centuries later.

A damsel fair of high-born air, and of such gracious mien,
The monarch's spirit knew her well, the mighty fairy-queen.

“That sword is yours, that branch is mine; and know, oh,
King!” quoth she,
“Who bears that token of my love himself belongs to me;
My barque awaits your coming, moored impatient on the
shore;
Your eyes shall soon behold my realm, but these at hand
no more.”

She glided noiseless down the crags; half-way within the
tide
There lay a barque of oak and pearl, with oars on either side;
He followed her as in she stept, and hands unseen began
To bend the sails, and move the oars, and shape the course
they ran.

They sailed that day, they sailed that night, till at the dawn
was seen,
Set like a gem within the wave, an isle of emerald green,
A lovely land of birds and flowers, of sweetly singing
streams,
Of tree-clad hills and bosky dells—a land of daylight
dreams.

With harp and flute, and joyous song, and light and twink-
ling feet,
Down came a troop of tiny elves the royal pair to meet,
And led them to a palace tall, its gates with gems aglow,
Its massive towers and slender spires as white as driven
snow.

They entered by a corridor whose sides were flecked with
gold,
Whose rosy satin hangings fell in many a sheeny fold,

To where a throng of courtiers stood within a glittering
hall.

“Behold my realm,” the Bean Sighe said: “and you are
lord of all!”

Thenceforth all joys that thought could form were laid be-
fore the King;

A wish required no words of his the object sought to bring;
His word was law, his frown was fate, and though a mortal, he

Was served by all the Daoine Maith upon the bended knee.

Six days of perfect happiness, and swift the moments went;
But who of mortal mold is yet with what he hath content?
Excess of bliss became a pain; his soul began to pine
For Druids, bards and Fianna brave within his rath at
Slyne.

Queen Maev, she saw, and seeing, smiled; and thus to
him said she:

“To-day a longing fills your heart the home you left to see.
Go, then; but take this flask, and should you tire of
Conacht, then

Shatter the glass, ’twill bring you back to Tir-na-n-oge
again.”

He sailed upon the fairy barque, and soon on Galway
strand,

Where rose the rocks of Ceann-na-Slyne, he leapt upon the
land;

He climbed the crags; he reached the Brugh—the land
around was bare;

No garden fine, no stately rath, no sign of life was there.

A pile of crumbling stones remained, moss-grown were these
and drear ;
He looked around ; no trace was found of dwelling far or
near.
Until at length, in wandering 'round, some wretched huts
he saw,
Whose inmates on the stranger looked with wonder mixed
with awe.

Old folk and children were they all. King Con demanded
then
Of one old man who nearest stood : " Where are the
younger men ? "
" They're at the war," the man replied, " but most of them
were slain
In battle at Clontarf, what time King Brian beat the
Dane."

" Brian ! who's he ? " " He *was* Ard Righ, and fell when
fight was o'er,
And now the princes Malachy have made Ard Righ once
more."
" The princes, *they* have made him ? " spake the monarch,
frowning. " Nay !
In such a making, Con, your king, has yet a word to say."

" King Con ! " the other cried. " Goll rules ; and Con we
do not know ;
They say he lived within the land, six hundred years
ago.
I heard a bard the tale recite, how Con in Conacht reigned,
In days ere good St. Patrick came, and Druids yet re-
mained."

“By Crom! but this is strange!” Con cried. “Oh, sir!”
the old man said,
“Such wicked oath as that might bring a curse upon your
head.
Crom was a heathen god of old. We bow to the Most
High,
And heathen gods and Satan’s works all Christian men
defy.”

Con muttered: “Wondrous things are these! What
change a little time!
My rath a heap of moss-grown stones! My faith in Crom
a crime!
Another king usurps my throne! The land around a
grave!
Conacht, farewell! Come, Tir-na-n-oge! Greet me once
more, sweet Maev!”

Swiftly he strode across the ground, with light and lusty
limb;
The wretched cottars vainly strove to keep their pace with
him;
They saw him leap from crag to crag, and on the sea-beach
stand—
What did he then? A crystal flask he crushed upon the
sand.

A tiny wreath of smoke arose, which swelled and larger
grew,
Till it became a cloud of mist, and hid King Con from
view;
It seaward moved, huge, white and dense, and on the
wave they saw
A barque of oak inlaid with pearl, nearer and nearer draw.

The vessel in the mist was wrapp'd; the people stood
 amazed,
 And deepest terror fill'd their hearts, as silently they gaz'd;
 The mist dispers'd, and o'er the waves, leaping from crest
 to crest,
 The barque, with silken sails outspread, went sailing to the
 west.

THE BROKEN WORD.

A LEGEND OF AN IRISH LAKE.

Among the most curious of the Irish legends are those which account for the formation of the loughs, or lakes, with which Ireland is picturesquely dotted. Loch Owl had its waters borrowed from one witch by another, and never returned. In other cases they were excavated by Fion MacCumhail, vulgarly known as Finn MacCool. But the more common and more poetical origin is in consequence of the sudden overflow of a magic spring, through the neglect or fault of a mortal. To this class Lake Inchiquin belongs.

The following poem tells the legendary story of the origin of the lake, one of the most romantic sheets of water to be seen in the whole picturesque and storied island. It also contains a moral that all who run may read.

A THOUSAND years ago there stood a castle proud and tall,
 With buttress and with barbican, with moat and lofty
 wall;

A thousand vassals dwelt without, a hundred served within,
 And o'er them reigned the proud O'Ruarc, the Lord of
 Inchiquin.

A stone-throw from the castle gate a cavern's mouth was
 seen;

A bubbling fountain near it rose amid a patch of green,
 O'erflowing to a placid pool that in the sunbeams' light
 Which smote at times its crystals depths, shone like a mir-
 ror bright.

'Twas told throughout the household there, how at the
noon of night,
Three ladies from the cavern came arrayed in robes of
white ;
And doffing those they freely bathed, as though they noth-
ing feared,
Then, robing them again, within the cavern disappeared.

O'Ruarc resolved that sight to see ; so at the midnight
hour,
When troubled ghosts re-visit earth, and imps of ill have
power,
He made his way to see what fate to glad his eye would
bring,
And cautious lay, in silent wait, beside the haunted spring.

And soon came forth the damsels fair, in samite mantles
clad,
And two of them were wreathed in smiles, and one of them
was sad ;
And all of them were beautiful, but fairest of the three,
The lady of the pensive look—the youngest, too, was she.

But as they stood upon the brink, their robes to lay aside,
The eldest cast a look around, and there O'Ruarc she spied.
Startled to see a mortal there, shrank back the sisters three,
And, with alarm upon each face, they turned themselves
to flee.

The eldest and another fled ; but ere the third could go,
She felt O'Ruarc around her form his arms detaining throw.
“ In vain the struggle, lady fair ! ” the prince in rapture
cried :
“ Be you a mortal maid or not, none else shall be my
bride ! ”

He bore her to his castle gate ; in vain her piteous plea ;
The more her plaint, the more her tears, the more enamored
he ;
And ere a week her smiles returned, and blushes followed
smiles ;
For well the handsome prince was versed in wooers' win-
ning wiles.

But, ere they wedded, these her words : " One promise
you must give,
If you would keep me by your side contented wife to live :
Swear you, so long as both survive, and you be mate to
me,
No guest within our castle home shall e'er invited be."

He pledged to that his princely word, and then the two
were wed ;
And happy lives for year on year the happy couple led ;
And children twain, a boy and girl, to bless their union
came ;
And fairer grew, as seasons rolled, the prince's stately dame.

But men are changeable and weak ; they even tire of joy ;
O'Ruarc of fondness wearied much, the sweets began to
cloy ;
And straying, with excuses fair, in wistful looks despite,
In chase he spent the day abroad, in revelry the night.

And at the chase he overheard : " O'Ruarc has prudent
grown ;
A guest he is, but never host." Cried he, in angry tone :
" I pray you, gallant gentlemen, this day be guests of mine.
And when the sun to-morrow comes he'll find us o'er our
wine."

With ready shout they answered him, and turned their
steeds in haste ;
Then galloped fast and eagerly across the furzy waste,
Past the Donn Thir and up the hill, and through the thick
green wood,
Then down into the pleasant vale where lone the castle
stood.

Stood at the gate to await her lord, the lady of the land ;
She gazed at them with troubled face, her children at her
hand ;
And ere O'Ruarc, dismounting fast, could reach the place
before,
She and her children gained the pool, and sank, and rose
no more.

Up surged the waters from the spring, as though in pangs
and throes ;
Upward and on remorselessly the angry torrent flows ;
Where once the calm and fertile vale and castle proud had
been,
Spread deep and green the waters of the placid Inchiquin.

But he who looks within its depths on one day of the year,
Will see that castle's ivied walls and turrets grey appear,
Will hear the horse-hoofs clinking loud, a smothered cry,
and then
The surging roar of waters fierce ; and silence reigns again.



FEARGAL MAC CONGAL.

Much of the early history of Ireland is obscure, but the incident of the complaint and prophecy of the hermit of Killin, whose black cow had been slain by marauders, is tolerably well authenticated. The cause of the fatal Battle of Almain, at which King Feargal fell (about A.D. 718), was the attempt to collect the odious tribute of Leinster. This special tax had been imposed by Tuathal the Legitimate, which the Constitution of St. Patrick confirmed. The King of Leinster was not only compelled to give yearly large herds of cattle, but also to send to the Ard-righ [awrd-ree], or chief king, *i.e.*, king of all Ireland, at Tara, one hundred and fifty young men and maidens to do the menial work of the palace. This degrading act of vassalage was made sure by the division of the cattle tribute, two thirds of which were divided between Connaught and Ulster, and the remaining third between Munster and the Queen of Ireland. Of course, Leinster evaded or denied this tax whenever opportunity offered, and this led to many bloody wars, with varying results. Aodh Roin, who figures in the ballad, and who is there made King of Leinster, through poetical need, was really the Prince of Down (Ulidia) and one of Feargal's vassals. Hugh V., Feargal's son, afterward overcame this troublesome fellow, and cut off his head at the church-door. The same monarch fully avenged the defeat at Almain by the victory of Ath-Senaid, where over nine thousand Leinster men were slain.

A THRILL of joy in Tara's halls, brave knights and ladies
fair,
With nods and smiles and courtly ways, were gathered
gayly there;
Old counsellors wore looks of youth, and harpers grave and
grey
Struck well-tuned strings harmonious to many a pleasing lay.

The queen had given the king an heir; rejoicing in his
birth
Congal had summoned to the place his bards of chiefest
worth,
And bade them through their inner skill predict the full
career
Of him, *roydamma*,* who should reign o'er Ireland many
a year.

* *Roydamma*, heir-apparent, and succeeding, with the consent of the minor kingdoms, to the throne.

“Nor tell alone his fortune fair,” the royal father said,
“Nor how the laurel-leaves of fame may diadem his head ;
But rather speak what perils grave may stand within his
course,
That prudence may avert their blows, or wisdom break
their force.”

Quoth Ailleen Mhor, the eldest bard, and chiefest of them
all :

“From humble source the danger comes upon his head to
fall.

No foreign foe shall work him ill ; disease shall bring no
care ;

A black cow may his ruin prove—of her let him beware !”

Loud laughed Congal at words like these. “A black cow
wreck a throne !

Of all the prophecies run mad, the maddest ever known !
A wolf at bay, I've seen at times the boldest bandog tame ;
Black cows the neat-herd may assail—kings deal with
nobler game !”

Congal was wiser than he spake—he felt of fear a shade ;
Howe'er absurd the danger seemed, yet prudence he
obeyed.

No heifer-calf with hide of black was kept on hill or plain,
But speedily and cruelly by butcher-hands was slain.

Years after that, in health and strength, to lusty manhood
grown,

When King Congal was laid in earth, Feargal sat on the
throne.

Of kings not he, perhaps, the worst, but, neither weak nor
strong,

He was, as whim or passion moved, the friend of right or
wrong.

In those days, over Leinster reigned the wicked prince
Aodh Roin,
Who granted no man justice fair, save as a purchased
boon,
Who smote the great with cruel hand and trampled on the
small,
And with impartial tyranny denied their rights to all.

But grievous wrong makes bitter wrath, and loud the peo-
ple swore
Their ruler's reckless ways should vex the hapless land no
more ;
Aodh Roin should meet the tyrant's fate—the fate that
waits him when
The bearers of the burthen sore discover they are men.

But Aodh was shrewd as wicked, he was bold as well as
bad ;
To meet the peril of the hour one apt device he had—
And so he sent his messengers when Easter-tide began,
To summon all his vassals stout to meet him at Almain.

Then came each Duine Uasal, and his sword he brought
along ;
Then came each chief attended by his galloglasses strong ;
They came to meet the tyrant there, and learn what he
might say ;
They came, a thousand men-at-arms, in terrible array.

Prince Aodh came forth in armor clad, and stood there
sword in hand—
“Ye seek,” he said, “fair gentlemen, for freedom in the
land.
Look to the cause of all your woe, and do not look to me ;
Look to the tribute Leinster pays as due to our Ard-righ.

"Ten thousand cattle every year are drained from us by
 him ;
 Our neighboring kings the plunder share, and smile in
 pleasure grim ;
 But worse than that, the maidens fair and youth we yearly
 send
 To Tara's yoke of servitude their necks to meekly bend.

"Ye murmur at my iron rule ; remove its cause and then,
 No more a slave who reigns o'er slaves, I'll own that ye are
 men.
 Deny the tribute Tuathal forced, and make our Leinster
 free,
 And never a land had kinder king than ye shall find in me."

Arose the ready, sharp response: "For Leinster's rights
 we stand !
 Henceforth the tribute we deny. No burthen on the land.
 Home, home, and arm ! Be ready all with plunderers to
 deal ;
 For tale of slaves, give point of spear ; for cattle, edge of
 steel !"

Feargal of this at Tara heard. "The Leinster clans arise ;
 King Aodh, with vassals at his back, the tribute due denies.
 Up, Ulstermen and Connaughtmen, and summon forces
 forth !
 We'll teach the rebels of the east the power of west and
 north !"

The vassals, save Ulidia's prince, responding to command,
 Full twenty thousand men-at-arms in line of battle stand ;
 And at their head the Red Branch Knights, in all their
 pride, are seen,
 Their golden lion brodered fair upon its field of green.

The army of Feargal was strong ; to Leinster's, two to one ;
 A gallant sight its rows of spears that glistened in the sun!
 And right and left its flankers spread on every fertile spot,
 And spoiled the noble in his hall, the peasant in his cot.

They trampled down the growing crops, they broke both
 hedge and wall ;
 They slew the cattle on the hoof, the plough-horse in the
 stall ;
 And rang the piteous cries of woe the harrowed country
 through—

*"Ochon! Ochon for Leinster here, mo chreach! Och!
 puillecludh!"* *

King Aodh his forces marshalled then, and held them well
 in hand,
 And, falling back in order, at Almain he made a stand ;
 And there, both armies fronting, on the battle-field they lay,
 Awaiting to join issue at the breaking of the day.

The morning broke. The eastern sky was filled with yellow
 light ;
 Deployed both armies martially—it was a noble sight ;
 When suddenly, in cowl and gown, a figure spare and tall
 Came wrathfully the lines between, and spake to King
 Feargal.

"On yesterday, O King!" he said, "your galloglasses base
 To Killin came with hands profane, and spoiled the holy
 place ;

* "Alas! alas! my sorrow! alas! bloody wars!" The Irish
 language is noted for the number of these piteous ejaculations, that
 are never profane. The same may be said of its sister tongue, the
 Gaelic of Scotland.

They pilfered from my hermitage, and slew my one black
cow—

I ask for justice on the knaves—I ask for justice now !”

The chieftains round the monarch laughed. Feargal, he
bent his brows—

“Is this a time or place,” he said, “to speak to me of
cows ?”

“All times, all places justice fit,” the hermit bold replied ;
“Audacious shaveling, seek the rear !” Feargal in anger
cried.

“I tell thee, king of pride and sin, thou mayest repulse me
now ;

Beware lest in the battle's din thou meetest that black cow !
Her symbol or herself beware ; when either here appears,
Vain is the keen-edged glaive you bear, and vain your
soldiers' spears.”

They thrust the hermit to the rear, for now the fight began ;
The Red Branch Knights on Leinster bore ; Feargal, he
led the van,

And clash of swords and crash of spears made music on
the field,

When charged a knight from Leinster's host, a black cow
on his shield.

Straight through the ranks he made a path ; he slew op-
posers all ;

Nor stayed his way till face to face he met with King Fear-
gal.

The monarch saw the symbol dire, and drew his bridle-
rein ;

That pause was death ; the stranger's sword smote fiercely
to the brain.

*Ochon! Ochon, for Ireland now! mo chreach! Och!
puilleludh!*

What mourning for the many slain, what keens the country
through!

Ah! woe for Tuathal's wicked law. A cruel monarch's
breath

Wrought on seven thousand gallant men the bitterness of
death!

THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

There are several versions of this grotesque legend current among the Munster peasantry. In one of these, the host is a gentleman named Barry, who long years before is said to have dwelt on the top of Cairn Thierna. In another, it is Clíodhna, the queen of the Daoine Maith, or "good people," *i.e.*, fairies, who entertains the traveller. The student will observe, not alone much resemblance between Irish and Welsh folk-lore, not strange, since they spring from kindred races, but between the former and some of the Sanskrit and Russian popular tales, a fact not so readily accounted for. This legend, however, smacks of the soil.

THE sun was sinking to the hills, the twilight growing fast,
When in the dusty yellow road a band came riding past—
A squadron of the foeman's horse, whose presence brought
no joy—

Grim-visaged troops of Cromwell these, unwelcome to
Fermoy.

They halted in the village street, for food and rest inclined,
And so the billet-master there they eager sought to find;
And whatsoever hate was felt, none near dare say them
nay,

For in their camp, a mile beyond, more black Malignants
lay.

'Squire Considine could hold his own, whichever side
arose—

Who stood above, he held as friends, who lay below, as
foes—

And so the men he billeted, and sent them here and there ;
It was for him to find the hosts—the hosts must find the
fare.

They left, all save the youngest one, who in the hall had
stayed,
Caught by the roguish smile and glance of Kate, a serving-
maid ;
In years scarce more than boy he was, and handsome,
frank and free—
Unlike his comrades—and he said : “A billet, sir, for me.”

Beyond the town a pile of rock rose upward, bleak and
bare ;
'Twas said the fairies haunted it ; no trace of dwelling
there ;
And Considine, who liked at times some meaner man to
mock—
“ I'll billet you,” he said, “ upon the Lady of the Rock.

“ The lady's name is Cleena, and such house you never
knew ;
It's walls are of the ivied stone, its vaulted roof is blue ;
And you may tell her ere you're guest within that mansion
fine,
That I shall furnish her with meat, and she shall furnish
wine.”

Dick Ashmore started off at once, his billet in his hand,
Straight onward he was told to go, and so obeyed com-
mand ;
The path was clear to reach the rock, but though he made
no stay,
So dark the night, the road he left, and thus he lost the
way.

A clouded night, and not a star; just then there came a
sound—

The cheery clink of horse's hoofs upon the stony ground.
He turned; a noble cavalcade, and at its head there rode
A lady on a palfry white, and light around her glowed.

He doffed his morion at the sight, and made a lowly bend;
The lady reined her steed, and said: "What do you here,
my friend?"

Dick Ashmore bent his head again. "An please you then,"
said he,
"I seek the Lady of the Rock." "Good soldier, I am
she!"

He gave the words of Considine. Said she, with courtly
air:

"Our thanks are due this gentleman for courtesy so fair.
No fairer offer could be made than this of Considine;
His meat shall smoke upon the board, and we will find the
wine."

Then up the rock the cavalcade with merry laughter
pressed—

Dick Ashmore found it harder work to gain the stony
crest;

But, gaining that, a mansion saw, reared grandly and alone,
From out whose many casements tall the lights in brilliance
shone.

Dick, hat in hand, was ushered in; they sat him at the
board

With wines of choicest vintage, and with rarest dainties
stored;

He ate and drank; but chief of all, to hungry Dick's de-
light,

A mighty joint of beef, which soon appeased his appetite.

“Now,” said the lady, as he rose, “to-morrow when you leave
I’ll see you not; but, ere you rest, three gifts of mine receive.

Yon black cow’s hide, this goblet bright; give those to Considine,

To show that while he furnished meat, ’twas I who furnished wine.

“And for yourself, this sprig of furze upon your breast to wear;

’Twill bring you health and wealth and love while you shall keep it there.

Now seek your couch; be sweet your sleep; it was not yours to mock,

But his, and his has been the loss,—the Lady of the Rock.”

Sound slept the soldier all that night, sleep drowned till noon his care;

He woke, and gazed around amazed; nor bed nor mansion there;

His couch was on the barren ground; but by his side there lay

The cow’s hide and the goblet, and he bore them both away.

Loud laughed the billet-master when his eye on Ashmore fell—

“And did you find the lady fair, and did she treat you well?

But sad has been your pleasure, man; your comrades long have gone,

And hold you as deserter, for the army moved at dawn.”

But to a look of wonder changed the sly, malicious grin,
When Dick the lady's message gave, and with it cup and
skin.

"'Tis ill to vex the Dinah Magh!" said startled Considine ;
"That hide was hers, my favorite cow, the chiefest of my
kine."

Dick Ashmore never left Fermoy ; all people liked him
well ;

And all the Lady of the Rock had promised him befell,
Health, wealth, and love: but ill there came to him who
dared to mock

The gentle Bean Sighe, Cleena, the Lady of the Rock.

THE WHITE DOE.

ONCE on a time, when fairies were,
Stood by the Galway shore,
Part in the sea, a cold, grey rock,
That towered the country o'er.
Its sides were like a castle wall,
Seamed like an old man's face ;
And inward stretched the barren sand,
A mile beyond the place.

One fertile spot there Dermid held—
A peasant stout and young,
With eye of hawk and raven hair,
Strong limbs and silver tongue—
An acre only held at rent,
And cabin low and white ;
And made his way by constant toil
From early morn till night.

One morn he rose at break of day,
And, sharpened spade in hand,
Went forth, and whistled as he went,
To dig and delve his land.
And looking east, and looking west,
Around, above, below,
He saw upon the grey rock's crest,
Standing, a milk-white doe.

There were no deer for miles around,
And ne'er had such been seen,
For deer seek not the sea-shore sand,
But lurk in covert green.
And Dermid gazed upon the sight
With awe no words can tell,
When the doe stretched forth to look at him,
And lost its poise and fell.

The peasant dropped his spade and ran,
And pity came to him,
When he saw the deer lie moaning there,
With a bleeding, broken limb.
He set the bone, and bound it close,
And spoke in tender way,
And water brought and tufts of grass
Where the creature suffering lay.

The white doe licked his kindly hand,
And tears ran down each cheek,
And looked from out its large, round eyes
The thanks it could not speak.
And Dermid said—"I have no wife,
No child is born to me;
This innocent brute in lieu of both,
Companion here shall be."

A month passed on. One morning came,
And, rising at the dawn,
Went Dermid out to feed the doe,
And found the doe had gone.
But there a fair-haired lady stood,
Clad in a robe of white,
A short wand in her lily hand,
Tipped with a jewel bright.

“I was the doe,” the lady said,
“Doomed in that shape to be,
Till a human heart in my distress
Should pity take on me.
Name freely; I can grant whate’er
You need the most in life.”
Said Dermid bluntly then, “I need
You, darling, for a wife.”

• Soon were they wedded, and from thence
Fortune on Dermid rained;
New land was his, and flocks and herds,
And golden store he gained.
Short months and years flew by, and each
Seemed fleeter than the last,
Until, with five boys round the hearth,
Ten happy years had passed.

Uprose the fairy wife at dawn,
To Dermid thus spoke she:
“At noon I seek my former home,
And you must go with me.
But, oh! whate’er you see or hear,
What others say or do,
Keep silence; utter not a word;
Or I am lost to you.”

Then forth she went, with wand in hand,
And Dermid followed fast,
Till garden-gate and hawthorn hedge
And meadow-field were passed.
And o'er the sand the way she led
To where the rock arose,
And on its grey and frowning side
She struck three gentle blows.

Clang! came a sound, as of a bell;
Parted the rock before;
And into its recesses deep
They passed as through a door;
Through gloomy passage, downward, then,
They made their darksome way,
Until they came upon a place
As bright and clear as day.

There, in a palace tall and fair,
Entered the silent two;
And Dermid, at the sight he saw,
Felt wonder thrill him through;
For on a throne of beaten gold,
Within a glittering ring,
A crown of diamonds on his brow,
There sat the fairy king.

“Welcome again, our daughter dear;
But who is this you bring?
What mortal boor dare enter here
Unbidden?” cried the king.
“My husband, sire,” the lady said,
“And dearer far to me
Than all the rank and all the state
I left for him could be.”

The fairy king arose in wrath—
 "Such words to me!" he cried;
"No mortal wight of base degree
 Shall keep a fairy bride.
He may retire unharmed; but thou
 Shalt lie in dungeon chains."
But Dermid, springing forward, cried—
 "Not while my strength remains!"

A look of longing and despair
 O'erspread the lady's face;
Deep darkness fell, and unseen hands
 Hurled Dermid from the place.
The old grey rock was closed again;
 The door was lost fore'er;
No more to Dermid's heart or home
 Came back that lady fair.

THE LEGEND OF OGRECASTLE.

THE Lady May went forth at morn
 The greenwood round to roam—
The greenwood fair that spread for miles
 Around her castled home;
And plucking flowers to deck her hair,
 And singing, Lady May
Found she had strayed in forest shade
 Too far from home away.

She turned upon her steps, when, lo!
 Leapt from a hanging limb,
And stood directly in her path,
 An ogre dark and grim.

Unkempt his locks of yellow hair,
His skin was like the pye's,
His fingers were like eagle-claws,
And ferret-like his eyes.

"Where are you going?" thundered he,
"And why do you wander here,
Where mine are trees, and mine are flowers,
And mine the tawny deer?
"You've trespassed on my wide domain,
And passed your father's by;
This is Amal the ogre's land,
Amal the ogre, I."

She could not scream, she could not flee,
She trembled as he spake,
But crossed herself and prayed for aid,
For the Blessed Master's sake.
At which the ogre loudly laughed,
And to the lady said:
"I am of earth, and Christian ban
Falls harmless on my head.

"Earl Carlon is a childless man
Henceforward and for aye,
For she who was his darling child
Shall be my bride to-day.
And months shall come and months shall go,
And passing years shall be,
Ere he shall see the daughter fair
That must away with me."

Then seizing her within his arms,
He bore the maid away;
He bore her to the church's door;
She durst not say him nay.

And there the old priest made them one,
And she, Earl Carlon's pride,
Lost home and friends, and so became
Amal the ogre's bride.

Ten years had come and ten had gone,
And children twain were born,
When forth to hunt the tawny deer
The ogre went one morn.
And waiting there for his return,
The lady longed to gaze
Once more upon the home wherein
She dwelt in other days.

She took her son and daughter through
The pathway in the wood,
And hurried on till they before
Earl Carlon's castle stood.
The tears they gathered in her eyes
The olden pile to see.

"My home was there," she murmured low;
"My father—where is he?"

With knights around rode up the Earl,
And stopped his steed, and said:
"This woman is my daughter May,
Whom I have mourned as dead.
Fair welcome back! This hour repays
For years of grief and pain.
But be you maid, or be you wife?
And whose these children twain?"

"I've lived a wife ten years or more,
Five miles beyond these towers;
Amal the ogre is my lord;
These children twain are ours.

A loving husband has he been,
And ever kind to me,
And honor's self in all his deeds,
An ogre though he be."

And then Amal came riding up,
To seek his dear ones three.
Earl Carlon's brow grew black with wrath,
And "Seize the wretch!" said he.
And ere Amal could draw his sword,
To serve him in his need,
A score of burly men-at-arms
Had dragged him from his steed.

"Unhappy woman," cried the Earl,
"Learn, to thy deep despair,
The lord thou lovest is the one
Who slew thy cousin's heir.
When died our kinsman Ethelred,
He slew his only son,
And kept by force of gramarye
The lands the murder won.

"He closed your eyes by wicked arts,
By magic spells and dread,
Or with an ogre foul as he
You never could have wed.
And you and these shall dwell at home,
My children all to be;
But for Amal—I'll hang him high
Upon the gallows-tree."

She bent her low, the Lady May,
While tears fell o'er her face—
She bent her low, and on her knee
Implored her father's grace.

“For know the truth,” she sobbing said,
“An ogre though he be,
The man whom you to death would doom
Is all the world to me.”

“Rise up, my daughter,” cried the Earl;
“Your prayers are all in vain;
I’ve sworn before I rest to-night
The ogre shall be slain.
Were I forsworn it were disgrace
To one of lineage high:
From hence the ogre’s form shall pass,
Or I shall surely die.”

She rose, and snatched a sword from one
Of those who stood around,
And sprang to where the ogre stood,
And cut the bands that bound.
“Draw forth your sword, my lord,” she cried;
“We’ll fight it out amain;
They shall not grace the gallows-tree
Till both of us be slain.”

When, lo! upon her words there came
A change of form and face;
The loathly ogre grew to be
A knight of courtly grace,
A stalwart knight of stately mien—
A hideous thing no more.
“And who art thou,” Earl Carlon cried,
“Who ogre was before?”

“I am thy cousin’s son; by me
Amal the ogre fell;
But, dying, through his gramarye
Upon me laid a spell,

That I should take his name and shape,
 And in his stead should be,
 Until some woman pure and fair
 Should risk her life for me.

“The wife I gained without thy will
 From thrall her lord hath won;
 To-day you have your daughter back,
 And with her take a son.”
 “In faith, I shall,” Earl Carlon said;
 “And pleasant 'tis, I wis,
 When from an ogre's form there springs
 A son as fair as this !”

Earl Carlon lies in cloistered earth;
 The rest have passed away;
 The castle where they lived and died
 Is now in ruins grey.
 But where the ogre bore his bride
 Four stately towers are found,
 And these are Ogrecastle styled
 By all who dwell around.

CEDRIC.

CEDRIC, the King of Mercia, in those days
 Ruled justly, yet his people loved him not—
 Ruled wisely, yet obtained but grudging praise;
 Therefore he wearied of his lofty lot
 And kingrick splendid.

So he, filled with chagrin, and sick at heart,
 And seeking for new life, went forth one day—
 He cared not whither so he might depart—
 And, mounted on his steed he took his way,
 By none attended.

And rode, and rode, until ere fall of night
 He came to where the highway branched to four,
 And there he found a pillar square and white,
 That on each side a plain inscription bore,
 The traveller guiding.

The first: "Who travels here well-fed shall be,
 But hunger waits the steed that he has brought;"
 The next: "Who may this road pursue shall see
 His horse well filled, but he himself get naught
 For coin or chiding;"

The third: "Who takes this path shall fare the best,
 Both man and horse, but be dismissed with blows;"
 The last: "Who goes this way finds food and rest
 For him and his; but, when next day he goes,
 His horse he loses."

"Ill," said the king, "on either path is cast;
 Hunger for horse in one, for man the next,
 Blows in the third, and robbery in the last—
 The wisest here may feel his mind perplexed
 Before he chooses.

"I like not blows; I will not plundered be;
 Let those two pass; while I can hunger bear,
 The want of this dumb brute I may not see;
 So, in the second road we take our way,
 Whate'er betide us.

“These be strange folk that in my kingdom dwell,
And strange I never heard of them before ;
Things far less singular the gossips tell—
But hurry, steed ! the light of day gives o'er,
With none to guide us.”

And so, into the darkness on they rode,
The willing steed cheered by his master's tone,
Until they came to where a mean abode
Stood by the wayside, low-roofed and alone,
Smokeless and cheerless.

Here, from the horse alighting, rapped the king,
Whereat the door was opened, and a wight,
Crooked and dwarfish, bade him, muttering,
While with his fingers shading there the light,
To enter fearless.

The entertainer, scanty of his speech,
The bridle took, and led the charger in ;
Inside there were two stalls with straw in each,
And in one corner stood a well-filled bin,
Of metal planished.

The dwarf in one stall showed the king his bed,
Then led the horse within the other, where
He stripped and rubbed him ; next, the beast he fed,
And added litter to the plenty there,
Then quickly vanished.

The king lay down, though hungry, happy he
To hear his horse's champ, and fell asleep ;
But sudden came a burst of melody,
And waked the monarch from his slumber deep
With its sweet numbers.

There stood an angel in a flood of light,
And spake: "All selfish feeling having curbed
To do thy duty to thy horse aright,
No dreams begotten of remorse disturbed
Thy placid slumbers.

"Back to thy duty, and in that be strong;
Therein shall lie reward enough for thee;
Leave joy to others; crush to earth the wrong;
Defend the right; thy people's father be—
King of the lowly."

The angel and the glory passed away;
The monarch felt of sleep again the touch;
His slumber lasted till the dawn of day,
When he arose, and cheered and strengthened much,
Rode homeward slowly.

King Cedric ruled o'er Mercia many a year:
Found naught affecting right too small for reck;
Gave to the injured ever-willing ear;
Upheld the weak, and kept the strong in check;
Showed law victorious;

By the firm use of measures wise and just,
Made labor prosperous and the realm content;
And now, though ages since his form was dust,
His laws remain his lasting monument,
His memory glorious.



SIR GUY TRELEASE.

SYBELLA, young and debonair,
The orphan Baroness of Ware,
Heiress of many manors, ward
Of Richard, England's sovereign lord,
Was close pursued by suitors three,
Nobles and knights of high degree—
Arthur, the Earl of Anderville,
Sir Calvert Beauchamp, Lord of Brill,
And Michael, Baron of Ambray,
Who warmly wooed her, day by day ;
But vain both courtly word and deed—
To love the lady was not stirred.
Such feeling 'twixt the three arose,
That, lest the wooing come to blows,
The king, who did not care to see
Black feuds arise through rivalry,
Declared the tourney should decide
What knight or lord should gain the bride,
Her title and possessions wide.
The lists were straightway opened, free
To all brave knights, at Enderby,
And proclamation widely made
That who, in armor there arrayed,
Should hold the field at close of day,
Would bear this fairest prize away.

No braver knight all England through,
More known for deeds of derring-do ;

None wiser spake at council board
When sage opinion need implored ;
None courtlier in time of peace
Than he from Cornwall, Guy Trelease.
But, penniless knight, his ruined hall
And barren acres were his all ;
And, though he felt his bosom stir
With tenderness at sight of her,
And noted, when his step drew nigh,
The lady's color mounted high,
He knew his lack of wealth, and hence
Ne'er to her favor made pretence.
Now when the news he heard, said he—
" 'Tis either life or death to me.
Lords Beauchamp, Anderville, Cambray—
I've ridden with them in the fray ;
In England, Germany or France
There are none braver : he whose lance
Shall worst such foes as these shall be
Accounted flower of chivalry."
So, summoning his old esquire,
Alan, who well had served his sire,
Bade him prepare at break of day
To make toward Enderby their way,
Which they might reach, though passing far,
By noon, should naught their purpose bar.
And so it chanced, when morning glowed,
Blithely Sir Guy to tourney rode,
The twain on roadsters country-bred,
His war-steed by old Alan led,
And reached at length where, in the way,
A robbed and wounded pilgrim lay.
Pitying his case, the gentle knight
Dismounted straight to help the wight.
Quoth Alan : " If you stay to aid,

Small chance, Sir Guy, to win the maid ;
We scarce can gain the lists in time ;
The morning now has passed its prime."
"Foul shame," replied his lord, "to me,
And foul reproach to chivalry,
If, even to win a gentle fere,
I left this wretch unaided here."
He dressed the wounds with skilful hand,
And bound them with his scarf for band,
Did all he might to serve the need,
Then placed the pilgrim on his steed,
And, by his arm supported well,
Led on until they found a cell
Where, two miles farther on the road,
A holy hermit made abode,
To whom, with caution sage and grave,
The wounded man in charge he gave.
Some hours were lost ere this was done ;
'Twas now long past the noonday sun.
"This comes of beggars," Alan said ;
"All hope to reach in time is dead.
We may not gain ere close of day
The lists, ride quickly as we may."
"If so, so be it," said Sir Guy ;
"At least the pilgrim will not die."
Yet, strange to say, as on they pressed,
The sun slow lingered in the west,
And when at last the lists they gained,
An hour of daylight yet remained.
A joyous passage it had been
For those who glory sought to win.
He found o'erthrown the Lord of Brill,
Dead in his armor, Anderville,
Four others carried from the field ;
Ambray alone retained his shield ;

And, seated calmly in his tent,
Waited the close of tournament.
Sir Guy, a leech, ere he essayed,
Sent for the pilgrim's farther aid,
Then riding armed across the field,
Struck with his lance the champion's shield.
Quickly responded then Ambray—
"This course," he said, "shall end the day."
Sir Guy but threw a glance above
Where sat the lady of his love,
Whose cheeks, so pale with dread the while,
Now reddened at her lover's smile.
That tell-tale blush! Why, what to him
Was proud Ambray, so stout and grim?
A trumpet's blare! With whirlwind force
The warring knights met in their course;
Their lances shivered; from his selle
Borne by the shock, each champion fell.
Rose first Ambray; but quick Sir Guy
Sprang to his feet to do or die;
And speedily a rain of blows
Showed the stout courage of the foes.
At first it seemed the slender form
Of Guy could not resist the storm
Of terrible strokes Ambray bestowed;
The lady's heart felt sad forbode,
And quaked beneath her samite vest,
To see Sir Guy so sorely pressed.
The combat's current changed at length;
Ambray wore out his giant's strength,
And now defended where before
With strong assault he struck so sore.
Still fought the twain with eager blow,
Until the sun sank red and low;
And, as its glowing couch it found,

Ambray, spent, bleeding, fell to ground.
 The fight was done ; the king decreed
 Sir Guy was worthy highest meed ;
 Worthy before the world to bear
 The noble title of Lord Ware ;
 And worthy of the fair whose eyes
 Betrayed her heart was willing prize.
 But, as they sat at board that night,
 With jocund words and spirits light,
 The leech returned, and made report
 Before the king and gathered court
 That, when the hermit's cell he sought,
 Cell, hermit, pilgrim, all were naught ;
 But stood instead a chapel, where
 The wandering pilgrim might repair
 To purge his sins by shrift and prayer,
 And o'er its gate this sentence bore—
 " Our Lady of Pity "—nothing more.

RUINS.

In a deep woodland,
 Leaf and bough hidden,
 By a dark mystery
 Ever bestridden,
 Crumbled and blackened,
 Moss-grown and hoary,
 Moulder some ruins
 Known not in story.

Chimneys long smokeless ;
 Eaves whence the sparrows
 Sally at night-fall,
 Night-flies to harass ;

Half-rotted lintels ;
Roof tumbled all in ;
Vaults choked with rubbish ;
Door-steps down-fallen.

Once in that house, from
Ground-sill to rafter,
Pleasantly sounded
Music and laughter ;
There in the hall-way,
Host the guest meeting,
Gave him warm welcome,
Heartiest greeting.

All through that dwelling
Luxury splendid—
Twenty young pages
Ladies attended ;
Twenty tall lackeys
Served at the table ;
Twenty blood-horses
Champed in the stable.

In the park, while the
Master remained here,
Tossed their brown antlers
Fifty fleet reindeer ;
There youths and damsels
Under leaf arches,
Strolled through the shadows
Thrown by the larches.

Then in the garden,
Pinks and stock-gillies
Looked up at roses,
Lilacs and lilies ;

Quaintly-cut box-trees
Stood by the beeches ;
Ripened there cheeries,
Gages and peaches.

Song-birds in cages,
Chirping and twittering,
There where the fountain
Cast a spray glittering ;
Fish in the basin,
Bright, golden-sided,
Hither and thither
Gracefully glided.

Now all is silence,
All desolation ;
Tenantless what was
Once habitation ;
Guests all departed,
None now come hither ;
Gone is the master—
No one knows whither.

Now the park grasses,
Copsewood is shading ;
Now the trim garden
Briars invading ;
Fruit-trees untended,
Box out of order,
Grass in each pathway,
Weeds in each border.

Warblers no longer
Sing there in cages—
There the grey howlet
War with birds wages ;

Choked up the fountain
Where it was flowing
Nettles and groundsel
Rankly are growing.

One thing alone there,
Ever remaining,
Mocks winter's snow-drifts,
Mocks summer's raining—
Token of terror,
Drops from a source ill,
Twenty red blood-stains
On the grey door-sill.

In the deep midnight
So the boors tell us—
Comes a fair lady
With a lord jealous ;
Words and a knife-stroke,
Curses and laughter—
Vanish the phantoms—
Silence comes after.

WARD BURTON.

LIVING afar in the Mexican Sea
Is a lone and desolate coral key,
Where a sparkling fountain gushes free.

The land lies pleasantly there and low,
But nothing upon the isle will grow ;
No green herb springs by the water's flow.

Thither there came one summer day
One of Morgan's vessels of prey,
And furled her sails, and in silence lay.

She was short of water, and so to shore
Cask upon cask the long-boat bore,
And went again and came with more.

Quiet the vessel at anchor lay,
And back and forth the livelong day
The toiling pirates made their way.

One of them still remained on land—
The second he was in the lawless band,
Next to the captain in command.

Older in sin, though not in years,
And worse by far than his ruffian peers,
Ward Burton, of Morgan's buccaneers.

He had left his home in early days,
Its fields of wheat and oats and maize,
For a life on the sea and its perillous ways.

In a whaling-ship he had made his mark,
And then in a light-heeled slaving-bark,
And then in the pirate service dark.

Through tropical heat and tropical rain
He had sailed the sea again and again,
From the sandy keys to the Spanish Main.

If ever a fiend from below set free
In human shape on the earth could be,
Ward Burton, the buccaneer, was he.

For not alone did he take delight
In the bloody work of the perillous fight,
Slaying his victims left and right,

But battle over, with manner grim,
He forced survivors to sink or swim
Where shark fought shark for body or limb.

A plea for mercy he met with a sneer ;
The name of his Maker brought a jeer ;
He scoffed at pity, he felt no fear.

And this was the man that all that day
Stretched at length by the fountain lay,
And watched the long-boat on her way.

There are brown-winged doves, with rosy feet,
And warm grey plumage, and voices sweet,
That like on these coral keys to meet.

These, when the pirates first drew near,
Startled by sound of curse and jeer,
Had flown away with a sudden fear.

But presently, when the boat from shore
Tracked its path the smooth waves o'er,
The doves came back to the spring once more.

They noted not the form that lay
Gazing upon the shallow bay,
Too quiet to startle such as they.

A careless look Ward Burton threw
At one of these doves with breast of blue,
When suddenly it began to coo.

That sound in youth he had often heard
From the throbbing throat of a plainer bird,
And the plaintive notes his spirit stirred.

The sea and sky began to dance
Before his eyes, and an inward glance
Pierced through his memory like a lance.

He saw the house where he was born ;
He heard his father blow the horn
To call the huskers from the corn.

He saw the cattle homeward go
With steady rolling step and slow,
And as they passed he heard them low.

He saw his father's furrowed face
At the table in the olden place,
And laughed to hear him utter grace.

He saw his mother in her chair ;
He saw a child low kneeling there—
Himself—and heard him breathe a prayer.

“ Our Father ”—at the hallowed name
Remorse into his dark soul came,
And lit it with a melting flame.

Conscience awoke that long had slept ;
Penitence into his bosom crept,
And the bearded pirate silent wept.

When the vessel touched the Spanish Main
His shipmates sought for the man in vain—
Ward Burton was not seen again.

Some said in a dungeon deep he lay ;
Some said with a dame he fled away ;
Some said he was slain in sudden fray.

But deep in the Western wilds there dwelt
One who at morn and even knelt
With a sense of guilt forever felt—

Dwelt alone for years and years,
Now raised by hopes, now sunk by fears—
One of old Morgan's buccaneers.

None knew from whence the hermit came,
And none discovered his race or name ;
Yet his neighbors liked him all the same.

Nothing to harm would he ever bring,
Brute in the forest or bird on the wing ;
He was gentle to every living thing.

But they said as they laid him down to rest,
The cold clay piled on his clay-cold breast,
That he loved the doves of all things best.

THE PHANTOM BARQUE.

WE sailed one time a port to seek
In the sunny isle of Martinique ;
And, sailing fast and sailing free,
We left Long Island on our lee,
And when the stars shone overhead,
Full fifty leagues our course had sped.

Then, suddenly looming through the dark
On our quarter came a stranger barque,
High of poop and of ancient build,
Her decks with a crowd of seamen filled,
Her rigging loose, and torn each sail,
As though she had fought with storm and gale.

Our skipper loud the stranger hailed—
“What ship is that?” but away she sailed.
No answer came from the stranger barque,
Which quickly vanished in the dark ;
But we heard in the distance wailing low,
An eldritch laugh, and a shriek of woe.

“That fellow’s a fool!” the skipper said ;
But spin-yarn Ben, he shook his head—
Ben was an able-bodied tar,
And full of his yarns, as such folks are—
“He never replies to him who hails,
And evermore on he sails and sails.”

When the captain to his cabin had gone,
A circle round old Ben was drawn ;
And we asked him then to tell the tale,
Who it was that must sail and sail ;
What was the name of the ship, and why
To friendly hail it would never reply.

“Messmates,” said Ben, and cleared his throat,
And buttoned his jacket in lieu of coat,
And hitched his trousers, and looked quite wise,
And then, with a preface about his eyes,
He told us the story, doubtless true,
In the very language I give to you.

“ In sixteen hundred and ninety-four
A brigantine left the English shore,
From Hull or London—I don’t know where—
Bound for Boston. She never got there ;
For she hugged the Florida coast each day,
Sighting each key in her course that lay.

“ Her skipper had sailed on many a sea,
As wicked a pirate as there might be ;
But in sacking a church on the Spanish Main,*
The whole of his crew but five were slain,
And these were dead, so that none but he
The secret knew of the Phantom Key. .

“ To seek for the Key he sailed all day,
And to, at night, off the coast he lay,
Till the hard-worked sailors grew tired of the game,
And grumbled, and called it a burning shame,
That North and South they should go for his sport,
And never make sail for the proper port.

“ Then he called the crew on the deck and said :
‘ You don’t know what’s in your skipper’s head.
I’m cruising around in hopes to see
A desolate spot called the Phantom Key,
The spot where we buried our treasures, which
When I find it again will make us rich.

“ “ The spoils of a galleon won in fight,
The plunder of towns that we sacked by night,

* “ The Spanish Main ”—*i. e.*, the Spanish mainland : so called to distinguish it from the islands on the coast. The term originated with the buccaneers.

The golden vessels from ravished shrines,
The bars of silver from Southern mines ;
With diamonds bright and pearls so fair—
A countless treasure is buried there.

“ A week we've searched, and I have not found
The landmarks showing our treasure-ground ;
But be I living, or be I dead,
I shall sail forever,' the captain said,
'Till the Judgment Day, but I'll find that key!'
Then shouted the sailors: 'So shall we!'

“ I'll speak no vessel, whate'er her stress,
Till we land at our golden wilderness ;
No port I make, nor in calm or gale
Shall I take in even an inch of sail ;
But cruise till I find the Phantom Key!'
Loud shouted the sailors: 'So shall we!'

“ They sailed along ; on that very day
They came where a vessel dismasted lay—
'We're sinking! Help! or our lives are gone!'
They paid no heed, but they sailed right on ;
And the hapless vessel sank in the sea,
But still they sailed for the Phantom Key.

“ Upon that voyage they're going yet,
With every sail to their royals set :
And, as I have heard many sailors say,
They will sail and sail till the Judgment Day,
Till the dead shall rise from the earth and sea
They will search in vain for the Phantom Key.”

You may smile at the story if you please ;
But are we not seeking for Phantom Keys?

For keys, where the treasure is wealth or fame
Or love—the purpose is much the same,
And we never shall reach the wished-for shore,
But be sailing, sailing for evermore.

THAT ROYAL JAMES.

It happened once upon a time,
There came to France's sunny clime
A Scottish knight, of manner fair,
Gallant and gay and debonair,
With figure cast in perfect mould,
With ruddy cheeks and locks of gold,
With eyes like skies, and skin like milk—
Sir Nigel Kempstone of that ilk.
Ready upon the tilted plain,
Prompt at a lady's bridle-rein,
Foremost at feast and first at fray,
In battle fierce, at banquet gay,
At court, in joust, in hall, at chase,
Sir Nigel found a leading place,
And wielded sword or handled lance
With any gentleman of France;
And not a demoiselle but felt
Before his glance her coldness melt.
He might have chosen, did he care,
From many who were young and fair.
Less did the demoiselles admire
The handsome Scotsman's homely 'squire—
But one esquire attended him.
Tall in his stature, lank of limb,
With hair of sable, half unkempt,
Eyes set, as though he waking dreamt

And yet at times his glance was fire,
More knight in bearing than esquire.
Once chafed, so proud his looks and port,
There came a saying at the court :
" 'Tis hard to read the riddle right,
Which is esquire, and which is knight."
And then, ere long, a whisper ran
That o'er the master ruled the man ;
And from some vow perchance, at night,
Withdrawn from others' prying sight,
The knight cast off his rank, and he
Served the esquire on bended knee ;
Until at last the lords and dames
Nicknamed the 'squire, " that royal James."

King Louis had a daughter young,
Whose charms by every minstrel sung,
Had spread her name so far and wide
That princes sought her for a bride.
Denmark and Burgundy and Spain,
Each sent an envoy with his train,
Who carried to the Frankish land
Fair offers for the lady's hand ;
But, whole of heart, or hard to please,
The princess would have none of these.
And Louis said : " Let her refuse :
She has the power to freely choose.
Our kingdom stands abroad so high,
It needs not thus to gain ally ;
And should our daughter change her state,
She shall select her proper mate ;
Royal or noble, I reck not which,
Her dowry makes him passing rich."
'Twas not the custom to allow
Such breadth of choice, nor is it now ;

But Louis was a monarch known
 For ways and manners of his own ;
 And some who closely viewed the thing,
 And knew the favorite of the king
 Was this Sir Nigel, thought him weak
 Or not to woo, or not to speak.
 So far from being first to press
 A suit with eager tenderness,
 The princess he avoided then,
 Was less with dames and more with men,
 And left his dark esquire to bear
 Fitful commands of lady fair,
 While he, at banquet or in chase,
 Held more than ever foremost place.
 And chiefly that esquire was seen
 To serve the Princess Ysoline.
 To her Sir Nigel was no more
 Then stranger from a foreign shore,
 While of esquires and pages round
 Sir Nigel's only favor found ;
 And since she knew, or that she thought
 He most of zeal to service brought,
 Whene'er she rode abroad, her whim
 Was to be cavaliered by him.

And now it chanced upon a day
 When king and court had made their way
 With men-at-arms and huntsmen good
 To chase the wild boar in the wood,
 They longed to let their ladies see
 Their daring feats of venerie,
 And so the dames on palfreys splendid,
 By donzels and esquires attended,
 Rode to a hillock whence they might
 Keep many hunters in their sight.

The princess there dismounted; nigh her
Attending was Sir Nigel's 'squire,
Standing erect with bearing high,
Yet something tender in his eye
While gazing at the group, and there
Chatted the ladies young and fair.
They with their spirits gay and light,
Jested upon that gloomy wight,
Or listened to the coming sounds
Of winded horns and baying hounds,
Until a mot, three notes, no more,
Announced the starting of the boar.
Sudden that laughing group among,
From coppice dense a wild-boar sprung,
And passing others on the path,
Upon the princess charged in wrath.
Slain were the Princess Ysoline
But for the dark 'squire's falchion keen,
Which pierced the brute, but not before
The boar's tusks bathed themselves with gore,
And in the bold squire's body sent
Made in the flesh a ghastly rent,
And lay, within the princess' sight,
Slayer and slain a piteous plight.

The 'squire long languished, but at length
Leech-craft and care renewed his strength;
And then by royal order, he
Waited upon his majesty.
Attended by his court, the king
Stood centre of a glorious ring,
Nobles and knights of great renown,
Trusted and honored by the crown,
And high-born dames and demoiselles,
Whom Ysoline so far excels,

There standing by her father's throne,
 That James sees only her alone.
 Bowed the esquire, but never spoke—
 King Louis first the silence broke—
 "Courage is courage everywhere,
 And should its crown of honor wear,
 And though at home, and not afield,
 Your service came, our thanks we yield.
 Kneel down Esquire, arise Sir James;
 Nor does that rank acquit your claims.
 Ask what you will at our command,
 Titles or honors, place or land,
 Or aught our mandate may secure—
 Speak bold and free, and hold it sure."
 Out spake Sir James, with conscious pride,
 While drew Sir Nigel to his side:
 "Titles and lands I do not seek,
 Honors and place to me are weak;
 Who saves a life may claim a hand—
 For bride the princess I demand."
 A murmur went around; but ere
 The words of men their anger bear,
 The monarch waved his hand, and said:
 "The princess may a sovereign wed,
 A noble may become her lord—
 Such was, in truth, our royal word—
 But not a gentleman alone,
 And he untitled and unknown."
 "Were I a peasant born, beau sire,"
 Replied Sir James, devoid of fear,
 "For justice I would scorn to creep;
 His plighted word a king must keep."
 Silence a space, then sudden broke—
 "Have your demand!" King Louis spoke;
 "But portionless your bride shall be,

And banished with you o'er the sea,
Nor evermore while time goes on,
As daughter of our house be known."
Loud laughed Sir James. "It seems," quoth he,
"Consent is given unwillingly.
What says the princess?" She replied
By stealing timid to his side.
"King Louis," cried Sir James, elate,
"The princess loses not in state.
Kempstone of Kempstone, belted earl;
See of thy master's crown the pearl;
A princess now, but more, I ween,
When she is crowned as Scotland's queen."

THE FAIRY ISLAND.

YOUNG Gitto Bach, Llewellyn's son,
Sat by the calm Llyn Glas,
Watching the shadows of the clouds
Across its surface pass.

His goats and kids amid the rocks
Roved frolicsome and free;
The summer sun looked smiling down;
Then why so sad was he?

Upon a little ten-year boy
What weighty trouble bore?
Object of parents' care and love,
What could he wish for more?

There in the placid llyn afar
A purple isle he saw,
With glittering towers that rose on high
Above the greenwood shaw.

There rainbow tints stole in and out,
Through a veil of purple mist,
That lilac was where touched by light,
In shadow, amethyst.

“And oh,” said Gitto, wistfully,
“That wondrous island fair,
A fairy-land of all delights,
If I were only there!”

He turned him to the cliff-side tall,
Where he had often been,
And saw what ne'er before he saw,
A door the rock within.

Down leading from the open door
He saw some steps of stone,
And curiously, and fearlessly,
He entered there alone.

The dimly lighted passage through
He made his tedious way,
Till, at the end, by steps again,
He found the light of day.

It opened in a bosky grove,
None fairer in the isle;
And there he found a hundred elves
Who met him with a smile.

They prisoned him with friendly hands
Within their fairy ring,
And then they bore him joyously
Before the elfin king.

The monarch sat upon his throne,
Within the royal hall,
Around him grouped in proud array,
His guards and courtiers all.

“And so we have a mortal child,
As guest,” exclaimed the king;
“We welcome him to every joy
The fairy isle can bring.

“All rare delights the Gwraigedd know,
Partaking day by day,
All precious things around to use,
But none to bear away.

“I give thee to my eldest son,
Companion good to be,
And near to him shall be thy state,
As his is near to me.”

What happy life had Gitto then,
With servitors at hand,
To serve him as they served the Prince,
The heir to all the land.

They clad him in the satin red,
And cloak of velvet blue,
With diamonds bright and rubies rare
To shine on cap and shoe.

His food was of the dead-ripe fruit
That hung at left and right ;
His drink was of the honey-dew
From golden goblets bright.

And there it seemed for hour on hour
He played amid the flowers,
With tricky elves at pleasant sports,
Through groves and rosy bowers.

They tossed a hollow golden ball
From hand to hand in play ;
And when he caught it, mockingly,
From them he ran away.

He hid from them within the grove,
'Twas portion of the game ;
And there he saw the downward steps
By which that morn he came.

The memory of his home came back,
In spite of present bliss ;
He longed to hear his father's voice,
To taste his mother's kiss.

So on with golden ball in hand,
Ere those who sought him knew,
Adown the steps he made his way,
And thrid the passage through.

He stood upon the spot whereat
He left his goats before ;
The goats had gone ; he turned around,
But entrance found no more.

The door had vanished. Came a voice,
In accents stern and low :
" You took the golden ball away,
The theft shall bring you woe."

Alarmed, he ran with tottering steps
To seek his father's cot,
But found it gone, a field of corn
Grew rankly on the spot.

He wandered till he met a man,
Old, worn and weak of limb,
Who stopped, and leaned upon his staff,
And wondering gazed at him.

" Now who be you," the old man said,
" Who to the sight appears
No taller than a little boy,
Yet marked with sixty years?"

" Deep seams and wrinkles on your face,
White locks upon your head,
A tottering gait ; 'twould seem your life
Has very near been sped."

Quoth Gitto : " I am but a boy,
Last birthday only ten ;
I'm Gitto Bach ; my father is
Llewellyn, of the Glen."

" Heaven guard us well!" the old man cried,
" With fairies you have been ;
'Tis fifty years since Gitto Bach
Was drowned within the llyn.

“ At least his people lost him there ;
He never more came back ;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
But found no trace nor track.

“ Llewellyn was a worthy man,
Well liked by people here ;
But he, and Betti Rhys, his wife,
Are dead for many a year.”

“ I’ve only been short time away,”
Cried Gitto, “ ’twas no sin ;
And stayed to play awhile with gwraigs,
Out yonder in the llyn.

“ In proof, behold the golden ball,
And they have many such ”—
He showed it, ’twas a puff-ball now,
And crumbled at the touch.

“ Your face has old Llewellyn’s look,”
Trembling, the old man said ;
“ The gwraigs have held you in their thrall,
While all believed you dead.”

Soon were the neighbors gathered round
The withered dwarf to scan,
And kindly hands to roof and board
Led off the little man.

It was not long ; the following day,
“ It was my fault,” he cried ;
“ Woe’s me ! I stole the golden ball ! ”
And with these words he died.

THE THREE BLOWS.

A FAIR domain was Castle Rhys,
Gained both by gold and sword,
Ere wanton waste those acres broad
Had parted from their lord:
But now all friendless from the pile
Where first his race began,
Sir Powel Rhys, when twilight fell,
Walked forth a ruined man.

On Coldwell Rocks he stood, and gazed
Upon the winding Wye,
That, shrunk from swell of spring-time floods,
Went creeping slowly by;
And saw within a golden' boat
That crossed his startled view,
A lady fair in yellow hair,
And robe of samite blue.

And through the weir, and from the shore,
And o'er the waters still,
She steered the boat with silver oar
Hither and thither at will.
And then the saying crossed his mind
Of the fay of Owen's Weir—
"Who wins her from her boat of gold,
No want through life may fear."

Sir Powel sought the river-shore,
And gazed upon her face;
And thought no maid the wide world o'er
Could match her looks and grace.

“O lady sweet!” he wildly cried,
“Whate’er thy race may be,
Without thy smile, without thy love,
The world is dark to me!”

The lady listened as he spake,
Then with a blush replied—
“Much risks the sprite from fairy-land
To be a mortal’s bride.
For woe to you, and grief to both,
When wedded wife I be,
If moved by passion thrice you lay
Unkindly hand on me.”

And then the lady stepped on shore,
And nestled at his side,
And hearkened favoring to the words
That wooed her for his bride.
And arm in arm they sought the priest
At kirk, who made them one;
And then returned to Castle Rhys
When holy rites were done.

Sir Powel left, in going forth,
One lackey in his hall,
A single cow in paddock there,
One horse within the stall;
But, coming back with bride on arm,
A herd o’erspread the meads,
There met him fifty serving-men,
The stalls had fifty steeds.

So ere three twelvemonths rolled away,
He gained of wealth untold,
His lands grew wide on every side,
His coffer’s filled with gold.

His sweet wife's fondness grew the more,
And still at will or whim,
The lovely Lady Gladys strove
To love and honor him.

It chanced one day the twain were bid
A bridal feast to share,
The groom, a lord of fourscore years,
The bride both young and fair.
But when the Lady Gladys came,
Her looks were filled with woe,
And, seated at the festal board,
She let the tears down flow.

Shuddered the bride, the bridegroom frowned,
But still the lady wept,
Her husband chid her angrily,
As to his side she crept.
"Pardon!" she said—"I weep to see
The ruin in their path—"
With that Sir Pöwel grasped her arm
And thrust her back in wrath.

A year passed on: a child had died,
A babe of tender years;
The mother moaned, and all around
Dissolved in pitying tears;
But Lady Gladys loudly laughed,
And through the burial day
To her it seemed a festival,
So light her words and gay.

The guests in whispers spoke of her;
She said—"And why be sad?
I see it with the angels there,
And therefore I am glad."

Her husband dragged her from the place,
And turning in his track,
In answer to her loving smile,
He pushed her rudely back.

Another year—a christening feast,
And honored guests were they ;
It was a neighbor's first-born son,
And all were blithe and gay.
But slowly Lady Gladys made
Her way among her peers,
And o'er her sudden-pallid cheeks
Rolled floods of bitter tears.

“What folly this?” Sir Powel cried ;
“Alas! my lord,” quoth she—
“This sweet child in its winding-sheet
A year from this I see.”
“This passes patience!” cried her lord,
And in a wrathful mood,
He seized her with a sudden grasp,
And shook her where she stood.

The lady grew like marble pale,
Her tears the faster fell,
She gazed a moment in his face,
And then she sobbed—“Farewell!”
She turned and sought the river-side,
He followed to the shore ;
But into naught the golden boat
The vanished lady bore.

And ere a twelvemonth passed away,
Sir Powel's wealth had fled,
A murrain slew his thousand kine,
His steeds in stall were dead.

His monarch seized his lands in fee,
 And filled with grief and moan,
 In foreign lands, a banished man,
 Sir Powel died, alone.

THE VISIT OF LLEWELLYN.

A WELSH LEGEND.

The English peasant, with simple frankness, speaks of "the fairies"; but those of Keltic origin treat such supernatural beings with more respect. The Irish style them *Daoine Maith*—"the good people," and the Welsh, *y Tylwyth Teg*—"the fair folk." The Welsh fairies differ from those of the Irish, and are in greater variety. At times, they array themselves gorgeously and admit mortals to their revels. But the man who gets into the charmed circle finds it difficult to escape, unless he be expelled by some fault, as in the legend, which is didactic as well as fantastic, and teaches an obvious lesson. This legend, it will be seen, is a variant of "Fionn and the Fairies," but the Welsh ending is gloomier than the Irish.

LLEWELLYN stood on Frennisach
 Upon a summer day,
 And raised his eyes to Frennifawr,
 That mountain bare and grey;
 And there upon the summit saw,
 Within the noonday light,
 Dancing like spattering water-drops,
 Some pigmy creatures bright—
 "Y Tylwyth Teg!" he murmured low,
 Astounded at the sight.

He slowly climbed the mountain-side
 And gained the circle where
 Moved merrily a thousand elves,
 And each seemed young and fair;
 He saw them turn and leap and prance,
 And yet no music sweet

Smote on his ear with melody,
Though they, with tiny feet,
Moved in the windings of the dance
As though to measured beat.

Soon losing all the hesitance
That filled his heart at first,
He stepped within the ring, and lo!
What music on him burst—
The harmony of fairy harps
That thrilled his spirit through;
While round him crowded eagerly
The joyous elfin crew,
Some clad in robes of linen white,
And some in red or blue.

They clung to and caressed him much,
They welcomed him with joy,
With every blandishment that love
And kindness could employ.
They led him to a palace hall
Bedecked with pearls and gold,
Lined on all sides with malachite
And silks in heavy fold,
With sapphires studded overhead,
And diamonds untold.

And there he saw, upon his throne,
Crowned with a laurel wreath,
His golden scepter in his hand,
The potent Gwin ap Neeth,*
Who towered, in all his majesty,
His pigmy subjects o'er;

* *Gwyn ap Nudd*. So spelled, but pronounced as in the text.
This potentate is also King of Annwn, a place whose English name
is not mentioned in cultured society.

For none of these were three feet six,
While he was over four;
And well both height and kingly state
The gentle monarch bore.

“Llewellyn, free thou art,” he said,
“To roam our realm at will;
With every joy our vassals know
Thy every sense to thrill.
One thing alone forbidden. Mark!
The fountain in yon square,
Which throws aloft its glittering jet
That breaks to gems in air,
Drink not from that; thrust not thy hand
Within the water there.”

Naught cared Llewellyn for such drink,
While for his thirst they brought
The rarest wines in golden cups,
With curious work enwrought.
What was a water draught to him
Who had such precious wine?
Who longs for coarse and homely fare
When fed on dainties fine?
Who sighs for berries wild, amid
The orange, fig and pine?

Served by the fairest demoiselles
Alive at beck and nod,
Accompanied by all respect
Whatever path he trod,
Llewellyn soon forgot his home,
The humble cot which lay
Down in the peaceful Pembroke dell
That seemed so far away—

Its slated roof, its casements low,
Its rough walls mossed and grey.

His bounding goats, his lowing kine—
Why, what were these to him?
His wife, and children at their play—
A something vague and dim,
A mist that spread before his eyes
Below the enchanted heights;
And so he passed the pleasant days,
And slept refreshing nights,
To wake when rose each morning sun,
And bask in fresh delights.

At last the pleasure wearied him;
He sighed for something more—
Men thus may tire of happiness
When once its flush is o'er.
He lingered at the fountain side,
And watched there, day by day,
The many-colored fishes that
Within the basin lay,
Or darted hither and thither in
Their wild and frolic play.

At last a raging thirst he felt—
If he could only drink
A little of the limpid draught
There at the basin's brink!
His hand within the water clear
He thrust with eager haste;
The fishes vanished from his sight;
The elves his arm enlaced
With theirs and strove to draw it back,
And pleaded not to taste.

Too strong his thirst! He only plunged
His hand the further in,
And raised it to his lips. Arose
A wild and eldritch din.
He heeded not the uproar wild ;
The phantoms strange and weird
That flitted near, and shrieked and cried,
He neither saw nor feared ;
He drank. Elves, fountain, palace, all
Forever disappeared.

On Frennisach and Frennifawr
The sun again grew bright ;
Llewellyn, bent to earth with age,
Descended from the height ;
He sought his home ; the spot was changed,
Another look it bore ;
Gone was his dwelling-place, whose porch
Green vines had clambered o'er ;
And there a stately mansion stood,
Llewellyn's cot no more.

He rapped. A lackey came. He asked :
" Llewellyn's cot stood here ? "
" Why, yes," the footman said, " it did,
But not for many a year.
Llewellyn, fifty years ago,
I 've heard old people tell,
Was by the fairies borne away ;
His people left the dell— "
He shrank in dread. Llewellyn's form
Crumbled to dust, and fell.

THE MILK-WHITE COW.

The Welsh are of the Keltic race (the Keltoi and Galloi of the Greeks) and of the same branch as the Armorians of Brittany. They may be considered to be brothers of the Manxmen and Cornishmen. But the two main divisions, the Cwmry and Gael, differ somewhat in customs and folk-lore. The Welsh fairies exist in greater variety than the Irish, and have the national passion for music and cheese. The merrow, or mermaid of the Irish coast, does not appear in Wales. In place of her there is the gwraig, or gwrag, a lake fairy, who is not fishy in the lower extremities, but a good-looking gentlewoman, who sometimes marries, to the prosperity of the bridegroom, with a mortal. The gwragedd generally appear clad in green and are attended by white hounds. They possess a breed of milk-white, hornless cattle, who come up now and then from the lake and feed on the meadows at the side. The legend that follows, simple as it is, is not without its obvious moral. One variation of the story has it that one of the cows remained, turned black and became the ancestress of the present race of Welsh cattle. [Llyn is Welsh for "lake."—Author.]

THAN Llyn Barfog no fairer lake
Lies placidly to tribute take
From crystal springs and trickling rills,
Amid Caermathen's rocky hills.
Bordered with crag and bush and tree,
Its surface glistens glassily,
While here and there on either side
Slope grassy meadows, green and wide.

At times from out this lake at morn,
A milk-white herd, devoid of horn,
Of elfin cattle, quick emerge,
And to the shore their hoofsteps urge.
They scatter o'er the meadows wide,
And ceaseless graze till eventide,
Then, when the twilight crowns the day,
Beneath the waters sink away.

Once near this lake lived Rowli Pugh,
No poorer swain the country through;
Fortune, to others kind, to him
Presented aspect harsh and grim.
So when his neighbors brought him word
His meadow held the elfin herd—
"That might be best for some," quoth he;
"The visit bodes no good to me."

But when at night the shrill-toned call
Brought Rowli's two lean kine to stall,
The wondering milkmaid found a third
Was added to that little herd,
Silken of coat, and mild of eye,
Who chewed the cud the others by,
And pail on pail of creamy spoil
Give to reward the milker's toil.

From that time forth began a change
In Rowli's fortune, kind and strange,
And when some thirty years had passed
His herds (her progeny) were vast;
His acres grew, and for his needs
Spread far around his fertile meads;
While where was once his cottage rude
A farmhouse, half a palace, stood.

But avarice, so declares the sage,
Is evermore the vice of age.
The cow grew old. The master said—
"This useless brute is costly fed.
She breeds no more; no milk she gives;
A drain on purse while here she lives,
Profit remains not with the cow;
We'll fatten her for slaughter now."

Well fed in stall the cow remained,
And wondrous was the weight she gained ;
And soon so sleek and fat was she,
Crowds came the wondrous brute to see.
Amid them all some few there were
Who said that Pugh her life should spare ;
'Twas only greed of gain, they thought,
To slay the cow who wealth had brought.

They led her forth. Her gentle eyes
Looked on the butcher with surprise,
She seemed to know ; her pleading look
The spirit of her doomster shook.
She licked his hand, then bent her head
And gently lowed. The butcher said—
"The gentle creature fawns on you ;
Shall I not spare her?" "Strike!" cried Pugh.

The man his pole-ax raised on high
And struck. There came a sob and cry.
The blow had only smote the air ;
The smitten brute had vanished—where?
And at the lakeside, on a crag,
There stood a stately, fair gwrag,
Who loudly cried, "Come to the Llyn,
Ye milk-white kine, and join your kin!"

From stall, from byre, from field and mead,
Rushed forth the kine of elfin breed ;
They crossed the paths, they leapt the close,
They trampled all who dared oppose,
They climbed the crag, they pierced the brake,
They headlong plunged within the lake,
And as Pugh stood in wild amaze
Farmhouse and barns burst into blaze.

From thence the tide of fortune turned :
To ashes barns and farmhouse burned ;
The corn was blasted in the ear ;
The grass was withered far and near ;
The land refused its fruits to bear ;
The spot all men avoided there ;
And underneath the elfin ban
Went Rowli Pugh, a beggared man.

THE RESCUE OF ALBRÉT.

WHEN Count d'Albrét had passed away, he left no son as heir ;
And so his many seignories fell to his daughter fair ;
To keep the name alive he willed that on her wedding-day
The mate she chose should take the arms and title of Albrét.

She dwelt within her castle old, this noble demoiselle,
Almost as much from life apart as in the convent cell ;
Ten men-at-arms the place to guard ; ten servants at her call,
A white-haired priest, a saucy page, four maidens—these were all.

But many a needy gentleman bethought him of the prize,
For him who favor found within the noble lady's eyes,
And waited with impatience till, a twelvemonth being o'er
At court the Countess Isoline would show herself once more.

The free companion, John Lanceplaine, a soldier basely bred,
Heard of it, too, and thought: "Methinks 'tis time that
I were wed.
A lady passing fair is much, and more the fertile land,
But most of all, nobility. I'll win the maiden's hand.

"I am not one to sue and court, am all devoid of grace,
Advanced in years and grey of beard, with scarred and
wrinkled face;
I may not woo with courtly phrase, as might some silken
lord.
My winning shall my wooing be; I'll gain her by my
sword.

"She bides at home, my spies report, not twenty miles
away;
They say she has ten men-at-arms, no more, to guard
Albrét.
The dwellers in the village near, I little reck for those,
We'll brush them off like trifling gnats when we the hold
enclose."

He called around his men-at-arms—a base and cruel band,
Part of the scum that overflowed that time the hapless
land—
And said: "At daybreak forth we ride to storm a castled
hold,
Its walls contain a wife for me, for you, rich store of gold."

A motley troop before the place next day drew bridle-rein—
Two hundred ruffians, at their head the grisly John Lance-
plaine,
Rode through the town with oath and jest, and camping
on the field,
Sent message to the *chatelaine*, and summoned her to yield.

"We mean," 'twas said, "but courtesy; we promise treatment fair;
But woe to those in leaguered hold who may resistance dare."
The countess showed no craven fear; she sent defiance back,
And waited with the garrison the robber-knaves' attack.

It was not long to wait: they come with confidence elate,
With scaling-ladders for the walls, and rams to force the gate.
It was not long before they found their frantic efforts vain,
With twenty sorely wounded men, and five among them slain.

"We'll spare more loss," cried John Lanceplaine; "of food they have no store;
Famine shall do the work for us before a week be o'er."
And so he ordered watch and ward, while careless, day by day,
The ruffians, sure to win at last, before the castle lay.

When bread fell short, Girard Beaujeu, the page, he eager said:
"My great and noble lady, thus our fate must sure be sped.
Give me to seek a mode by which an exit may be made
To find some gallant gentleman whose arms may give us aid."

"Go forth, Girard," the lady said, "go forth, for yet perchance
May be some knights who keep afield, and wield the sword and lance;

Go forth, and if your eager search bring succor in our need,
Honors and lands, as well as thanks, shall surely be your meed."

From postern gate, at dead of night, with sword in hand,
he steals;
Now creeps by bush, now crawls by stone, now stoops
half bent, now kneels;
He finds the sentinels asleep, and makes his way to where
The horses of the losel knaves lie in the open air.

He saddles one and bridles one, and slowly leads him
down
The grassy slope and o'er the road, and past the sleeping
town;
Then mounts with care, and cautious rides, till from all
hearing passed,
Then urges on the wakened steed, and gallops hard and
fast.

Sir Hugh d'Espaign, with nine his friends, were holding
revel fair
Within a little hostelry, "Le Lion Rouge," at Aire;
In burst Girard, and said to him: "If honor you essay,
Come where a rabble rout besiege my lady of Albrét."

Sir Hugh gave ear to tale he told, and to the others then
He said: "There are two hundred there, and here we are
but ten.
Why, that is but a score apiece; 'twill heighten the mel-
lay;
Let's mount at once, fair friends, and reach the spot ere
break of day."

They armed themselves, they mounted fast ; Sir Hugh was
in the lead ;
And as they neared the robbers' camp they checked their
horses' speed ;
Slowly along the road they made in silentness their way,
Until they came where, through the dark, loomed sullenly
Albrét.

Asleep Lanceplaine and all his men, the sentries nodding
there—
The castle guard more watchful were, for succor making
prayer—
When came the sound of thundering hoofs, a rush of horse,
pell-mell,
And thrust of lance and stroke of sword, on coat and cui-
rass fell.

Awake, Lanceplaine, from pleasant dreams of lands and
lady fair!
He dreams no more ; Sir Hugh's good lance has slain
him then and there.
Awake the rest, to fight and fall, for well the wretches
know
A shriftless cord shall be his fate, who 'scapes the thrust
and blow.

In peril dire, Girard, the page ; two knaves had set on
him ;
His was a slender build, and they were tall and stout of
limb.
But steady blows he gives and takes, nor stays for help to
call,
And from the castle as they gaze, they see his foemen fall.

Wave kerchiefs from the battlements ; the field is lost and
won ;

A joyous shout of triumph goes to greet the rising sun,
And welcomed by the countess fair, the champions brave,
who brought

Swift rescue to beleagured ones, and well on robbers
wrought.

And thus it was, Sir Hugh d'Espaign won lands and lady
sweet ;

And thus it was Girard Beaujeu won guerdon, fair and
meet.

And poets sing, throughout the land, in many a pleasant
lay,

The doings of the knights who rode to the rescue of
Albrét.

THE DIAMOND'S STORY.

GEMS that on the brow of beauty, in their splendor flash
and glow,

From whose sunlight-smitten centres liquid rainbows ever
flow,

These could many a tale of wonder tell to eager-listening
ears—

Tales made up of joy and sorrow, hope, depression, smiles
and tears ;

Tales of passion quick and fiery ; tales of avarice slow and
cold ;

Such as sang the Wander-singers in the wondrous days of
old.

This my story—mine. He found me, on a morning calm
and still—
He, a thick-lipped, ebon bondman—in the sands of the
Brazil.
High he leapt, and loud he shouted, "'Tis a twenty carat
stone!
How it glitters! Blessed Mother! now my manhood is
my own!"
For the finding broke his shackles, and my purity and size,
By the custom of the miners, brought his freedom as a
prize.

I was carried thence to Holland, where a workman wan
and grey
Gave back beauty for the fragments that his wheel-rim
wore away ;
There the dealers came to view me, and the burghers,
young and old,
And the high-born dames and stately, till one morning I
was sold—
Sold unto a proud French noble, old in vice, in years a
boy,
And he sent me to an actress, as he might have sent a
toy.

Much the laughing beauty loved me, showed me to admir-
ing dames ;
Sat alone and gazed upon me, calling me endearing names ;
More she loved me than the giver, as it took no seer to
see ;
While his gifts she craved, her fancy sought a lower man
than he—
Sought a workman strong and rugged, all devoid of courtly
grace,
With the muscles of a wrestler, and a lion's grimy face.

Rose the long down-trodden masses—cap of wool against
the crown—
Heaved the earthquake of a people, toppling fane and
palace down ;
Seed of wrong sown broadcast, growing, threw up many a
blossoming shoot,
Coming up to plague the sowers with a crop of bloody
fruit ;
Day and night at horrid revel, fiends in shape of man were
seen ;
Day and night were hapless victims wedded to the guillo-
tine.

Fell my mistress : ere they slew her, to her swarthy lover
she
Sent—his death in turn awaiting—as a parting token, me ;
He, ere dying, to a comrade, for a draught of brandy, gave
What were ransom for a monarch, then went drunken to
his grave ;
And that comrade would have followed in a little fort-
night more,
Had not Robespierre's bitter ending opened wide the
prison door.

Me he looked at and remembered as the gem he'd given
away
Long before he hid from hunters but to later be their prey ;
Some he thought of earlier pleasure, ere he used his limbs
for hire,
Ere his wealth was snatched by spoilers, ere his castles fell
by fire ;
But he merely shrugged his shoulders, then he sold me
gold to gain
That would bear him o'er the mountains to a shelter safe
in Spain.

When Napoleon's star of glory blazing to its zenith rose,
When he stood, self-made, a monarch, over abject kings,
his foes,
I was bought, and set with others on the crown imperial's
rim—
On the crown whose inches never added stature unto
him—
Him who never sought for jewels, lustre to his deeds to
lend ;
Him who ever spurned such baubles, save as means to
reach an end.

Monarchs four since then have worn me—what care I for
such as they ?
What showed they to match in glory aught in great Napo-
leon's day ?
One a gross, good-natured creature, lazily lolling on his
throne ;
One a senseless bigot, losing power by folly of his own ;
One a money-changer selfish, with a head shaped like a
pear ;
One a cross of fox and jackal, sitting in a lion's lair.

I have seen, while here in Paris, two great emperors and
their train
Rise and fall ; two monarchs hunted, and another caged
and slain ;
Two republics sink and perish, and a third in peril
thrown—
War and revolution round me—I unchanged, unhurt,
alone.
Now to-day the foe surrounds us ; busily spin the sisters
three ;
At the gate I hear the Prussian—whose to-morrow shall I
be ?

THE LADY OF MONTFORT'S RAID.

BRITTANY, A.D. 1342.

WHAT time to Nantes one pleasant day the Count of
Mentfort came,
And all our burghers welcomed him, and most his lovely
dame ;
Not one amid that shouting throng could ever have fore-
told
The timid woman at his side would prove a warrior bold ;
And when her lord in prison died would make the fight
alone,
To place her son in Brittany upon the ducal throne.

The courage of a man was hers. She felt no craven fear ;
She waged a fight for her young son's right, and has for
many a year ;
She kept the town of Hennebon safe, that other had been
lost,
Till now Sir Walter Manny's troops the English sea have
crossed ;
And well, a woman though she be, she wielded axe and
blade,
And led her knights and men-at-arms upon a gallant raid.

It was when Charles of Blois, who claimed the duchy as
his right,
Had brought his force to Hennebon, and besieged it day
and night,

And raised a tower for breaching, and attempt at storm-
ing made,
Our lady, who the battle at the barriers had surveyed,
Cried to her knights, as there she stood, all steel-clad cap-
a-pie :
“ Their rich camp lies unguarded! who will dare to fol-
low me? ”

Sir Oliver of Vendel and Sir Hugh of Monlinverde,
With thrice a hundred men-at-arms, stood forward at her
word ;
And, sallying through the rearmost gate, they made a cir-
cuit round,
And speedily the foemen's tents, and stores and baggage
found,
Where hangings rich and velvet cloaks and silken stuffs
they saw—
The bravery of the gentlemen who followed Charles of
Blois.

They cut and slashed to ribbons there these braveries so fine ;
They burst the bags of wheaten flour and bilged the casks
of wine ;
They slew the knaves of armorers, and then, with ham-
mer stroke,
They shattered casques and corslets, and great sheaves of
arrows broke ;
They hacked the gay pavilions, and they plundered at
desire,
And piled the stuff on broken wains, and set the camp on
fire.

As from the tents and wains arose the clouds of smoke and
flame,
The startled foe the barriers left, and furiously they came.

“ Fair gentlemen,” the countess said, “ these gallants mean
no play ;
They’ve placed a thousand men-at-arms to bar our home-
ward way ;
We’re far too few their force to fight ; a safe retreat is
best ;
Now for a race, with the dogs in chase, to the castled
hold of Brest.”

The countess, with her raiders, spurred, and so the race
began ;
The angry foemen followed her—Lord Charles was in the
van.
Sir John of Brie his fellows passed, and merrily cried he :
“ Let those who will pursue the knights—the lady fair for
me !
But as at horse’s head he strove to grasp her bridle-rein,
The lady raised her battle-axe and sank it in his brain.

His ’squire dismounted where he fell, and gazed upon his
face ;
Some reined their steeds a moment there, and then kept
on the chase ;
And all who passed were wroth of soul that by a woman’s
hand
Should fall the gallant John of Brie, the flower of all the
land ;
Yet no one wished the lady ill, for well each rider knew
It was a deed of fair defence, if not of derring-do.

Our lady, she was mounted well ; her palfrey strong and
fleet
Bore her away that stirring day on never-tiring feet ;

And light she laughed at those behind, who made pursuit too late,
As she and hers right cheerfully rode through the castle gate;
While Charles of Blois in wrath exclaimed: "I swear before all men,
To draw the fangs of this she-wolf if she ever come back again!"

But, tarrying not too long in Brest, she sought the field once more,
And with six hundred men-at-arms who keen-edged weapons bore,
Before the dawn had cleared the sky she started on her way,
And, circling past where on the ground her tentless foemen lay,
She entered Hennebon, where the shouts taught braggart Charles of Blois
That, came she back as come she had, her teeth he might not draw.

She is a valiant dame and fair, and hard for year on year
Her troops have fought her foes of France, and held the country here;
And soon shall pass the hope of Charles our Brittany to seize
With rogues from Spain and knaves from France, and scum of Genoese;
For England's king hath succor sent to aid her in the fight,
And England's king hath sworn an oath her son shall have his right.

DESERTED.

THE LEGEND OF RABENSTEIN.

Ox the Raven's Rock a ruin stands,
Seen plainly from the lower lands.
Weeds grow thickly in the fosse ;
Buttress and barbican hide in moss ;
The hall is roofless, the chambers bare ;
Ranpike trees in the court-yard there ;
And over the riven and crumbling walls
The hungry ivy creeps and crawls.
Where knights and dames of high degree
Once moved with a lofty courtesy,
And minnesingers chanted free,
The toad and bat hold revelry ;
And the tongues those blackened stones within
Speak less what is than what has been ;
But over the gateway men may see,
Cut from the stone with chisel free,
In bold relief a knightly shield,
With a sable raven on silver field,
And a legend carved in a single line—
" True to the House of Rabenstein."

The root whence grew a noble stem,
Sir Armeric von Heidenhemm,
Who gold and fame in the wars had won,
Came hither with his wife and son ;
And once, when hunting on this rock,
A robber met in deadly lock—
A giant the knave, and brave and strong—
And the angry pair contended long.

The knight was stout, and never yet
One more his match than this had met,
And would his doom that day have found,
Had not a raven who hovered round—
His favorite for a year or so—
Driven his beak in the eyes of his foe,
Whose grip relaxed through sudden pain:
The knight was saved, the robber slain.
No wight more grateful was, they say
Than good Sir Armeric on that day.
He called the rock "The Raven Stone";
He took that name in lieu of his own;
And there he built a castle tall,
With deep-cut moat and massive wall;
And wore a raven on his shield,
The sole device on its silver field;
And for his motto took the line—
"True to the House of Rabenstein."

For he said—"If adverse fate assail,
Our house for lack of heirs should fail,
The Kaiser resume again his fee,
And our castle in ruins deserted be,
Forever through the varying year
One being of life shall linger here,
The sable symbol of our line
To guard the name of Rabenstein."

Sir Armeric lived as live the just;
Sir Armeric's body passed to dust,
And his soul to heaven, all good men trust.
But from his loins there sprang a brood
Of knights and nobles stout and good;
And these through all the ages long
Found higher titles round them throng;

A thousand vassals at their call
Attended them in field or hall ;
To them the base-born sons of toil
Paid rent-gold for the fertile soil
Extending widely on the Rhine,
And held in fee of their lordly line.
A noble race it was and proud,
And haughty to the common crowd ;
But when the reigning counts rode out,
And with them rode their vassals stout,
Or sought the tourney's dangerous sport,
Or visited the Kaiser's court,
Or sat as guests at banquet splendid,
A tame black raven still attended ;
And what a hawk or hound might be,
As favorite or companion free,
To others sprung from lordly stem,
That sable raven was to them.
Men still agreed that naught of base,
Or mean, or cruel marked the race ;
But woe betide the scoffer heard
To jeer the black and awkward bird.
To other words they paid no heed—
Too proud to notice such indeed ;
But he who held that raven light,
Upon their honor did despise ;
And he who held that raven low,
Proclaimed himself the master's foe ;
And on the offender fell condign
Wrath of the House of Rabenstein.

So past the years. At last there came
One godless noble of the name,
Truthless and ruthless, wild and grim,
A hundred vices met in him—

Rupert the Reckless—last of his line,
Cause of the fall of Rabenstein.

With boon companions left and right
Count Rupert reveled long one night ;
With ribald jest and jeer profane,
The red wine firing blood and brain,
They shouted and screamed like madmen all,
Till the rafters shook in the oaken hall.
At length, in a frenzy, Rupert there
The raven seized that sat on the chair—
For such the custom of the line,
When its chief sat down to meat or wine—
And, wringing the helpless creature's neck,
Exclaimed—" With a thousand serfs at beck
To work our will or back our deed,
A better sign than this we need.
The raven's a loathly bird, we know,
Its voice is harsh, its habits low ;
Too long it has been the baleful sign
That brought disgrace on a lordly line,
To every soaring thought a bar :
The eagle's a better bird by far.
We'll give him a place upon our shield—
An eagle shall soar on an azure field.
Fill your beakers with good red wine,
And toss them off, boon friends of mine,
To the new-made symbol of our line.
To Adlerstein we'll change our name,
Discard the raven and his shame—
Let the black bird elsewhere flutter and flit ;
An eagle in his stead shall sit.
Fill high! drink deep, dear friends of mine,
A long farewell to Rabenstein."

Three heavy knocks on the portals rang,
The great gates opened with a clang,
And a figure clad in links of steel,
In chain-cloth armed from head to heel,
Stalked to the head of the table where
Count Rupert shrank in his gilded chair.
The guests arose and fled, for they
Dared not with the dead at revel to stay ;
And here were the first and last of the line,
The two dead counts of Rabenstein.

The body of Rupert rest has found
But not in consecrated ground ;
Far in the forest where human eyes
So rarely rest, he mouldering lies ;
While the stately home of his lordly race
Is the lizard's and bat's abiding-place ;
And lest his fault forgotten be,
Or his name should pass from memory,
About the ruins by night and day
The race's raven is doomed to stay ;
From stone to stone he hops and flits,
Or on some leafless limb he sits.
No one has ever heard him speak ;
No one has known him to flesh his beak ;
Mate of his kind he has never known—
In the ruined pile he dwells alone.
The hunter or boor who passes there
Signs the sign of the cross in the air ;
For well he remembers the tale he heard
In early youth of the mystic bird ;
And knows till the terrible Judgment Day,
The raven will haunt the place alway,
By day or night, through cloud or shine,
" True to the House of Rabenstein."

THE GREY KNIGHT.

THE lands of Otto, the Ritter Grau,
Prince-count of Heidenstein,
Spread many miles from the barren peaks
To the swiftly-flowing Rhine.
As a lion old in his safe stronghold,
He sits in his castle grey,
Holding the power of life and death
O'er all who own his sway ;
Sole male survivor of his race,
With him his family fails,
And the grand old line of Heidenstein
Expires for want of males.

The grim old count had once a son,
But he has no son to-day ;
'Tis more than five-and-twenty years
Since he drove the boy away.
So Konrad died in foreign lands,
And now the Grey Knight grim,
The daughter of his sister's son
Has only left to him.
And she is a maiden fair to see,
Though a very child in years,
And the old man thinks her heart is free
From loving hopes and fears.

There is a boy, half page, half groom,
In the Countess Klara's train,
Who follows the lady's will and whim,
And tends her bridle-rein.

A hag had brought him years before,
But his birth she would not tell ;
And he had been taught to wield a blade,
And back a war-horse well ;
And as in years his age increased
His graces greater grew,
And he loved and served his mistress well,
As all the vassals knew.

The Baron of Stahlberg held a fee
Just next to Heidenstein ;
He was a knight of courage stout,
And came of a noble line.
He wooed the Lady Klara there,
But though he gave much heed,
His suit proceeded tardily,
His wooing had no speed.
"She never," so the Baron said
To the Grey Knight, "says me nay ;
She will not let me plead—methinks
Yon page is in the way."

Then to the page Count Otto spake :
"Fortune too oft defers
Her favors till men's locks are white ;
To-day you win your spurs.
The robber Ruprecht has been seen
Heading his felon band ;
Take Streichel and his men-at-arms,
And scour the lower land.
Who dares high flight needs pinions strong,
As a falcon young must learn :
Go then ; from midnight here till dawn
I'll wait for thy return."

The page went forth ; he deemed the skies
Were tinged with rosy red ;
And the Prince-count for Fritz Streichel sent,
And these were the words he said :
"The servant hears and then obeys,
But his own voice is dumb :
Should Ruediger return alive,
Thou hadst not better come."
With that he turned, and Streichel went
With the rest to join the page ;
And the force rode out with spirit stout
On Ruprecht war to wage.

That night a priest to the castle came :
"O, great Prince-count," said he,
"I shrived a dying one to-day,
And this was her tale to me :
She was nurse to the child of your only son,
Born far beyond the tide ;
And stood by the couch of the noble pair
When both on one day died ;
And long years since she brought the boy,
And here to the castle came,
And gave him to you to train as page,
And Ruediger his name."

The old Grey Knight said never a word,
If the news were ill or good ;
But strode through the gate to the open air
And there on the terrace stood.
Then silently the men-at-arms
Rode up, and Streichel said :
"I am sorry to tell the noble Count
That the page is behind us—dead."

A shriek from the oriel just above—
Quoth the Count: "His spurs to earn
Our niece's page went forth; we'll wait
Till dawn for his return."

When the raven sits on the withered limb,
And croaks to the peaceful Rhine,
And the moonlight deepens the shadows brown
Of the ruins of Heidenstein,
At the midnight hour, when the elves have power,
The Grey Knight gaunt and grim
Paces the crumbling terrace there,
And all men shrink from him;
For every night when the bell strikes twelve,
He comes from his grave below,
And, till the cock crows thrice at dawn,
Moves wearily to and fro.

THE BALLAD OF ADLERSTEIN.

RODE forth the Countess Ermintrude, at dawning of the
day,
With waiting-maids and men-at-arms, to wildwood making
way.
With hawk and hound fair gentlemen were there on either
hand
To pay their court to her who was the fairest in the land.

From Erlendorf to Aarchenberg, from Gruenwald to the
Rhine,
Extended far the fair domains of Aarch and Adlerstein;

Heiress of both the damosel, and who her lord should be,
Seignior of Aarch, Count Adlerstein, would hold those
lands in fee.

What wonder, then, from every part such eager suitors
came
To win a count's estate and rank and gain a lovely dame?
But though she smiled on all alike and bade them welcome
there,
They sped but little in their suit who wooed that maiden
fair.

Upon that summer morn they rode through bosky nook
and glade,
And laugh and jest and bay of hound rang through the
woodland shade,
When lo! the deer-hounds pricked their ears and shrank
in terror back
As came, drawn by a stag of ten, a chariot in their track.

The chariot was of burnished gold, its wheels of silver
white,
And from it, as it halted there, stepped forth an armed
knight—
A knight of fair and shapely form, and air of noble grace;
And then the stag the chariot turned and scurried from
the place.

The knight approached the wondering group, who sat in
silence there
And louted him full courteously, yet with a haughty air,
And said: "God save thee, lady sweet; God save ye,
gentles here!
Come ye to breathe the woodland air or hunt the dappled
deer?"

Spake out the Countess Ermintrude—a fearless maiden
she—

“Welcome, fair sir, but let us know your name and your
degree.”

And he replied: “I am a knight of lineage old and high;
My castle stands in Thoulè land, Sir Rolph von Hirschen I.”

The knight that day who strangely came within the wood-
land shade,

And walked beside her palfrey white, her guest the maiden
made;

And from that day all those around their praise on him
bestowed,

As in the chase, or at the tilt, the foremost knight he rode.

Now, ere a twelvemonth passed away, Sir Rolph success-
ful sued,

And won the heart and then the hand of Lady Ermintrude;
From her he took the wide domains from Gruenwald to
the Rhine;

Through her became the Lord of Aarch and Count of Ad-
lerstein.

But to his bride, fair Ermintrude, the day that they were
wed,

From church returned, these warning words the knightly
bridegroom said:

“Sweet, never how I came to thee in woodland shade re-
call,

Or, we must part, and ruin fierce upon our house will fall.”

Now, five-and-twenty years have gone since they were man
and wife,

A stalwart son and daughter fair had crowned their wedded
life,

When, on a summer eve, went forth the Countess Ermintrude,
Count Rolph, her husband, at her side, to stroll within the wood.

'There said the countess to her lord: "'Tis five-and-twenty years
Since I became your loving dame—how short the time appears!
Our feet since then on roses tread; no strife between us two;
Upon our heads, from year to year, new blessings fall like dew.

"Our little Rolph has grown a knight, sung in the minstrel's rhyme;
Our daughter Ermie is the bride of princely Ardenheim.
What current smooth of wedded bliss has flowed for you and me
Since first the stag your chariot drew here in the woodland free!"

Count Rolph embraced his lovely dame, but not a word could speak;
He kissed her lips right tenderly, and tears fell on his cheek.
A shadow darkened o'er her heart, a thrilling terror then,
For there the golden chariot stood, and there the stag of ten.

He stopped not at her frantic cry, he stayed not at her prayer;
Into the chariot straight he leapt, then vanished into air.

The summer past, the winter came ; succeeding o'er and
o'er,
The seasons all returned again ; the count came never-
more.

The lady sought the castle straight, and summoned all her
men
To search the woods, and scour the plains, and seek through
nook and glen ;
And all night long, and all next day, they sought and then
came back ;
No print of hoof on earth was seen ; the chariot left no
track.

In came a messenger next day, and knelt, and faltering
said :
“ I bring sad news, most noble dame : the count, your son,
is—dead.
The sharp lance of a stranger knight in tilt-yard pierced
him through—
Heaven rest the soul of young Count Rolph ! he was both
brave and true ! ”

In came another messenger, and knelt with mournful look ;
The countess gazed upon him while her frame in anguish
shook.
“ No words it needs of thine,” she spake, “ thy manner tells
instead ;
I know the Princess Ardenheim, thy master's wife, is dead.”

That week the Countess Ermintrude in mould of church-
yard lay,
And fire destroyed the castled pile upon the funeral day.
The Adler lands, the fief of Aarch, went to another line ;
The brown bat flits, the grey owl sits, in ruined Adlerstein.

THE ROBBER CHIEF.

CONRAD, our mighty emperor,
High nobles gathered round,
Seated at board with meat and wine,
For trouble solace found.
“Let’s feast,” he said, “since in our realm
Justice exists for all;
Throughout the land the weak are strong
When on the law they call.”

Loud plaudits from the nobles broke;
But soon, in accents low,
Spake Rupert, Count of Ingelheim—
“Alas! my liege! not so.
Count Rauberstein this motto flaunts
Plain in the sight of all:
‘The strong may take, the strong may hold,
The weak go to the wall.’

“Well do his deeds agree with words,
As in his stronghold grey,
With men-at-arms and vassals stout,
He waits to grasp his prey.
Burgher or merchant, priest or clown,
Who journeys by the Rhine,
Must pay his toll of goods or gold
To Rolf of Rauberstein.

“So for a twelvemonth has been done,
Your edict stern despite,
And none as yet has raised his arm
To do the wronged ones right.

The robber noble holds in scorn
The emperor's decree."
Said Conrad, "Let us feast to-night;
To-morrow we shall see."

Next morn Count Rolf in castle sat
When came a vassal in—
"My lord, a train within the vale
Gives hope of spoils to win.
One knight at head in sable mail—"
Said Rolf, in humor grim:
"Strike at the train the men-at-arms,
And I'll attend to him."

In haste they armed and out they poured
Of men-at-arms a score;
And vassals of the baser sort
More than as many more;
And down the rocks they hurried fast,
Then gazed the road upon
Where, headed by a tall Black Knight,
A train came slowly on.

On palfreys, fifty hooded monks
Rode, each in friar's gown;
And after these stout burghers came,
All clad in jerkins brown;
And these led fifty sumpter mules,
That, doubtless, carried store;
And after these came men on foot
Who led as many more.

"Here's store of plunder!" Rolf exclaimed;
"Assail them left and right!
Strike down the monks, should they resist;
I'll deal upon the knight!"

When, lo! the monks shed hoods and gowns,
And fifty knights there were ;
The men in jerkins axes showed—
The wolves were in the snare!

Shedding their covers from the mules,
Sprang men-at-arms to ground ;
And stricken here, and stricken there,
The knaves no mercy found.
Count Rolf before the Black Knight's lance
Was borne to earth and slain—
Through bars and vizor there the point
Pierced to the felon's brain.

The black-mailed emperor doffed his helm,
And there his will made known,
To raze the castle to the ground
From roof to corner-stone.
One portion there he bade them spare,
And write upon the wall—
“Throughout the land the weak are strong
When on the law they call.”

Conrad and all with him are dust ;
Dead are the robber bands,
And there the hold of Rauberstein
A heap of ruins stands.
On crumbling stones the grey owl roosts,
The lizards crawl below ;
But on the tower, untouched by time,
The carven letters show.



THE GNOME-KING'S BRIDE.

WHERE shadows brown forever sleep
Within the woodland dark and deep,
Miles distant from the travelled way,
There stood a cabin old and grey,
Where dwelt a woodman, Franz his name—
Franz Rupp—with Elisabeth his dame.

Hard toiler Franz, from morn till night,
And ever poor in toil's despite,
He bore without complaint his life,
And cherished well his buxom wife,
And loved his daughter young and fair—
Sweet Bertha of the sunlight hair.

Near by the cabin, from the ground
There rose a green and treeless mound ;
Who raised it there no mortal knew,
But on it flowers and herbage grew,
And oft the story round was told
That gnomes beneath it stored their gold.

Few dared too near that mound approach ;
None dared within its bounds encroach ;
Although 'twas said who there would delve,
When night was on the stroke of twelve,
And silently his labors speed,
Would gain great riches for his meed.

Now spread a sickness far and wide,
And half of those it seized on died ;
And who escaped its fatal stroke
Rose from their beds with spirit broke
And forms enfeebled with disease—
And poor Franz Rupp was one of these.

Worst of all troubles hunger is,
And hunger came to him and his ;
Till, desperate with the famine grim,
That in his cabin glared at him,
He sought at night the gnome-king's mound,
And dug within the enchanted ground.

His spade and mattock there he plied
In silence at the midnight tide ;
But ere a dozen strokes he dealt
A presence in the place he felt,
And words, in accents loud and clear,
Fell thus upon his awe-struck ear :

“ Nothing for nothing ; here is store
Of dearworth coin from yellow ore ;
This chest contains the treasure which
Shall make its owner wondrous rich—
Something for something ; this be thine
Thy daughter Bertha's hand be mine.

“ Take it, or leave it ; if you leave,
An orphan Bertha soon will grieve.
Take it, or leave it ; if you take,
A promise to the gnome you make,
And in a twelvemonth and a day
He comes to bear his bride away.”

A moated castle, tall and stout,
Looked o'er the country round about ;
Great fields of wheat, and meadows wide,
And orchards vast on either side ;
Of all the rich—no meagre host—
Franz Rupp of Ruppenheim had most.

Men envied much his wealth and state,
And wondered at the happy fate
Of him, the year before a boor
Cribbed in a cabin, sick and poor,
Who, through a kinsman's strange devise,
(So ran the story) thus had rise.

But Franz himself grew wan and pale ;
Health, spirit, hope began to fail
As slipt the allotted term away,
Space of a twelvemonth and a day,
At close of which the gnome would stand
To claim the gentle Bertha's hand.

Where Iser pierces Linden Wood,
Six leagues away a convent stood,
And Franz sought Father Boniface,
The good superior of the place,
And soon to him the tale he told
How Bertha's hand was pledged for gold.

Long mused the abbot. "Son," he said,
"No Christian with a gnome should wed ;
No priest such couple may unite
With blessed ring and holy rite ;
But having made a promise, you
Must keep it to the letter true.

“ With you this missal take, and bide
What time the gnome will seek his bride ;
And then let Bertha utter prayer
And sign the Holy Cross in air,
And with this Blessed Book in hands,
Thrice kiss the gnome-king where he stands.

“ No demon, if the gnome be such,
This Blessed Book may dare to touch ;
If he should be a thing of good,
He will not turn before the Rood ;
If he be evil, as he may,
At kisses three he'll flee away.”

Yet something more the abbot said,
How men with fortune on them shed
To Holy Church some gold should spare—
“ The convent chapel needs repair—”
And then, to lighten Franz's woe,
With book and blessing bade him go.

With steady step the night came on,
And long the light had past and gone,
When in his sad and splendid home
Sat Franz, woe-watching for the gnome—
Franz and his dame, and, trembling there,
Sweet Bertha with the rippling hair.

Ah! could the bargain be undone,
Scattered the wealth the promise won,
And, for the horror of that day,
Take back the cottage thatched and grey!
Something for something: hope not so ;
The gnome will not his claim forego.

Ten strokes! eleven—twelve! and now
The luckless three in terror bow;
For howls the angry wind without,
Sweep storm and tempest round about,
And sounds a voice above the din:
“Open, and let the bridegroom in!”

Start bolts, fall bars, and open flies
The oaken door. Before their eyes
The gnome-king with his elfish train,
His black locks flaked with storm and rain,
And wet his robes of cramoisie,
Short, swart and full of wrath is he.

With frowning brow he mutters low:
“Is't thus you pay the debt you owe?
And would you dare to-night refuse
All that I claim as rightful dues?
Speak! must I right myself, or take
Freely this maid for honor's sake?”

The holy sign the maiden made—
The gnome was not thereby dismayed;
She bore aloft the Blessed Book—
The gnome nor fled, nor shrunk, nor shook;
She looked within his eyes so bright,
And kissed him on his forehead white.

She kissed him once—he said no word;
She kissed him twice—he never stirred;
She kissed him thrice—what change befell!
Good saints and angels, guard us well!
The dwarfish gnomes dissolved in air;
A prince, with nobles round, stood there.

Ring, silvern bells in spire and tower—
The prince escapes the eldrich power ;
Let song and feasting round us be—
They break the spell, those kisses three ;
Weave garlands brave of white and green—
The gnome's bride is the Saxon queen.

THE STORY OF THE SWORD.

“SABRE, hanging on the wall
Of this silent German hall,
(Hilt of gold and sheath of leather—
Strange these two should mate together!)
On your scabbard there is dust,
On your blade are spots of rust ;
Tell me how and why and when
You were felt and used by men.
Tell of battles lost and won ;
Tell your story, lightning's son !”

“Stranger, wandering in this hall,
Thus I answer to your call ;
Thus my voice recites the story
Of my one day's battle, gory ;
Why I slumber in the dust ;
When my blade was marked by rust ;
How I flashed in keen-edged wrath
On my owner's devious path,
In one terrible conflict borne,
Never since by mortals worn.

“By the flame begot on ore,
Born within the furnace roar,

Forged with ave, rolled with credo,
Came my metal to Toledo.
There they fashioned well my blade ;
There my hilt and sheath were made ;
There an old and proud grandee,
From my fellows choosing me,
Sent me with a friendly line
To the Prince von Dietrichstein.

“ Said the Prince, when me he saw :
‘ ‘Tis a blade without a flaw,
Decked too fine for age to wear it,
And I have no son to bear it.
Death is coming sure and swift ;
Mine is dole and prayer and shrift
From my soul its sins to purge,
Here upon the next world’s verge.
Take this weapon to the hall ;
Hang it high upon the wall.’

“ Little thought the Prince that he
Soon in fight should brandish me,
Knowing not that God disposes
Otherwise than man proposes.
Even as he spoke, the blare
Of a trumpet stirred the air,
And a rider came to say,
Scarce a dozen leagues away,
Full a thousand men in force
Were the Magyars, foot and horse.

“ ‘What!’ he cried, ‘and would they dare
Track the old wolf to his lair,
Deeming he may safe be hunted,
Now with age his fangs are blunted?’

Clang the great bell! Summon here
What of vassals may be near!
Man the walls and let them see
Dietrich's banner floating free!
Let them know that Dietrich's rock
Well abides the rudest shock!

“Seven days the Magyars plied
Force in vain on every side;
Seven days their cannon thundered;
On the eighth the leagured wondered
As they saw the Magyar foe
Off in headlong hurry go.
They had heard the Archduke John
Was in force their track upon,
And, though brave, they dared not stay
When grim John was on the way.

“‘Out!’ cried Dietrichstein, ‘for these
Ne'er from hence must ride in ease.
Saddle horses, bare your sabres,
Hot pursue the fleeing stabbers.
Spanish sword, you now may show
If your steel be good or no.
To my hand your hilt be wed,
As my vassals here I head.
Forward! charge! and let them feel
Rain of lead and storm of steel!’

“Then the sound of hoofs was heard;
Then the air with strife was stirred;
Then the sight of sabres flashing;
Then the sound of sabres clashing.
Here ran many a riderless horse,
Here lay many a soulless corse;

Curses mixed with deadly-blows ;
None asked quarter from his foes,
As upon the shattered line
Smote the men of Dietrichstein.

“Coolly through the din and jar
Rode a giant-like huszar.
Marked he well those white locks flowing,
And my bright blade ever going.
Scorning others in the fray
Blocked he there the Prince’s way.
‘Ah!’ he cried, ‘old man, at length
Rank is front to front with strength ;
Here the strongest arm is lord—
Vengeance lies within my sword!’

“Glared the Prince ; a tremor came,
Not with fear, across his frame.
‘Still alive?’ he asked. ‘His brother?
No! a suckling with thy mother
When the block its victim won.
Who then art thou, man?’ ‘His son!
I am he whose sire your hate
Bore to undeservèd fate.
Son of him your anger slew,
I am his avenger, too!’

“Crossed their sabres. One was old
The story of the sword is told.
Failed for want of males the line
Of the princely Dietrichstein.”



THE BALLAD OF NARVAEZ.

NARVAEZ, the magnanimous,
Our bitter foeman he,
And yet our Moorish nobles
Applaud his chivalry ;
Our poets all recite his deeds,
Our maidens bless his name,
And through our whole Granada
He hath a happy fame ;
Though Christian he, and we are Moors,
Our homage he hath won,
For what he did for Yussef,
Our great Alcalde's son.

The Spaniard planned to strike a blow
As fitted warrior stout,
But first, to scour the country,
Sent fifty lances out—
Sent fifty gallant men-at-arms,
Who lance and falchion bore,
Under the brave Don Ramon,
The knight of Peñafior ;
And these returning from their search,
Fruitless for many a mile,
Meet with a Moorish rider
Within a deep defile.

He was a gallant cavalier
With mood and bearing high ;
But he was one to fifty—
'Twas only yield or die :

A young and handsome cavalier
Who gallantly was dressed
In velvet, trimmed with silver,
And azure satin vest,
Diamonds and rubies on the hilt
Of the falchion at his side—
He looked the gay young bridegroom
Gone forth to meet his bride.

They brought him to Narvaez then,
Who asked him his degree.
“My father rules in Ronda,
Alcalde there,” said he ;
And then he burst in bitter tears.
Said the Spaniard, “By my beard,
A stranger sight before me
Hath never yet appeared!
Thy father is a warrior stout,
Of fearless port and brow ;
His son in tears, and bearded!
What kind of man art thou?”

“’Tis not,” replied the cavalier,
“That in these bonds I be ;
Nor fetters, nor the torture
Could wring these tears from me ;
But when your force o’erwhelmed me, I
Was making eager way
To meet my dear Zorayda,
To fix our wedding-day.
She never failed her promise yet,
And now I be not there,
The maid may hold me faithless—
So judge of my despair.”

“Nay,” cried Narvaez, “it were shame
A noble cavalier,
Whose word is pledged to woman,
Should meet with hindrance here.
A grace of four-and-twenty hours
I freely give to thee ;
Go thou and meet the damsel,
And then return to me.”
And Yussef promised gratefully
Before them every one,
To render him a captive,
Ere sank the morrow’s sun.

Then Yussef to the trysting-place,
His jaded courser spurred,
And there he told Zorayda
How he had given his word
To thrall to speedily return,
And how he might remain
Through many a weary twelvemonth
To drag a captive’s chain ;
And from her promise, lest it cloud
Her life, he set her free ;
To which replied Zorayda,
“That, Yussef, may not be.

“It is not that thou lovest me less,
My love thou wouldst refuse ;
Thou fearest if I follow,
My freedom I shall lose.
Think’st thou I am less generous ?
Beside thee let me be ;
Where love is, there is freedom ;
Where thou art, I am free.

Behold this casket filled with gems ;
With these a sum we gain
Enough to pay thy ransom,
Or both as slaves maintain."

Narvaez learned Zorayda's words : —
" Certes it seems," said he,
" Devoted is this maiden,
This youth all chivalry.
Let me within the casket place
More jewels rich and rare,
To add unto the ornaments
Beseeing one so fair ;
Then mount the pair on milk-white steeds
Caparisoned in state,
And, with a noble escort,
Send them to Ronda straight."

Narvaez, the magnanimous,
Our bitter foe is he,
And yet our Moorish nobles
Applaud his courtesy ;
Our minstrels sing his nobleness,
Our maidens bless his name,
And rings through wide Granada
His honor and his fame.
Praise to the champion of Castile,
Our homage he hath won,
By what he did for Yussef,
Our great Alcalde's son.



THE GAME KNUT PLAYED.

A PAGE who seemed of low degree,
And bore the name of Knut, was he ;
The high-born Princess Hilga she.

And that the youth had served her long,
Being quick at errands, skilled in song,
To jest with him she thought no wrong.

And so it chanced one summer day,
At chess, to while the time away,
The page and princess sat at play.

At length she said, "To play for naught
Is only sport to labor brought,
So let a wager guerdon thought."

He answered, "Lady, naught have I
Whose worth might tempt a princess high
Her uttermost of skill to try."

"And yet this ruby ring," she said,
"I'll risk against the bonnet red
With snow-white plume that crowns thy head.

"And should I win, do not forget,
Or should I lose, whichever yet,
I'll take my due, or pay my debt."

And so they played, as sank the sun ;
But when the game they played was done,
The page's cap the princess won.

"My diamond necklace," then she cried,
"I'll match against thy greatest pride,
The brand held pendant at thy side."

"Not so," he said—"that tempered glaive,
Borne oft by noble hands and brave,
To me my dying father gave.

"Fit only for a true man's touch,
I hold it dear and prize it much—
No diamond necklace mates with such.

"But, though my father's ghost be wroth,
I'll risk the weapon, nothing loth,
Against thy love and virgin troth."

Reddened her cheeks at this in ire,
This daughter of a royal sire,
And flashed those eyes of hers like fire.

"Thy words, bold youth, shall work thee ill:
Thou canst not win against my skill,
But I can punish at my will.

"Begin the game; that hilt so fine
Shall nevermore kiss hand of thine,
Nor thou again be page of mine!"

Answered the page: "Do not forget,
Or win or lose, whichever yet,
I'll take my due, or pay my debt.

"And let this truth the end record:
I risk to-day my father's sword
To be no more thy page, but lord."

Down sat the pair to play once more,
Hope in his bosom brimming o'er,
And hers with pride and anger sore.

From square to square the bishops crept,
The agile knights eccentric leapt,
The castles onward stately swept.

Pawns fell in combat, one by one ;
Knights, rooks and bishops could not shun
Their fate before that game was done.

Well fought the battle was, I ween,
Until two castles and a queen
Guarding the kings alone were seen.

"Check!" cried the princess, all elate ;
"Check!" cried the page, and sealed the fate
Of her beleaguered king with "mate!"

The princess smiled, and said, "I lose,
Nor can I well to pay refuse ;
From my possessions pick and choose.

"Or costly robes to feed thy pride,
Or coursers such as monarchs ride,
Or castles tall, or manors wide—

"These may be thine to have and hold ;
Or diamonds bright, or chests of gold,
Or strings of pearls of wealth untold.

"Any or all of such be thine ;
But, save he spring from royal line,
No husband ever can be mine."

“Nor jewels rich, nor lands in fee,
Steeds, robes, nor castles pleasure me;
Thy love and troth be mine.” said he.

“Nor shalt thou lack of state and pride
When seated crowned thy lord beside,
As Knut, the King of Denmark’s bride!”

Ring marriage-bells from sun to sun,
And tell the gossips, as they run,
How Sweden’s princess has been won.

THE HUNTER.

AT noonday a hunter made wearisome way
Over rocks and through woodland, one bright summer day,
His face flushed and brown with the fierce-blazing sun,
No game in his pouch for his recompense won;
And there at the door of Giovanni’s old mill
He sought for a draught from the swift-flowing rill.
Giovanni laughed loud at the civil request
For a cup, that was made by his dust-covered guest.
“A cup to get water in! Signor, not so;
The water belongs to my mill-wheel, you know;
But here is a cup of the rich, ruddy wine
That was pressed from the grapes in this vineyard of mine.
Sit down in the shade of the arbor with me,
And, taking our nooning like comrades so free,
Our glasses shall clink and our voices shall ring,
As we drink to the health of the brave-man king,
Victor Emanuel.”

The hunter his strap from his shoulder unslung,
 Pouch and knife on the ground there before him he flung,
 Leaned his gun on a stool ere the grape-juice he quaffed,
 Bowed his thanks, and then drained the whole cup at a
 draught;

While Giovanni's sole daughter, a damsel of nine,
 Who had brought to her father the pitcher of wine,
 Said: "'Tis better to sit in the shade here, and drink,
 Than to work and get naught in the sunlight, I think."
 At the wisdom she uttered the tired traveller smiled,
 And drew to him gently the olive-skinned child.
 "While you," he said, "maiden, do nothing but play."
 "I do a great deal," she replied, "every day.
 I turn out the goats to the hills in the morn;
 I chase off the sparrows that come for the corn;
 I sweep and I knit, and quite often I sing
 A ditty in praise of the brave-man king,
 Victor Emanuel."

Said the miller: "She's right; you had hard luck to-day;
 No game in your pouch; that's all work, and no pay;
 But I'll give you a chance. There's a wolf lurks around,
 And no one his hiding-place dreamed of, or found,
 Till this morning at dawn, as I looked from the mill,
 I saw the rogue enter yon cave on the hill.
 'Tis perilous rather to pierce to his den;
 But you seem a bold-hearted fellow, and then,
 Should you kill him, my thanks, and a scudo beside—"
 "'Tis a bargain; I'll do it!" the hunter replied,
 And, grasping his gun, he strode whistling away
 In search of the wolf and that scudo of pay;
 While Giovanni said, watching the man's sturdy walk:
 "By my faith! that's a chap of more action than talk!
 What a soldier he'd make! how his rifle would ring
 In some fight for the land and the brave-man king,
 Victor Emanuel!"

There, watching the hunter, the mill-people stood,
And saw him pass vineyard, and cornfield, and wood,
And then in the mouth of the cave disappear,
And waited the sound of his firelock to hear.
"The wolf has escaped!" cried the miller; but, no!
There's a shot in the cave that sounds muffled and low.
He comes—what is that which the hunter has found?
He approaches, and throws a dark mass on the ground.
"You wanted the wolf? Well, I bring you his head!"
"And there is your scudo," Giovanni he said.
"That rascal has carried off many a kid,
And till now he has managed to keep himself hid.
You'll be welcome, my friend, as the guest of the mill,
And as friend to the neighborhood, come when you will;
The service you've done through the country shall ring—
It may yet reach the ears of the brave-man king,
Victor Emanuel."

The hunter he looked at the scudo and laughed.
"I've earned it," he said, "and beside that a draught
Of the wine that I drank but a little while since;
'Twas of very good vintage, and fit for a prince.
Here, miller, your health; many thanks for the sport,
To say naught of this scudo, your wages paid for't.
And, thanks for your wine; I'll return that you see,
If you come to the town, and drink Chianti with me.
Tie my hand, little maiden; his sharp teeth went through
Ere my knife did the work which my gun failed to do.
And bring you this little one—that do not miss;
I've some ribbons to spare in return for a kiss."
"We'll come," said the miller, "Bianca and I,
And to find you among all those people we'll try;
But I haven't your name, friend; we're strangers, you
know;
So whom shall I ask for, and where shall I go,

When little Bianca to see you, I bring?"
"Go straight to the Palace, and ask for the king,
Victor Emanuel."

A LEGEND OF PHRYGIA.

ZEUS, greatest of immortals
Who on Olympus sit, their ivory brows
With ichor sprinkled, beings who carouse
In halls whose rainbow portals
Are closed to those of mortal birth—
Zeus, tired of incense that had failed to please,
Weary of prayers of men, and bended knees,
With Hermes for attendant, came to earth.

The Thunderer doffed his glory,
His port majestic laid aside, his crown
Changed for a cap, and dropping noiseless down
To Phrygia—so the story—
Put on a beggar's seeming then;
White-haired, and blind, and suffering much,
And led by Hermes, who assumed a crutch,
The blind and lame asked charity from men.

Where shepherds flocks attended,
Or in the vales, or on the grassy sides
Of hills that gently rose where swiftly glides
The Sangaris silvery splendid—
Not of the boors, but of each lord
Who, in the palaces that lofty rose
On tree-decked knolls, took comfort and repose—
Coin, food, or shelter, humbly they implored.

Through fertile valleys wending
Their tedious journey, at each palace-gate
Their suit presenting to the rich and great,
In abject manner bending,
But still repulsed with gibe and scorn,
Nor food nor shelter finding on their road,
And not an obolus on them bestowed,
The nightfall found them hungered and forlorn.

At length of travel weary,
They came to where a shepherd poor and old,
Having penned his fleecy charge within the fold,
Sought, with a spirit cheery,
His hut, low-walled, low-roofed, low-doored—
Philemon named; he pitied much the twain
Who seemed to drag their way with grief and pain,
And sought relief which he could ill afford.

Yet, with a welcome glowing,
He bade them enter, made his Baukis stir,
And food prepare for them, and him, and her,
Such as he had bestowing;
Then when the frugal meal was o'er,
Talked cheerfully before the crackling fire,
And when for rest his guests expressed desire,
Gave them the only bed, and sought the floor.

That night a tempest raging
Shook the mean hut until it trembled to
Its poor foundation; fiercer yet it blew,
As though the winds were waging
A battle over hill and plain;
Flashes of lightning there continuous blazed,
And peal on peal of thunder men amazed,
While poured in one unceasing flood the rain.

Philemon, restless pacing
The earthen floor, but gently lest he'd rouse
His wearied guests who slept with placid brows
Whereon there showed no tracing
Of aught save still and dreamless sleep,
Said there to Baukis, "These good men must be
Who slumber so profound and dreamlessly,
When all the winds this hurly-burly keep."

Next morn the sun rose blazing,
And with the sun both hosts and guests arose,
And these prepared the morning meal for those,
When lo! a sight amazing!
Where hills and valleys stood before
A stretch of water spread in wide expanse—
A grass-framed lake of silver met the glance,
Meadow, and vale, and forest, there no more.

The wrath of Zeus swift falling
Had overwhelmed the heartless in a night;
The shepherd pair stood trembling at the sight
Mysterious, appalling;
When lo! in air the roof uprose,
The mean room widened to a spacious hall,
To lofty height aspired the cottage-wall,
And ice-like fretwork on the ceiling froze.

The wide hall brightening,
Celestial glory on the place was shed:
Zeus stood revealed; around his sovereign head
Tresses of waving lightning;
And then the god, with look benign,
Spake, as with reverent awe they bent the knee—
"This one-time hut my temple hence shall be,
And ye remain the guardians of the shrine.

" If otherwise your needing,
 A life of quiet ease and riches great,
 Or doubtful honors of a high estate,
 Or length of years exceeding,
 Freely demand it now of me."
 Answered Philemon, " Toil, not ease, is best, ——
 But grant we pass together to our rest."
 Zeus, vanishing, replied, " So let it be!"

Long years the couple tended
 The temple grand, and kept the fire alight
 Upon the inner altar, till one night
 Their labor was suspended.
 They disappeared, and ne'er were traced ;
 But at the temple-door there sudden grew
 Two gnarly, mossy, grey-barked trees of yew, ——
 With boughs and branches closely interlaced. ——

 AKERATOS.

To Argos, after Troia fell, there came,
 Seeking for alms and ease, one sunny day,
 A soldier, battle-scarred and old and grey—
 Akeratos his name.

He would not beg without amends for alms :
 So with a lyre the passers-by he stopped,
 Hoping thereby to see some silver dropped
 From givers' willing palms.

In early days his skill was well maintained ;
 But rough campaigns had robbed him of his power :
 And so he stood there twanging, hour on hour,
 Without one lepton gained.

At length, all wearied, hungered and athirst,
He ceased and leaned against a pillar there,
And thought himself, so utter his despair,
Forsaken and accurst.

Then came a stranger where he leaned, and said,
"Why not play on, old man, and strive to please
The passing crowd? You, who won victories,
Might now perchance win bread."

Akeratos looked up. His eyes were filled
With weakling tears; again he bowed his head—
That once proud soldier—and he humbly said,
"I am no longer skilled."

"Then," said the stranger, in a pleasant way,
"Why not to me a thing so useless hire?
Here's a didrachmon: give me now the lyre:
For one hour let me play."

The soldier smiled. "My lord," he said, "the sum
Would buy three lyres like this of mine, mayhap."
"It is a bargain, then. Hold out your cap;
Be motionless and dumb."

The stranger took the lyre and swept the chords,
And through the air a startling prelude rang;
Then with a clear and stirring voice he sang—
Voice like the clang of swords—

How Hektor perished, slain by Achilles;
How Herakles fair Hippolute slew;
How Zeus the mighty Titans overthrew—
The sire-dethroning Zeus;

The rush of chariots and the clash of blades ;
O'er beaten earth the ring of iron hoofs ;
The crackling roar of flames from burning roofs ;
The screams of frightened maids ;

The curses of the priests of plundered fanes ;
The dying groan upon the bloody field
Of some stout warrior, pillowed on his shield,
Life ebbing through his veins.

And as he sang the people stopped to hear,
And crowds from every quarter gathered round,
Breathless and eager, swallowing every sound
With rapt, attentive ear ;

And when the song was o'er the people filled
The soldier's cap with golden coins, and cried,
"O singer! silver-tongued and fiery-eyed,
Whose tones our souls have thrilled—

"Singer, whose voice from sirens on the shore
Has sure been borrowed, and whose fingers rain
Such music on the strings, oh, sing again—
Sing us a song once more!"

And once again that wondrous voice was heard :
This time it sang not of affairs of arms,
But of the sea-foam's daughter and her charms,
Till all men's hearts were stirred.

A purple vapor seemed to fill the place ;
Fragrance and light and music in the air—
Each man majestic and each woman fair—
One, dignity ; one, grace ;

Till, in their joy, before that soldier old
Not coins alone they cast, but silvery bands
And rings and bracelets, gems from foreign lands,
And ornaments of gold ;

And when the heap had to its utmost grown,
Making the soldier rich in all men's sight,
Around the singer's form a blaze of light
In dazzling glory shone.

The men of Argos stood in hushed surprise,
As there the god of poetry and song,
Phoibos Apollon, from the awe-struck throng
Ascended to the skies.

THE PARROT OF RUMI.

HERE looking at the purple clouds
That wrap the closing day,
My thoughts go back to Rumi's tale
About the parrot grey.

A merchant ere his journey,
To his parrot thus said he :
" I go from hence to the parrot-land,
Where wondrous things there be.

" What shall I bring to please my bird
From distant climes afar,
Where the rose it grows and the spice-wind blows,
And the pearls and diamonds are ?

"Shall I bring you a ruby necklace,
And a cage of gold so fine,
Or a cup from a single amethyst
To hold your bread and wine?"

Then answered him the mournful bird:
"For these I have no care;
But when you reach the parrot-land,
This message safely bear.

"I pine all day upon my perch,
And they at pleasure rove;
I beat my wings against the bars,
They flutter through the grove.

"Though white my bread and red my wine,
These are not sweet to me;
Then let my brothers send me word
How best I may be free."

The merchant heard and left the bird,
And went by steel and star,
Till he came to the beautiful parrot-land,
In the southern climes afar.

And there the parrots of every kind
And every hue he saw,
The green and grey, with the paroquet gay,
And the spiteful, bright macaw.

He summoned them all to hear the tale
That he was bidden to tell;
And he used the very words that from
The beak of his parrot fell.

And when he had closed, an ash-grey bird
Which sat another beside,
Heaved its breast and fluttered its wings,
And fell from its perch and died.

And a parrot whose head was marked with red,
And body was apple-green,
Cried out, "Go back and tell your bird
The sight which you have seen."

"Ah me!" the sorrowing merchant said,
"That was my parrot's mate,
Who died with grief to hear from me
Her old companion's state."

The parrots gathered round the bird
That on the greensward lay;
And sad at heart to see their woe,
The merchant turned away.

He left behind the scented vines,
And the grove of cinnamon trees,
And spread his vessel's yellow sails
To catch the homeward breeze.

First to the east and then to the west
He sailed a month or more,
And then he travelled a week on land
To reach his open door.

He kissed his wife and his children all;
Gay gifts around he flung,
And then he sought the garden, where
The parrot's cage was hung.

To and fro the cage was swinging
From the limb of a citron tree ;
And the parrot was swinging in the cage,
And gayly chatted he.

“ Fair welcome back, good master mine ! ”
The parrot voice was clear—
“ Have you been to the beautiful parrot-land, ——
And what did you see and hear ? ”

“ I have been to the parrot-land afar,
Your message there I bore
To parrots grey and parrots green,
Who think of you no more.

“ Of those but two remember you ;
One, sitting its mate beside,
So grieved to hear the tale I brought
It fell to earth and died.

“ The other sat on a bough above,
And plumed its feathers green,
And bade me back and tell you what
My eyes that day had seen.”

The parrot made no answer then,
Its breast began to swell ;
It gasped for breath, it closed its eyes,
And from its perch it fell.

“ Ah me ! ” the merchant sorrowing said,
“ That I should have such woe,
To lose in death the beautiful bird
Whose talking pleased me so.

"I'll dig it a grave both wide and deep,
And o'er it plant a rose,
And think upon the bird I loved,
Whene'er the leaves unclose."

Then from the cage the lifeless bird
With careful hand he drew,
When it opened its eyes and spread its wings,
And up in the air it flew.

And with it flew another bird—
The merchant knew it well
As that which in the parrot-land
From the bough of cinnamon fell.

Off to the land of spice and gems,
The couple flew away ;
And never more the merchant's eyes
Beheld the parrot grey.

ABD'S LESSON.

Down in an eastern valley where
The herbage was both short and rare,
And where alone from earnest toil
Came profit from the grudging soil,
Dwelt one of life laborious, which,
With thrift, had made him passing rich.
He tilled his fields in quiet peace,
Beheld his flocks and herds increase,
His purse grew full of silver coin,
New acres to his acres join ;

And while the proud effendis round
In chase or revel pleasure found,
Let them their way of life pursue,
And, following his, the richer grew.

But never yet was mortal known
To let the well-enough alone,
And Abd-ul-Assis, though no fool,
Made no exception to the rule.
He fretted at his growing store,
And, having much, he wanted more ;
Sighed for the honors and the state
Attending movements of the great ;
And, ere his life was half-way spent
Felt envy move, and discontent.
He envied much the life of those
Whose stately mansions round him rose ;
And most of all the grand vizier,
Whose summer palace standing near
Rose from a park of trees and flowers,
Studded with minarets and towers.

"The palm," said Abd, "its shadow throws
Upon the small and lowly rose :
How lordly that, how humble this!
Nature has done her work amiss.
That stands in leafy glory where
Its plummy top adorns the air ;
This scarcely shows of life a sign
Beneath the other's shade malign.
As to the shrub the lofty tree,
So is the grand vizier to me.
Why have not I as proud a fate?
Why am not I among the great?"

I'll sell my herds ; I'll sell my land ;
I'll make my way to Samarcand.
Who knows but, in a wider sphere,
I may not rise to be vizier? "

That night, reposing on his bed,
Bright visions flitted through his head.
Far from his native vale he dwelt,
Where wondering crowds before him knelt,
Bey, then pacha, and sultan last,
Reigning assured o'er countries vast,
Imposing on the mass his yoke,
He made viziers from meaner folk,
And found his highest hopes were gained,
And all his heart desired, attained.

While Abd was wrapt in fearless sleep,
A storm had risen the vale to sweep,
So when he rose, his vision found
Wrecks from the tempest scattered round.
The palm he much admired before
Lay prostrate at his cottage door ;
But, blooming in its beauty fair,
The rose, erect, refreshed, was there.

Just then a neighbor neared the place,
And stopped, a story in his face.
"Great news," he said, "you needs must hear—
Ill-fortune to the grand vizier.
His towering pride his place has cost ;
His master's favor has been lost ;
His wealth is gone ; in dungeon grim
The fatal bowstring waits for him.
How lucky, Abd, are you and I,
Who never reached such station high.

We are not subject to the fate
That seems the noble to await ;
The storm the palm-tree overthrows,
But kindly spares the humble rose ;
The wrath that struck the proud vizier
Has left unscathed us peasants here."

The neighbor passed ; Abd closed the door,
Sat down to think, and dreamed no more.
Henceforth he worked with busy hand,
And fed his flocks, and tilled his land ;
And gave his thanks to Allah, since
He was nor bey, pacha, nor prince ;
But just a man whom kindly fate
Had given a safe and low estate.

THE BALLAD OF BABETTE.

BABETTE, the peasant maiden,
The guileless, graceful child,
To gather nuts and berries,
Went to the copsewood wild.

And glancing in the fountain,
Beneath the shadows brown,
She saw her comely features
And russet-linsey gown.

"Fine birds come from fine feathers,"
The little maiden said—
"Had I crown of rubies
To wear upon my head ;

“ If this poor gown were silken,
And I among the girls
Had maidens four to serve me,
And a necklace made of pearls ;

“ And I had silvern slippers
Upon these little feet,
A prince would come to woo me,
And call me fair and sweet.”

Then suddenly before her
A wounded dove was seen,
With drops of blood down falling
Upon the leaves of green.

It trembled when she touched it,
But had no power to fly ;
And in her face looked upward
With scared and piteous eye.

She washed the red drops gently,
That started from the wound,
And the weary bird lay quiet,
As though content it found.

Then when her hand was opened,
It made a plaintive coo,
And rising slowly upward,
Far in the distance flew.

Then on the maiden wandered
Till, by a hazel there,
Escaped from cruel hunters,
She saw a panting hare.

Her words of loving kindness
It did not seem to hear,
Till from her quivering eyelids
Dropped on it many a tear.

When lo! it rose and trembled,
Its eyes grew full of light,
And through the briers and hazels
It bounded out of sight.

And throbbed the maiden's bosom
With pleasing, painful start,
And happy thrills of gladness
Made music in her heart.

When lo! on purple pinions,
A flock of doves there came;
The first one bore a ruby,
And each one had the same.

And still came flying, flying,
The doves on pinions fleet;
And rubies there on rubies
They laid before her feet.

And they made her a crown of rubies,
Of rubies bright and red,
And they made her a crown of rubies,
And placed it on her head.

And next of hares, a hundred
Came from the north and south,
And each in coming carried
A great pearl in his mouth.

And still came running, running,
More hares, with motion fleet,
And pearls, in countless number,
They laid before her feet.

And they made her a lovely necklace
Of pearls without a speck,
And they made her a lovely necklace
And placed it on her neck.

Was it the poor dove's life-blood
That now in rubies burned?
And from Babette's kind weeping
Had tears to pearls been turned?

And then the doves flew over,
And cooed with voices sweet,
And a pair of silvern slippers
She found upon her feet.

And then the hares ran round her,
And her skin grew white as milk,
And her gown of russet-linsey
Was changed to one of silk.

And lo! there came four maidens
To wait on her, forsooth!
Simplicity, and Pity,
And Innocence, and Truth.

And the dove became a fairy,
And touched her with her wand;
And the hare became Prince Charming,
And he was young and fond.

And a train of lords and ladies,
The little maiden met ;
And the Prince, he walked beside her,
The downcast-eyed Babette.

And never in the copsewood
Was the little maiden seen,
For she dwells all time in Elf-land,
As the good King Charming's queen.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

O'ER Thoulè, in the olden day,
A wise and mighty king held sway,
Who, after storms of war had past,
Peacefully ruled dominion vast,
And, in a castle strong and tall,
With lofty towers and massive wall,
By men-at-arms and knights attended,
Dwelt in a state assured and splendid.
Beloved this gentle king because
So kind his sway, so mild his laws ;
Justice he dealt throughout his State,
Not merely to the rich and great,
But patient heard, and judged with care,
As well the poor man's humble prayer.
The lowest peasant in the land
Might seek the throne of Aldobrand ;
And all, though mean, or even bad,
Strict right and rigid justice had.
Judges in every town he set
Wherein injustice might be met,

That fraud and crime might be controlled,
 And justice given to all, not sold.
 But yet he kept, lest wrong ensue,
 The power all cases to review ;
 And on his castle high there hung
 A silver bell with iron tongue,
 A silken cord for ringing which
 Was at the gateway in a niche ;
 And he, defrauded of his right,
 Might freely come, by day or night,
 And there the Bell of Justice ring,
 And so have audience of the king.
 But as the judges all were just,
 The bell grew black, its tongue had rust ;
 Right so in all that land abounded
 That none had ever heard it sounded ;
 And to its rope that useless hung
 An unpruned grapevine climbed and clung. —

One day it chanced at banquet there,
 The king reclining in his chair,
 Meats had been taken from the board,
 And generous wine for all outpoured,
 And when for minstrel, harp in hand,
 Who sang the deeds of Aldobrand,
 Throughout the hall loud plaudits rang,
 There came in air a sudden clang ;
 The Bell of Justice, silent long,
 Pealed out in fitful notes and strong,
 And nobles, ranged that board around,
 Were startled at the unwonted sound.
 "Learn," said the king, "who asks our ear, —
 And bring the injured suppliant here.
 Gentle or simple, man or brute—
 At once we'll hear, and judge his suit."

The seneschal, with wand in hand,
Obedient to the king's command,
Went forth, but soon returned and bowed,
And said unto the king aloud:
"I have not dared to bring, beau sire,
The suppliant, as you bade me, here.
An old white steed, so gaunt, so lean,
The crows esteem his meat too mean,
Turned out to die, it so befell,
Cropping the vine-leaves, rang the bell."
"Well," said the king, "the horse had need,
What if he be a sorry steed—
Old, gaunt, weak, friendless and forlorn?
Faithful his owner he has borne;
And now, with youth and strength gone by,
Is heartlessly turned out to die.
Who thus has recompensed the brute,
Shall answer to this suitor mute.
Find me his master; bring me both;
To judge the case I'm nothing loth."

It was not long ere in the hall
A white-haired man, grim, lean and tall,
Ragged of dress, yet proud of port,
Appeared before the king and court;
And then they brought the courser white,
Who whinnied at his master's sight,
And placed his head with fondest air
Upon the old man's shoulder there.
"Speak," said the king, "and answer me,
Why this unkind neglect of thee
Of such a fond and faithful steed?"
"O king!" he answered, "'tis from need!
Freely I gave my arms and truth,
To middle life from early youth,

To one who, when I older grew,
His favor from me then withdrew.
Ill-fared the twain, my steed and I,
Both in old age turned out to die."

"Now, by my faith as crownèd king,"
The monarch said, "I'll mend this thing.
If in my realm the man shall be
Who brought this twain to misery,
Their honest service to requite,
He shall be forced to do them right.
Give me thy name and his, and he
Shall make amends to thine and thee,
Or find scant mercy at my hand."

"My name is Rolph: his, Aldobrand.
When years agoe this mighty realm
The Keltic hordes would overwhelm,
And give it o'er to blood and wrack,
I led the force that drove them back,
Pierced singly all their legions through,
And on the field their leader slew.
But old, dismissed from service, since
No longer needed by my prince,
The rags that cover me attest
Whose deeds are fairest, fares not best;
And if this steed of noble strain
Drags to his end, in want and pain,
Not mine the fault that, worn and scarred,
His age is wretched, life is hard."
The monarch bit his lips, and said,
"They brought me word Sir Rolph was dead.
Their words shall not be false—what ho!
Guards, there! let not this couple go!
Thy worn-out war-horse in this ring,
Asks justice on thee from thy king.

Perish, Sir Rolph; but from thy knee,
Rise as the Count of Campanie;
Castles and lands and honors fair
Be thine, and velvet robes to wear;
But as thou hast, with swelling port,
Reproached thy monarch in his court,
As punishment well due thy guilt,
Be thou my guest whene'er thou wilt;
My palace to thy entrance free,
Come when or how thou mayst to me;
And ever welcome to the stall
As is his master to the hall,
The steed who served thy purpose well
What time he rang the silver bell."

THE CITY OF THE PLAIN.

THERE was a city once, the rabbins teach,
Whereto there came one day to seek for alms,
One of those needy wights with whining speech,
Who for your dole extend their earnest palms.

Each generous citizen who heard him sue,
Gave him a coin which bore the giver's name;
To bear these gifts he had enough to do—
But lo! how soon his joy to sorrow came!

Not one in all the place would give him food,
Not one in all the place a crumb would sell;
Famished, though rich in coin, the beggar stood—
He could not even steal—they watched too well.

With hunger weak he tottered up and down,
The jeering crowd gave way on either side ;
No food, no drink for him, within the town ;
And there, with all his gold upon him, died.

Then, each, devoid of shame, when as he lay,
And, eager from the dead man's store to draw,
The coin that had his name on bore away—
Then left the carcass for the dogs to gnaw.

“Ah, piteous deed!” I hear a voice complain—
“A stricken man to such a fate to doom ;
Well did the fire from Heaven finally rain
Upon the town such wretches to consume.”

But stay! have we no City of the Plain?
Will not our land the same reproaches bear?
When sons of genius ask, do they not gain
That empty laud which only proves a snare?

Marked with our names we give the coin of praise ;
We load them with our gifts of idle breath,
Which buy no comfort for their weary days,
Nor yet preserve them from a beggar's death.

They live in wretchedness and starving die ;
For bread our empty honors will not pay ;
And then, as in their wooden house they lie,
The praise we gave we fain would take away.

There disappointment checks our base desire ;
We cannot rob the dead one of his fame ;
That kindles at our efforts into fire,
Consuming those who strive to quench its flame.

RURAL SKETCHES.



RAFTING ON THE GUYANDOTTE.

Who at danger never laughed,
Let him ride upon a raft
Down Guyan, when from the drains
Pours the flood of many rains,
And a stream no plummet gauges
In a furious freshet rages.
With a strange and rapturous fear,
Rushing water he will hear ;
Woods and cliff-sides darting by,
These shall terribly glad his eye.
He shall find his life-blood leaping
Faster with the current's sweeping ;

Feel his brain with frenzy swell ;
Hear his voice in sudden yell
Rising to a joyous scream
O'er the roar of the raging stream.
Never a horseman bold who strides
Mettled steed and headlong rides,
With a loose and flowing rein,
On a bare and boundless plain ;
Never a soldier in a fight,
When the strife was at its height,
Charging through the slippery gore
'Mid bayonet-gleam and cannon-roar ;
Never a sailor helm in hand,
Out of sight of dangerous land,
With the storm-winds driving clouds
And howling through the spars and shrouds—
Feels such wild delight as he
On the June rise riding free.

Thrice a hundred logs together
Float as lightly as a feather ;
On the freshet's foaming flow,
Swift as arrows shoot, they go
Past the overhanging trees,
Jutting rocks—beware of these!
Over rapids, round the crooks,
Over eddies that fill the nooks,
Swirling, whirling, hard to steer,
Manned by those who know no fear.
Tough-armed raftsmen guide each oar,
Keeping off the mass from shore ;
While between the toiling hands
Mid-raft there the pilot stands,
Watching the course of the rushing sluice
From the top of the dirt-floored, rough caboose.
Well it is, in the seething hiss
Of a boiling, foaming flood like this,
That the oars are stoutly boarded,
And each log so safely corded
That we might ride on the salt-sea tide,
Or over a cataract safely glide.
If the pins from hickory riven
Were not stout and firmly driven,
Were the cross-trees weak and limber,
Woe befall your raft of timber!
If the withes and staples start
And the logs asunder part,
Off each raftsmen then would go
In the seething, turbid flow,
And the torrent quick would bear him
To a place where they could spare him.
Brawny though he be of limb,
Full of life and nerve and vim,
Like a merman though he swim,
Little hope would be for him.

Hither the logs would go and thither ;
But the jolly raftsman—whither ?

Now we pass the hills that throw
Glassy shadows far below ;
Pass the leaping, trembling rills,
Ploughing channels in the hills ;
Pass the cornfields green that glide
(We seem moveless on the tide)
In a belt of verdure wide,
Skirting us on either side.
Now a cabin meets us here,
Coming but to disappear.
Now a lean and russet deer
Perks his neck and pricks his ear ;
Then, as we rise up before him,
Feels some danger looming o'er him,
Thinks the dark mass bodes him ill,
Turns and scurries up the hill.
Now some cattle, at the brink
Stooping of the flood to drink,
Lift their heads awhile to gaze
In a sleepy, dull amaze ;
Then they, lest we leap among them,
Start as though a gadfly stung them.
Past us in a moment fly
Fields of maize and wheat and rye ;
Dells and forest-mounds and meadows
Float away like fleeting shadows ;
But the raftsmen see not these—
Sharp they look for sunken trees,
Stumps with surface rough and ragged,
Sandstone reefs with edges jagged,
Hidden rocks at the rapids' head,
New-made shoals in the river's bed ;

Steering straight as they pass the comb
Of the sunken dam and its cradle of foam.
Now through narrow channel darting,
Now upon a wide reach starting,
Now they turn with shake and quiver
In a short bend of the river.
Tasking strength to turn the oar
That averts them from the shore.
Ah! they strike. No! missed it barely;
They have won their safety fairly.
Now they're in the strait chute's centre;
Now the rapids wild they enter.
Whoop! that last quick run has brought her
To the eddying, wide back-water.
There's the saw-mill!—now for landing;
Now to bring her up all standing!
Steady! brace yourselves! a jar
Thrills her, stranded on the bar.
Out with lines! make fast, and rest
On the broad Ohio's breast!

Where's the fiddle? Boys, be gay!
Eighty miles in half a day.
Never a pin nor cross-tie started,
Never a saw-log from us parted,
Never a better journey run
From the morn to set of sun.
Oh, what pleasure! how inviting!
Oh, what rapture! how exciting!
If among your friends there be
One who something rare would see,

One who dulness seeks to change
For a feeling new and strange,

To the loggers' camp-ground send him,
To a ride like this commend him—
Ride that pain and sorrow dulces,
Stirring brains and quickening pulses,
Making him a happier man
Who has coursed the fierce Guyan
When the June-rain freshet swells it,
And to yellow rage impels it.

BEN BOLT.

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?

The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
 The tree you would seek for in vain ;
 And where once the lords of the forest waved
 Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
 With the master so cruel and grim,
 And the shaded nook in the running brook
 Where the children went to swim ?
 Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
 The spring of the brook is dry,
 And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
 There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
 They have changed from the old to the new ;
 But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
 There never was change in you.
 Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
 Since first we were friends—yet I hail
 Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
 Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

BLOWN UP.

TAKE care and move me easy, boys, and let the doctor see
 'F there's any use to try and patch what little's left of me.
 There—that'll do. It's all no use—I see it in your eye.
 You needn't purse your mouth that way—Van Valen's got
 to die :
 And if there really be no chance to save a fellow's life—
 Well, well! the blast was quite enough, and we'll excuse
 the knife.

Just loose my collar gently, boys—it hurts me as I lie ;
Put something underneath my head—don't raise me quite
so high ;
And let me have some water—ah-h! I tell you that's the
stuff ;
It beats old rye—I ought to know, I've surely drunk
enough.
You'll say, whatever were my faults, to say the thing that's
right,
That Jim Van Valen never shirked his liquor or a fight.

The circuit-rider? What's the use? I hardly think one
prayer,
However long, has power enough my whole account to
square :
And at the Day of Judgment, when the world its work is
through,
And all the miners round about account for what they do,
The Lord above, who knows all things, will be as just to
me
And merciful—at all events, with him I'll let it be.

Somehow my mind goes backward, boys, to many years
ago,
To the Valley of the Overproek and the farm-house long
and low,
When I wandered on the Palisades to gather Pinxter bloom,
And, mixed with lilacs, mother placed them in our sitting-
room.
I see them in the fireplace, in that pitcher white and high :
What queer things come across the mind when one's about
to die!

Why, I can see the orchard, boys, upon the sideling hill ;
The place I fished for killies in the crooked Pellum Kill ;

The deep hole where the pickerel lay—the rascal long and lank,
I caught him with a noose of wire, and snaked him on the bank ;
The places in the meadow where I went to trap the mink ;
The mill-pond by the roadside where I drove the cows to drink.

And there was little Kitty, boys, her house was close to ours,
The gardens almost joined, but she was prettier than the flowers.
We went to school in winter time upon the Tineck road,
And when I put her books with mine it seemed to ease the load ;
But when we both grew up, somehow I wasn't quite so near ;
She married Peter Brinkerhoff—and that is why I'm here.

There was my good old father, boys, with stern and rugged brow ;
I used to think him hard on me—I know him better now.
And, then, my dear old mother, with that pleasant smile of hers—
Oh, what a gush of tenderness the thought within me stirs!
Come, father, raise me in your arms ; and, mother, stroke my brow—
Your hand is cool—what odd conceit! they're neither living now.

They're gone, the old Van Valens, boys ; there's no one left but me,
And I am going, too—and so I send no word, you see.
The boys I used to play with, and the girls I used to know,
Grown up to men and women, have forgot me long ago!

I've not been to Bergen County, now, for many and many
a day,
And no one there would care to hear what I might have to
say.

I find I'm getting weaker, boys ; my eyes are growing dim ;
There's something dancing in the air ; my head begins to
swim.

Water! That's good! that stirs me up! that gives me life
again!

You talk about your dead men—why, I'm just as good as
ten.

There's something heavy on my breast—you take the thing
away—

Mother! there's Kitty Demarest—may I go out—to—
play!

THE OLD WIFE'S TALE.

A TERRIBLE wind, sir! Through the vale
And down the road it sweeps,
Hurrying fast, and whirling past
With the maddest bounds and leaps:
It strips the crown of the hill of snow
And gathers the spoil in heaps,
And it blows, blows, and goes, goes,
Till the flesh on a body creeps.

When the storm outside is doing its worst,
You'd best in shelter stay,
And while a tight roof covers your head
Remain there while you may ;

But, if you'll not, when John comes home
He'll show you on your way,
For every road around to him
Is clear by night or day.

O yes, sir! John's my only boy,
Though really not my son;
And if I be no mother of his,
A mother he has none;
But he is near and dear to me,
As though I had been one.
Now twenty years since first he came
Their changing course have run.

A stormy night like this, when I
The fire sat bending o'er,
There came a fierce and sudden rap
Upon our cottage door;
But I scarcely heeded it at first
Amid the shock and roar
Of the tempest wild that shook the house,
And swept from sea to shore.

But presently came a fainter rap
In the lull of the wind-storm's spite,
And with it was a muffled cry
That thrilled my heart with fright.
I opened the door. A sudden blast
Of wind blew out the light,
And some one staggered wearily in
From out the gloomy night.

At first, if this were woman or man
Was quite beyond my ken;
But I shut the door and bolted it,
And lit the light again,

And roused from bed my good man Dick ;
And I remember then
The whirring bell of our eight-day clock
Rang out the hour of ten.

A woman it proved, with babe in arms
Well wrapped in cloth and fur ;
But, think of it! out on such a night—
Not fit for a worthless cur!
I called on Dick to freshen the fire,
And took the child from her,
While she on yonder settle fell,
And did not move or stir.

I held the baby in my arms—
It was a lovely child—
And the little darling looked at me,
And crowed and crowed and smiled ;
And when it calmly sank to sleep,
While howled the tempest wild,
I thought of the babe of Bethlehem,
The Saviour meek and mild.

Dick growled a little—'twas his way—
At being roused from bed ;
And turned and sharply questioned her,
But not a word she said.
Face downward, motionless she lay,
Her hands clasped o'er her head ;
There were four of us that stormy night,
And one of the four was dead.

From whence she came, or why she came,
Through storm-winds driving free,
Wet, cold, forlorn, with babe in arms,
Was mystery to me ;

For the baby's furs, her linen and lace,
Her silks, a sight to see,
Those hands and feet—a lady born
If ever were one, was she.

It was her heart, the doctor said,
When he and the coroner came,
And, by her golden wedding-ring,
She was a married dame.
And when we knew the orphan boy
Was not a child of shame,
We craved to keep him for our own—
O yes! we found her name.

"Grace Oswald" on her handkerchief;
Her linen marked "G. O.";
"John Oswald" on the baby's clothes—
Dear me! how pale you grow!
The town-clerk has the things she left,
And that is all I know—
But are you ill? Your eyes are wild;
What makes you tremble so?

Ah, John, you're back. This stranger stopped
A guide to town to seek;
He seemed a stout old man enough
Though now so faint and weak.
And see! he stretches his hand to you,
While tears roll down each cheek—
How like their faces! Father and son,
If features truth can speak.

He must not stir from here to-night,
No matter who he be;
For the tempest, with a mighty voice,
Cries over land and sea.

I hear the breakers on the beach
As they surge there drearily ;
And it blows, blows, as it did the night
When John was brought to me.

GAULEY RIVER.

THE waters of Gauley,
Wild waters and brown,
Through the hill-bounded valley,
Sweep onward and down ;
Over rocks, over shallows,
Through shaded ravines,
Where the beautiful hallows
Wild, varying scenes ;
Where the tulip tree scatters
Its blossoms in Spring,
And the bank-swallow spatters
With foam its sweet wing ;
Where the dun deer is stooping
To drink from the spray,
And the fish-eagle swooping
Bears down on his prey—
Brown waters of Gauley,
That sweep past the shore—
Dark waters of Gauley
That move evermore.

Brown waters of Gauley,
At eve on your side,
My log canoe slowly
And careless I guide.

The world and its troubles
I leave on the shore,
I seek the wild torrent
And shout to its roar.
The pike glides before me
In impulse of fear,
In dread of the motion
That speaks of the spear—
Proud lord of these waters,
He fears lest I be
A robber rapacious
And cruel as he.
He is off to his eddy,
In wait for his prey ;
He is off to his ambush,
And there let him stay.

Brown waters of Gauley,
Impatient ye glide,
To seek the Kanawha,
And mix with its tide—
Past hillside and meadow,
Past cliff and morass,
Receiving the tribute
Of streams as ye pass,
Ye heed not the being
Who floats on your breast,
Too earnest your hurry,
Too fierce your unrest.
His, his is a duty
As plain as your own ;
But he feels a dulness
Ye never have known.
He pauses in action,
He faints and gives o'er ;

Brown waters of Gauley,
Ye move evermore.

Brown waters of Gauley,
My fingers I lave
In the foam that lies scattered
Upon your brown wave.
From sunlight to shadow,
To shadow more dark,
'Neath the low-bending birches
I guide my rude barque ;
Through the shallows whose brawling
Falls full on my ear,
Through the sharp, mossy masses
My vessel I steer.
What care I for honors,
The world might bestow,
What care I for gold,
With its glare and its glow ;
The world and its troubles
I leave on the shore
Of the waters of Gauley,
That move evermore.

THE OLD TENOR'S LAST SONG.

BEFORE the village inn I checked my steed,
To ask my proper way,
When came along a wandering son of need,
And, as excuse to beg, began to play.

He looked a most disreputable tramp,
 Unshaven and unshorn,
His forehead with the dew of travel damp,
 His hat a fragment, and his clothing torn.

And yet a something in his wrinkled face
 My interest awoke ;
About his way a spent and lingering grace
 Of better days and higher fortunes spoke.

He had a battered fiddle, cracked and vile,
 And o'er it drew a bow
That gave a sound at first much like a file,
 Then softened to an air of wailing woe.

I sat there motionless as carven stone,
 I could not move away ;
It seemed from that wild, weird, despairing tone,
 A lost soul prisoned in the fiddle lay.

At length he stopped, and, bending body low,
 Held open palm to me,
But spoke no begging word meanwhile, as though
 I was the only one to pay his fee.

I gave him then what silver coins I had—
 They were a due not dole ;
For though the wretch was poor, and might be bad,
 I gave the tribute to that prisoned soul.

Then with a warmth born of Italian sun,
 A tale he briefly told,
How on the lyric stage he laurels won,
 In days when he was neither poor nor old.

Keenly he fixed his deep black eyes on me,
And gathered by my way,
I thought his story false ; then suddenly
He sang aloud a soft Italian lay.

At first, his voice was like his fiddle, cracked,
And trembled in his throat ;
But steadily the music he attacked,
And purer grew each true and silvery note.

A flood of melody arose in air,
Filling the space around ;
And from their houses people gathered there,
And drank with willing ear the welcome sound.

The smith his hammer dropped, and, at the door
Of the stithy stood to hear ;
The loungers on the porch their talk gave o'er ;
Voice, breath and motion all gave place to ear.

The last note died away ; the spell was broke ;
Loud rang applause around ;
And in apology some words I spoke,
When my lost courage and my voice I found.

A pallor on the minstrel's face o'erspread
I sprang at once to ground ;
And pillowing on my breast his drooping head,
Made speech of low-toned praise and soothing sound.

I said his voice was sweeter than a bird's ;
When he, with a smile of pride,
And—uttering in a gasping way the words,
“The swan sings in his dying, Signor”—died.

THE OLD MILL.

HERE from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old grey mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nellie is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are grey.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound ;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

THE LOGAN GRAZIER.

At dawn to where the herbage grows,
Up yonder hill the grazier goes.

Obedient to his every word,
Before him stalk the sullen herd,

Reluctant in the misty morn,
With stamping hoof and tossing horn,

With lengthened low and angry moan,
Go black and dappled, red and roan.

Through drain and hollow, up the hill
They pass, obedient to his will.

The slender ox and mighty bull,
The grazier thinks them beautiful.

You see less beauty in the herd
Than in yon orange-tinted bird ;

You fix your better-pleasèd gaze
On yon broad sweep of emerald maize,

Yon maples on the hill-side high,
Or on yon field of waving rye :

More pleased with bird, or grain, or trees—
The grazier's sight is set on these.

He sees a netted purse of gold
In every bellowing three-year-old,

He sees new comforts round his home,
When buyers down from Tazewell roam ;

He sees his cabin nigh the creek,
Its mud-daubed chimney changed to brick ;

Its rude logs hid by clapboards sawed,
New shingles on its roof so broad,

New puncheons on the worn-out floor ;
A picket fence before the door,

While cups of tin and plates of delf
And pewter spoons adorn the shelf.

Close where the rifle hangs on hooks,
On cupboard top are rows of books—

The Pilgrim of the dreaming John,
And Weems's Life of Marion ;

The well-thumbed speeches of Calhoun ;
The pictured life of Daniel Boone ;

D'Aubignè's story, told so well,
How Luther fought and Cranmer fell ;

To please his wife a yellow gown,
And beads to deck his daughters brown ;

A jack-knife for his youngest son,
A rifle for his eldest one.

All these to him the cattle low
As up the hill they slowly go.

He fears no ravage of disease
'Mong brutes as strong and fat as these.

There's salt enough for them in store,
Brought from Kanawha's muddy shore ;

The herbage on the hill is good ;
The fern is thick within the wood ;

There's tender grass in yonder drain,
And pea-vine on the summit plain.

High thought of gain that moment thrills
The herdsman of the Logan hills.

He envies not the hero bold ;
He cares not who may office hold ;

The statesman's toil, the stout man's limb,
The lover's hopes, are nought to him.

His mind three things alone receives—
His wife, his children, and his beeves.

So these may flourish and grow fair,
All else to him is smoke and air.

O Logan grazier, stout and strong,
Despising fraud, defying wrong,

Brave as forefathers stern who bore
The stress of combat long and sore,

And fearless met in battle shock,
The wild and painted Shawanock ;

True as the rifle in thy hand,
And generous as thy fertile land—

Full oft I've eaten at thy side
The maizen cakes and venison fried ;

Oft in thy cabin as thy guest
Have stretched my wearied limbs to rest ;

I love to note thy honest brow,
Warm friend and true companion thou;

And know no manlier form is seen
Than that within thy coat of jean.

Truth fills those eyes so keenly set
Beneath thy fox-skin cap; and yet

I would not that thy lot were mine;
I would not that my lot were thine.

Guard thou thy beeves and count thy gold;
Be glad when those great herds are sold.

For me, by midnight lamp I pore
My manuscript in silence o'er.

Each to the path that suits his feet;
Each toil, for time is moving fleet,

And soon, in woollen shroud arrayed,
Both in our narrow coffins laid,

It matters not if cattle fair,
Or making lays has been our care.

The poet's and the herdsman's form
Shall feed alike the greedy worm;

Shall pass the poet's glowing words,
Shall pass the herdsman's lowing herds,

And from man's memory fade away
Both herdsman's shout and poet's lay.

“FOR THE SAKE OF HIS MOTHER.”

WE looked for his sign in the mountains,
And hunted him there far and wide,
The last of the band of marauders
Who had harried the country-side.
Too long of the land a terror,
We said, if we met with him,
A rope and a hickory sapling
Should rid us of Terrible Jim.

Worn out by our steady pursuing,
We caught him asleep one day,
And one of us, up to him creeping,
Stole gun and revolvers away.
But his knife, in a desperate fury,
He used on so many around,
That our leader replied with his rifle,
And brought the mad wretch to the ground.

But he said, on his hand half-rising—
“Let your rope be a strong one, hounds!
Jim is six feet, one, in his stockings,
And weighs over two hundred pounds!”
He looked at the blood that was flowing
From the ugly wound in his side,
And murmuring softly—“mother!”
Sunk back on the earth, and died.

Had we kept the same pitiless feeling
We felt for the man we had slain,
In that desolate rift of the mountain
His corse had been left to remain ;

We'd have left it behind us unburied,
Alone where the blue billet smote,
As feast for the ravaging vulture,
As food for the howling coyote.

But the word that he uttered in dying
Our memory carried that day
To the hearth-stones and roof-trees of childhood,
And bitterness melted away.
Each thought of his far-away mother ;
"He was some mother's son," it was said ;
So we dug him a grave, and we laid him
To wait till they summon the dead.

Since then thirty years have passed over,
And Terrible Jim is forgot,
Except when some wandering hunter
Shall happen to pass by a spot
Where he finds a long slab of white marble—
Who brought it there never was known—
With the words, "For the sake of his mother,"
Cut deep in the face of the stone.

SUE.

In good old Brantford village, when
I ran around a lad of ten,
There was no boy or girl but knew,
Pitied and loved old Crazy Sue.
Her elf-locks white, her withered face,
Her downcast glance, her mincing pace—
I seem to see them clearly now,
When age's wrinkles seam the brow,

As in my boyish days, and hear,
As then, her voice in treble clear
Pipe out the words: "Oh! happy me,
The day when John comes back from sea!"

Scarce forty years before, 'twould seem,
Her beauty was the village theme—
Eyes with a deeper shade than blue,
Tinged with the pansy's purple hue;
Locks falling in a waving fold,
In shadow fawn, in sunlight gold;
Skin where the blushes' restless stream
With rose hues flushed the tint of cream;
A form that was as lithe and free
As in the breeze the willow tree;
And with them all sweet winning ways—
Such Crazy Sue in early days.

She loved—but that's a tale as old
As when the earth knew age of gold;
She loved, and thought him man of men;
She loved, and was beloved again.
A handsome sailor came to woo,
And won the heart of pretty Sue,
Who vowed to be his wife when he
Came back from off the Indian Sea.
They parted; ere a year had flown
She found her truth survived alone;
A richer bride her John had wed
Out in Calcutta, shipmates said.

In perilous state for many a day,
'Twixt life and death the maiden lay.
At length came back, the struggle o'er,
Her life; but reason nevermore.

She quite forgot her lover's wrong,
Her faith she kept within her strong,
And waited patient, long and fond,
His coming from the far beyond.
In life she toiled for others' weal,
Her woe forgot, or could not feel,
And constant said: "Oh! happy me,
The day when John comes back from sea!"

Henceforth all Brantford surely knew
The mission meant for Crazy Sue;
To every hut where want was found
She with her basket went around;
Where'er the sick in anguish lay
She tender nursed them day by day;
At every needy creature's call,
She shared her substance with them all;
But spoke not, save one sentence, which
Kept John an idol in a niche
For her to worship, waiting when
He'd come to her from sea again.

She seemed as happy as a queen—
(But are queens happy?) never seen
To show a frown, or drop a tear;
And, though her brain were far from clear,
Perhaps that gave her sorrow rest—
God knows; he knows all things the best;
And all things loved her, brute and man!
The little children to her ran;
The birds, when she threw crumbs of bread,
Came fearless to her feet and fed.
Even the starveling, homeless cur,
Who shrank from others, followed her.

They missed her from the street one day,
And found her where at home she lay,
Dying alone. The people heard,
Their hearts with tender pity stirred,
Their gentle hands her pillow smoothed,
Their kindly words her anguish soothed :
And, waiting words of hers to show
If reason had returned or no,
They heard her say before her death,
With tremulous voice and struggling breath,
Yet joyous tone: " Ah, happy me!
John has at last come back from sea!"

THE BROWNS.

MARGERY BROWN in her arm-chair sits,
Stitching and darning and patching for life ;
The good woman seems at the end of her wits—
No end to the toil of a mother and wife.
She'd like to be far from her home on the farm ;
She sighs for the pleasure and rush of the town ;
She counts every stitch, and she longs to be rich—
Pity the troubles of Margery Brown.

Here is a coat with a rent in the sleeve ;
Here is a sock with a hole in the toe ;
This wants a patch on the arm, you perceive ;
That must be darned at once, whether or no.
It is patching and darning and sewing of rents,
From dawn till the moment the sun goes down ;
And all from those boys full of mischief and noise—
Pity the troubles of Margery Brown.

Timothy Brown starts a-field in the morn,
To follow the plough-tail for many an hour;
The drought has been curling the leaves of the corn,
And stirring the ground meets the lack of a shower.
From the dawn of the day to the set of the sun,
Through the terrible rays that pour fierily down,
He treads in his toil o'er the parched, dusty soil—
Pity the troubles of Timothy Brown.

He reaches his home at the close of the day—
The oven wood has to be chopped for next morn;
The horse must be given his oats and his hay,
The cows have their mess, and the pigs get their corn.
He would like for a moment to glance at the news
In the journal that yesterday came from the town;
But when he has fed he must hurry to bed—
Pity the troubles of Timothy Brown.

Riding along is the rich Hector Graeme,
With his wife by his side; both are sickly and wan;
They have not a child left them to carry their name—
The one that they owned to the churchyard has gone.
He looks at the boys perched aloft on the fence;
She sees the stout wife in the skimpiest of gowns—
“These have children and health!” and the people of wealth
Envy the lot of those fortunate Browns.

I think that the world is made up just like this—
Discontent gnaws the higher as well as the low;
The Browns think the Graemes reach the summit of bliss;
The Graemes think the Browns are exempt from all woe.
We are all Browns or Graemes as our stations may be;
We look to our crosses much more than our crowns;
And while Brown and his wife, they repine at their life,
Graemes pass in their coaches and envy the Browns.

KATE VANE.

I WELL remember when at morn
 We twain to school would go,
In summer heat, in winter chill—
 Unheeding sun or snow.
I think of when I used to gaze
 Within your bonnet on those days—
Perchance to steal a kiss, Kate Vane.
Ah, would that we were young again!

I think of when I "did the sums"
 That puzzled so your pate,
And, when I went to say my task,
 Slipped in your hands the slate.
Oft would I claim and get for this
 What now were worth a world—a kiss:
You did not think it harm, Kate Vane—
Ah, would that we were young again!

I think of when the brindle cow
 A down the cattle track
Chased you, and I with stick and stone
 In triumph beat her back.
Your little cheek was on my breast,
Your little lips to mine were prest,
Your eyes were filled with love, Kate Vane—
Ah, would that we were young again!

I think of when I halved with you
 My cherished, childish store,
And only wished, for your dear sake,
 It might be ten times more.

Our schoolmates, in their petty strife
With us, would call us "man and wife;"
None call us that just now, Kate Vane—
Ah, would that we were young again!

I see you now when years have passed,
And find you full as fair;
Time has not soiled your purity,
Nor marked your face with care.
I love you as I did before—
Yea! deeper, stronger, better, more.
What! are you in my arms, Kate Vane?
Dear love, we both are young again!

BREAKNECK HILL.

SEEKING each once-familiar spot
Which memory holds though time may not,
I stand within the town again,
A stranger at three score and ten.
No trace of what I used to know
In boyhood, sixty years ago.
Houses on houses ranged in rows—
I mind green fields instead of those;
Where stands yon mansion tall and fair,
I think the schoolhouse once stood there;
They've filled the pond, torn down the mill;
No landmark left but Breakneck Hill.

'Tis Summer now, and all is green,
But memory paints a Winter scene,
As on the hill when school was through
Down its steep slope our cutters flew.

Some there were furred—the children these
Of folk who walked the paths of ease ;
Some clad but poorly—children they
Of those who trod a harder way ;
But all essayed with toil and time,
Dragging their sleds the hill to climb ;
And, when they reached its summit, then
With laugh and shout, glide down again.

Well I remember years away,
One bitter cold December day,
When I, with Melton, Jack and Phil,
My playmates, climbed that very hill.
All these had richer sires than I,
Their fathers thought their stations high ;
While mine, whose purse was poorly filled,
His rude, unfertile acres tilled ;
But that ne'er marred our childish joys—
Democracy's the creed of boys ;
As equals there we climbed, and then
Each swiftly glided down again.

In after life each played the game ;
Jack slowly climbed the hill of fame ;
By painful steps and hard he rose,
The wonder of both friends and foes.
His learning struck the crowd with awe,
His smile was honor, word was law ;
He reached the summit ; for a while
Fortune seemed on her son to smile ;
Admired, caressed, by flatterers sought,
The fiend of drink a victim caught.
Jack tottered on his throne, and then
He slid below, nor rose again.

Phil strove to climb the hill of wealth,
For this he bartered truth and health ;
He lost no chance for gain, and still
Climbed higher on the muddy hill ;
No conscience barred, nor shame dismayed,
No pity checked nor mercy stayed,
Until upon the summit there
He stood confessed a millionaire.
The failure of a scheme one day
Swept Phil's ill-gotten gains away,
Left him a load of debt; and then
He never climbed the hill again.

With different aim from Jack or Phil,
Melton went climbing pleasure's hill.
His father left him rich, and he
A man of fashion chose to be ;
Kept racers and some other things
That gave his fortune fleetest wings ;
Drove four-in-hand and sailed a yacht,
Did all a provident man should not,
And, when one-half his store was drained,
By gaming scattered what remained.
He tottered on the summit, then
Slid down, and never rose again.

In Winter, man, at Breakneck Hill,
May climb and coast it at his will ;
Down from the summit he may sweep,
And upward next unhindered creep—
From low to high, from high to low
Upon that sloping plane of snow ;
But he who gains the highest ground
Where pleasure, wealth and fame are found

Must let no effort be undone
To keep the foothold he has won,
For, should he fall, 'tis certain then
He'll never climb that height again.

HAYMAKING.

THEIR homage men pay to the mowing machine
Which does all the work of a dozen as one,
And, cutting a passageway smoothly and keen,
Keeps steadily on till its labor is done ;
But I like to remember the primitive way
When I joined with my fellows to gather the hay,
And labor was pleasantly tempered by play.

The sweep of the scythe as it came and it went,
And the fall at its swish of the green crescent swath ;
The swing of the mower with body well-bent, . . .
As the steel gave him room on its pitiless path :
The pause for a moment each haymaker made,
When the grass clogged a little and progress was stayed,
And the clickety-click as he whetted the blade.

The farmer behind with the fork in his grip
To scatter the ridges of grass to the light,
Grim, busy and steady, no smile on his lip,
And a hope that the work would be over by night ;
His glances were cast now and then to the sky, . . .
And in fear that some sign of a rain storm was nigh,
He watched every cloud that went lazily by.

The fun of the nooning out under the trees
Where the dainties I mowed as my scythe had the grass,

Where I lolled back in hope of a puff of the breeze,
And saw the gay butterflies flutter and pass,
And laughed at some worn, but yet ever new joke,
And felt my heart beat with a trip-hammer stroke
When to her I loved dearly another one spoke.

The calm hush of noonday was pleasantly stirred
By the buzz of our voices, the noise of our glee;
And once in a lull cometh notes of a bird,
Undisturbed by our presence, far up in a tree.
We sat at our ease as we chatted and laughed,
While our mugs of cool switchel we carelessly quaffed,
And thought that Jove's nectar ne'er equalled the draught.

But the frolic next day was the best of it all,
When in windrows they raked the dried grass as it lay,
The girls with us then—there was one, Katy Ball,
Our neighbor's fair daughter, who helped with the hay.
I wore her sunbonnet and she wore my hat—
I dare say I looked like a great, awkward flat;
But what did I care at the moment for that?

For at night when we loaded our wains with the crop
Till they seemed like dark blots on a background of sky,
And Katy with me rode in one on the top,
What monarch in state was so happy as I?
With my darling, all blushes, enthroned by my side,
I sat there in tremulous pleasure and pride—
Dear Katy! ah, black was the day when she died!

A wonderful thing is your mowing machine,
That sweeps o'er the meadow in merciless way;
But I sigh for the scythe, curved and tempered and keen,
And the labor and joy of the earlier day;

I sigh for the toil that was mingled with fun,
The contentment we felt when the end had been won,
And the sound, peaceful slumber when daylight was done.

The lush grass of Lehigh, it grows as of yore,
The hay smells as sweetly, the sun is as bright ;
But all the old glory of hay-time is o'er,
And the toil of the season has lost its delight ;
The scythe and the hay rake are hung up for show,
The fork gives the tedder its place in the row ;
And gone are the joys of the loved long ago.

THE ROADSIDE SPRING.

TALL houses crowd the rising ground, where stood the
woods before,
But still unchanged the crystal spring and as it was of yore—
The yellow log through which it wells, its bottom strewn
with sand,
The gourd hung on the alder bough, so ready to the hand,
The lush grass growing on the edge, the bushes drooping
low—
It is the same old roadside spring of fifty years ago.

Here one time was the grazing farm where I was born and
bred ;
There stood the farm-house—they have built a mansion
there instead ;
This street was once the turnpike road, o'er which in drought
or rain
There used to pass, on creaking wheels, the Conestoga
wain ;

And here, however given was he a stronger draught to take,
The driver always stopped awhile his ceaseless thirst to slake.

How frequent, on my way to school, I tarried at the brink,
And looked within its crystal depth before I bent to drink.
There is no change—the water still the purest and the
best ;
That gourd—it seems the very same my lips so often
pressed ;
The grass around is quite as green ; the log as mossy seems ;
How vividly the past comes back, like figures seen in
dreams!

Out yonder stands a church, whose spire is piercing through
the air,
Where stood the schoolhouse in a field of grass and bushes
bare ;
A little wooden house it was, one-storied, narrow, low—
Old Griffin was the teacher then ; he died here long ago ;
Hard-featured, stern—the neighbors said he was a learned
man :
One thing he knew beyond all doubt—the use of his rattan.

Down that side street, so thickly built, the path lay to the
glen—
The short road to the village mill ; they've arched the
stream since then.
That dusty, dun, three-storied mill, with ever open door ;
The champing brutes that bore the grist ranged in a row
before ;
The black wheel turning slowly round, the water falling
free ;
The clatter and the whirl within—how plain they are to me.

Mill, woodland, schoolhouse, field and farm—they all have
passed away ;
This is a strange and alien land wherein I stand to-day ;
The scenes of youth I longed to see, at my approach have
fled ;
Here is the burial place of dreams, and here the past lies
dead ;
And yet one verdant spot remains within the desert drear,
One oasis within the waste—the roadside spring is here.

HELEN.

THE Winter of my life is here :
Leafless the trees around appear :
The straggling sunbeams faintly glow ; .
Sheeted the dying year in snow ;
Yet memory, at three score and ten,
Creates life's early Spring again.

Before these worn and dimming eyes
What phantoms of the past arise !
The lost love of my early days
Appears to my enraptured gaze :
And then events before me pass
Like figures in Agrippa's glass.

Where green Passaic foaming sweeps
By grassy slopes and rocky steeps,
My Helen dwelt, no fairy she,
And yet it ever seemed to me,
All coarser things from thence were banned,
The place around her fairy land.

She was a child, and I a child,
Both born within the woodland wild ;
We roamed together playmates there ;
I cared not were she swart or fair ;
But when to womanhood she grew
My soul her wondrous beauty knew.

'Twas sunset. At the gate we stood ;
We had been wandering in the wood,
Gathering the flowers beneath the trees,
The bluets and anemones,
And these within her hand she held
When tongue to speak my heart impelled.

I said—I know not what I said ;
Blushing, my darling drooped her head
(Her heart's blood showing through the thin
And delicate confine of her skin),
And, sinking on my throbbing breast,
Without a word her love confessed.

Sunny the morn when we were wed ;
The day of June its fragrance shed ;
The breath of roses filled the air ;
The birds sang tunes beyond compare :
Earth changed to heaven, life grew divine,
For I was hers and she was mine.

Two happy years—then evermore
The Springtime of my life gave o'er.
Upon a dark and gloomy day
We bore to earth her lifeless clay,
And left her to her lonely rest,
Her new-born babe upon her breast.

I was alone—I am alone ;
Though forty years have slowly flown ;
No other mate was mine since then ;
I did not care to mate again ;
My heart was locked and barred, and she
There in her coffin held the key.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, all have passed,
And aged Winter holds me fast ;
And yet, beneath my memory fond,
As though through some enchanter's wand,
Above the ice, above the snows,
Blossom the lily and the rose.

BARTON GEER.

HERE, from the red-brick forests to the greener,
From dusty streets to grassy rural ways, .
I come with quiet heart and calm demeanor,
To find, while fixing on this scene my gaze,
The mind grow clearer, and the vision keener,
The spirit piercing through its mental haze.

No tinge of wrong to darken sinless matter ;
No grasping avarice, and no sordid fear ;
No stooping in this place to fawn or flatter ;
No greed of gain, as in a city, here—
Ah! how such language sounds like bitter satire
While looking at the house of Barton Geer!

Yonder it stands—the great stone buildings by it,
Stables and barns, one time with plenty lined—

Where a wild spendthrift wasted gold in riot
Gay in the present, to the future blind,
While Barton Geer himself in mouldering quiet,
Lay in his grave, his riches left behind.

There were no arts devised to heap up treasure
Too low for Barton's use; no cunning mode
Too vile for him; too base he found no measure;
He gained his goal by any crooked road;
To see his riches grow his only pleasure;
"Get when you can," comprised his moral code.

"Cheating can't prosper," here nor yet hereafter,
And even knaves should hence refrain to cheat;
He gave such musty proverbs scornful laughter,
Relaxed no grip no matter who'd entreat,
And, though you filled his house from sill to rafter
With victims' moans, would think it music sweet.

Though through his life to impulse kind defiant,
He left his wealth a hospital to build;
And, doing that, upon his craft reliant,
Being in devices eminently skilled,
Was his own lawyer, with a fool for client,
With his own will, and failed in what he willed.

A bachelor, he had one kinsman solely,
A distant cousin whom he hated much,
And whom he swore, with many an oath unholy,
Should never his possessions hold or touch,
Not even when their owner's form lay lowly,
And its cold hands no more his gold could clutch.

They broke the will; the one so fiercely hated
Was held the heir, and took the wealth of Geer;

It was not long ere that was dissipated—
Drinking and gaming swept it in a year.
What came by wrong, to go by wrong was fated ;
Who earned, who spent—both bodies moulder here.

Slight traces of them now ; few have a notion
Which was the miser, which the spendthrift heir ;
The heaving billows of Time's restless ocean
Shall soon their memory to oblivion bear ;
Yet evermore, with ever-ceaseless motion,
New life moves on, and nature is as fair.

I stand where lived the twain ; the wind, gay rover,
The sweets it steals from blossoms, scatters free ;
The blue, unclouded sky is bending over ;
The birds they flit and twitter in yon tree ;
The bees are droning as they milk the clover—
What now am I to Geer, or Geer to me?

THE COUNTRY-BOY'S LETTER.

You needn't tell me of the frolic and glee
Down there, in the holiday days ;
With the rattle and rush, and the snow and the slush,
Of the big city's crowded ways ;
The people all frown if you holla in town ;
You never dare show them your joy,
Nor whistle or shout, if in-doors or out ;
And that's rather hard on a boy.

But here, in the morn, when John sounds the horn,
I look at my snares and my traps ;
And they're always complete, for I'm not to be beat
In such things by the neighboring chaps.

I can yell as I go over hard-crusted snow
 Where the doodridges* grow by the rocks,
 To see if each noose be tightened or loose,
 Or if bunny be caught in a box.

When Betty avers that great trouble is hers,
 With the oven not fit for the bread,
 The axe then I ply, and the great chips they fly,
 At the wood-pile under the shed.
 As the dry billets in I bring with a grin,
 If Betty complain of the rout,
 I say: "What would *you* for the oven-wood do
 If you hadn't a young man about?"

While grandfather there in his straight-backed chair,
 O'er yesterday's newspaper pores,
 Or sinks in a nap, I get mittens and cap,
 And go on a lark out of doors.
 With my sled off I dash and then like a flash
 I coast from the slope of the hill,
 Or strap on my skates with their newly-ground plates,
 At the pond by the old grey mill.

To the post-office then with one of our men
 I ride in the two-horse sleigh;
 And John never complains that I handle the reins,
 But lets me drive all the way.
 But Dobbin and Ball, they don't like it at all,
 For I won't stand fooling, you see;
 On John they play tricks, but afraid of my licks,
 They never cut capers with me.

* Plum-leaved Viburnum. This boy must be somewhere in New York State or Northern New Jersey. Farther South they call it "sheep-berry."

For the rest of the day I just take my own way,
And always have fun at a pinch ;
I've a man built of snow in the hollow below,
And high—he's six feet if an inch.
And mother, why she's making something for me—
A ball, stuffed with rubber and yarn ;
And when Perkin's Bill he comes over the hill,
Don't we have such high times in the barn?

The shell-barks I've got, you should see what a lot,
And with apples the bins are all full ;
There are bushels of pears in the drawers by the stairs ;
And father has sold the old bull.
Last summer, you know, the bull frightened you so,
And you ran and crawled under the fence ;
'Twas only a cow, not the bull, anyhow—
I thought city boys had more sense.

You write of your fun, and you think we have none,
But you'd better believe we have some
At this time of the year ; so join me out here—
Coax your mother, and she'll let you come.
Bring skates and some twine—I've used all of mine—
And some snares I'll soon fix up for you ;
We'll skate and we'll trap, and coast, too, old chap ;
But don't bring a sled—I have two.

RACHEL MAYNE.

No change I see, though seven long years
In foreign lands away ;
What struck before the eyes and ears
I see and hear to-day.

The blue jay's harsh and chattering note
Surmounts the hum of bees ;
The oriole in his flaming coat
Flits through the apple-trees ;

The sheep upon the hillside browse,
The colts in pasture scour ;
In yonder close the patient cows
Await the milking-hour.

There is the house where I was born,
Long past from me and mine ;
The red barn there to which at morn
I went to feed the kine.

There is the swape above the well ;
There spread the fields of maize ;
The osiers edge the marshy fell,
As in my early days.

The mill is there ; the stream flows free,
Piercing the grassy plain ;
But where is she who waits for me,
My darling, Rachel Mayne ?

I loved her in the olden time
As few have loved before ;
And now, when in my manhood's prime,
I love her even more.

I asked her father for her hand,
And these the words he said :
" Who has not gold, nor herds, nor land
Should not with maiden wed.

" For seven long twelvemonths Jacob wrought
His Rachel to obtain ;
The wealth seven years to you have brought
May buy you Rachel Mayne.

" Hope of reward, that toil impels,
Your lagging life may spur ;
Seek other lands, where Fortune dwells,
And win both wealth and her."

Then here we parted, I and she,
With many tears and sighs ;
But ever since has dwelt with me
Her tender, love-lit eyes.

Why comes she not? Why stays she now,
When she has naught to fear?
Has she forgot the parting vow
She made to meet me here?

I wrote her, ere my vessel sailed,
To meet me of her grace,
If she in truth had never failed,
At our old trysting-place.

Why comes she not? The sun is high ;
The hour of noon has passed ;
Or means she first my love to try,
To bless me at the last?

Perchance my letter missed. Therein
The reason doubtless lies.
I'll seek her, then, her home within,
And give her glad surprise.

A strange way, through the churchyard, this,
 To reach my darling's side ;
 Through death's own home to seek for bliss,
 O'er tombs to gain a bride.

And here a tombstone, gay and tall,
 The marble yet unsoiled.
 The name! She meets me, after all!
 Was it for this I've toiled?

She is not dead! She could not die!
 The letters blaze like fire!
 Why, I came here to-day to buy
 My dear one from her sire.

I have the price ; where is the ware?
 Ah, me! why idly rave?
 My life is with my Rachel there ;
 My heart is in her grave.

GOING HOME.

IT matters little whose the negligence,
 If engineer or switchman were at fault—
 A crash within the tunnel, known from thence
 Through all the country round as " Deadman's Vault ;"
 And so, brought from the darkness into day,
 Twelve mangled victims, dead or dying, lay.

They sent for me to learn if human art
 Could save the lives of such as were not past
 The surgeon's skill, and doing there my part
 In mercy's work, I came upon at last

One hapless sufferer, crushed in every limb—
A shattered wreck, there was no hope for him.

True, he was young in years, and youth is strong,
But drink had stolen all vigor from his frame ;
Whether through weakness, or to drown a wrong,
Or sink the memory of some deed of shame,
He fell so low, 'tis useless now to pry—
He could not bear the shock, and so must die.

He seemed to know it too. "No use in skill,"
He told me calmly, "for my race is run ;
A life ill-spent could only end in ill ;
I shall not live to see the setting sun."
"I'll write—" I said. He stopped me there. "Not so!
'Twould kill my mother—she must never know.

"I've been a wanderer with no aim in life,
Not even to live, and now my life is lost ;
I'm old in heart, if not in years ; the strife
Waged in the past is over to my cost.
But promise this: When I am laid to rest,
That none remove what lies upon my breast."

I promised him, then crept upon his eye
The film of death, his breath grew short and fast,
He gasped and shuddered, drew a heavy sigh—
"Mother," he murmured, "I am home at last!"
Through the prone body came a sudden thrill,
His fingers clenched, unclosed—then all grew still.

I found a packet on his breast where lay
A well-worn letter and a tress of hair ;
The hair was fine and soft and silver-grey ;
The writing in the letter neat and fair.

"Dear son," it said; no date, no place it bore;
'Twas signed "your loving mother," and no more.

I did not read it; what therein was writ
God knows, she knew, and knew the dead; I gave
The packet rest upon his bosom; it
Went with its owner to his nameless grave.
None ever knew his name; he sleeps alone;
The turf is o'er his body, but no stone.

And she, that loving mother, she shall wait
While lingers life, her prodigal's return;
For him remains unlatched the yearning gate,
For him the fire shall glow, the lamp shall burn;—
Nor shall she know that he, her hope and pride,
Fixing his thoughts on her in dying, died.

And who would tell her? Who all hope would crush?
She lives expectant, and such life is joy;
And when alone she sits, upon her rush
Sweet, pleasant memories of her wandering boy.
So shall she live and love and watch and pray—
She shall know all upon the final day.

BARKER'S BOY.

YONDER he goes, that lad of fourteen years,
Denounced by people as "that Barker's boy;"
Cause of his father's wrath, his mother's tears;
Plague of the house, the neighborhood's annoy,
As nuisance branded;

He breaks the palings of the garden fence ;
Throws stones at nothing, reckless where they fall ;
Pounds the tin pan with dinning vehemence ;
And chalks queer figures on the red brick wall,
In style free-handed.

He climbs the trees—his clothes were made to tear,
He kicks the stones—the cobbler needs employ ;
His whoops and yells rise shrilly on the air ;
In aimless mischief lies his chiefest joy,
All quiet scorning ;

Sunburned and freckled, turbulent, untamed,
Cats flee his presence, pet dogs keep aloof ;
For all unfathered damage he is blamed ;
Subject of finger-threatening, sharp reproof,
And angry warning.

You look upon him as the village pest ;
You greet him with a cold, forbidding frown,
Or smile contemptuous at his strange unrest,
And feel a strong desire to batter down
His way defiant ;

But, tell me! did you come to being then,
Cast at beginning in a perfect mould,
Ready at birth to take your place with men,
Self-poised, self-regulated, self-controlled,
And self-reliant?

I think that all true men have had his ways—
At least were quite as thoughtless at his age :
And, notwithstanding Weems, the preacher, says,
That Washington as boy was grave and sage,
I doubt the story ;

Bacon and Newton both at marbles played,
Engaged in mischief, and were flogged at times ;
Cæsar his father troubled—had he stayed
Always a boy, his life had fewer crimes,
And he, less glory.

This Barker's boy is ill-conditioned, quite ;
Yet in the wildest nature ever seen,
The darkest spot is not without its light ;
The arid waste has still one spot of green
To half relieve it ;

And when I heard that wrinkled Granny Jones,
Who dwells in yonder hovel, weak of limb,
Poor, lone, and friendless, spoke in feeling tones
Her lively sense of gratitude to him,
I could believe it.

When that old woman sick and bed-fast lay,
Shunned by her neighbors as reputed witch,
That boy of Barker served her day by day,
As tenderly as she were great and rich,
Through kindness only ;

Begged food and fuel, brought the doctor there,
And coaxed his mother to old granny's side ;
Roused older people's sympathy through his prayer ;
Without his care the woman might have died,
Unhelped and lonely.

Therefore restrain your stern forbidding looks :
Kindness is best to move a heart that's kind ;
Your model boy lives but in story-books,
And there dies young ; if not to errors blind,
See traits redeeming ;

Wait till his manhood to its height is bred ;
Wait till the froth of youth has blown away,—
Till older shoulders find an older head,
And on the last behold the kindly ray
Of virtue beaming.

THE OLD HOME.

HITHER I come now years have sped,
With trembling limbs and footsteps slow,
My heart unchanged, but on my head
The crown of age's snow.

Before me yonder river lies,
And overhead extend the vines ;
Upon the bluff in gloom arise
The grim and wizard pines.

Though man and time have altered not
The house, the orchard, and the lawn,
The olden pleasure of the spot
I find forever gone.

There are no more the lofty trees
That one time lined the river shores ;
Shorn or decayed, I find but these
Two hollow sycamores.

Where once upon the burdened wain
In harvest time I often rode,
Weed-overgrown, I see the lane
That bears no more a load.

The garden trim that once I knew
A thistly wilderness succeeds ;
And where a thousand blossoms grew
There are but noxious weeds.

The spring that from the hillside burst
With sparkling flow and pure and clear,
At which I often quenched my thirst,
Oozes impurely here.

The huge, wide barn, whose threshing-floor
To mind long hours of frolic brings,
Remains, and to it as of yore
The five-leaved creeper clings.

But where are those who shared my play,
The friends in childhood dear to me—
The darling of a later day,
Sweet Alice, where is she?

From where the past unbars its door
A flood of sudden splendor gleams,
And there she stands in sight once more,
The lady of my dreams.

The vision fades—she is not here ;
A shade of gloom succeeds instead ;
The ghosts of former things appear,
I stand amid the dead.

Dead all my childhood's hopes and fears ;
Dead those my early lifetime knew ;
The feelings of my early years
Are dead and buried too.

Hoping with careful providence
 To save it for a later day,
 Ere my ambition lured me hence
 I hid the past away.

Now to its hiding-place alone
 I eager come at early dawn,
 And memory rolls away the stone
 To find the treasure gone.

 DORA LEE.

THE brown log-cabin in the sandy valley,
 Built at the base of Flat Top mountain tall,—
 Mountain, from whence the winds at morning sally,
 To hold harsh converse with the waterfall,—
 The waterfall, that o'er the rock is pouring
 Its sheeted glory to the pool below,
 While overhead, arrested by its roaring,
 The eagle floats, self-balanced, sailing slow,—
 The yellow-beaked and mighty-taloned eagle,
 With sunk, keen eye, and forest-scaring scream,
 Self-borne aloft, with manner more than regal,
 And heart undaunted o'er the brawling stream,—
 The stream, that moves along in rapid motion,
 Of kisses rudely ravishing the shore,
 Then hurrying on to seek the distant ocean,
 In which it shall be lost for evermore:—
 Cabin and mountain, waterfall and eagle,
 Stream, shore, and mighty trees that line the shore,
 What demons of my fate combine and league ill,
 That I may see you never—nevermore?

That I have loved you with an earnest feeling,
Even as a mother loved the babes she nursed ;
That in your presence joy was o'er me stealing
To my last glance from when I saw you first ;
That ye were dear to me, as to a lover
The form whereon his vision loves to dwell,—
It needed not to any to discover ;
It needed not these words the truth to tell.
My early thoughts, my earliest—yea! my only,
Were on your beauties and your simple truth ;
And here in this filled city I am lonely,
Apart from you—from you, dear scenes of youth.
Around you cling those deep-hued recollections,
Whose tendrils grasp the grey cliffs of the past,
And climb to where the hovering reflections—
Dark, lowering clouds—the sky have overcast.
Ye are so dear from thoughts of past time gladness—
Gladness I fear no more on earth for me ;
Dearer from many memories tinged with sadness ;
And dearest from the thoughts of Dora Lee.

Sweet Dora Lee! Thy name is not for singing ;
No music in the words save to mine ears ;
Yet my life's poetry around it clinging
Made rhythm to my soul for many years.
Thine was a spirit sweet and pure and holy ;
Thy delicate form a wood-nymph's, as it should
By right have been, for though of lineage lowly,
Thine heir-loom was the beauty of the wood.
The glory of the mountain on thee streaming,
Became thy garment, and thine eyes were born
Of the sun's rays, through boughs above thee gleaming,
Warm, bright and genial, in the early morn.
The quiet of the deep old woods around thee
Had crept within and nestled in thy heart ;

And guilelessness with his tiara drowned thee—
To win my fondness being thine only art.
Thy soul sank into mine, and tender yearning
Went from our mingled spirits, each to each,
To show what shows not in a scholar's learning,
That feelings speak more audibly, than speech.

Oh, cabin brown! low-roofed and fast decaying!
No kin of mine now dwell within your walls;
Around your ruins now the grey fox straying
His step arrests, and to his fellow calls.
The mountain, round whose tops the winds are blowing,
Still rears its form as lofty to the gaze;
The waterfall yet roars; the stream is flowing
As wildly as it did in other days;
The eagle soars as he was wont; his screaming
Is heard o'erhead as loudly as when I,
Shading my vision from the sun's hot beaming,
Looked up to note his dark form on the sky.
Yet I shall see him not; nor hill, nor valley,
Nor waterfall, nor river rushing on;
And though they rise around continually,
'Tis that they are in constant memory drawn.
There are they figured deeply as an etching
Worked on soft metal by strong hands could be;
And in the foreground of that life-like sketching,
She stands most life-like—long lost Dora Lee.



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

HERE, at my chamber window, I
Watch painted cutters gliding by,
And see, along the crowded street,
The horses dash with flinging feet :
But little do I reckon of those
As memory's current backward flows

A winter scene of early days
Is spread before the inner gaze—
The pleasant hours from dark to dawn,
When by the stout farm horses drawn,
The sledges, with their laughing loads,
Went swiftly o'er the Mansfield roads.

John Scudder, in his four-horse sleigh,
Four couples in it, led the way ;
A dozen others in a string,
With shouts that made the night-air ring,
While in my cutter, following fast
Myself and Betty came the last.

What cared we two that those ahead
Faster upon the white road sped?
And what cared I if we should win
Later our welcome at the inn?
She sat beside me—thoughts of her
Even now these pulses thrill and stir.

Past houses where the sleepers lay
Unwakened by the watch-dog's bay,

Through patches of the woodland where
The leafless trees rose gaunt and bare,
Through drifts our horses scarce could tread,
With songs and laughter on we sped.

How wild the pleasure of that night,
Careering o'er the snow-waste white!
How tinkled musically clear
Our bells within the atmosphere!
How gay our mirth and wild our din
When once we reached M'Ardle's Inn!

The old Scotch landlord, bluff and loud,
A ready welcome gave the crowd,
Made hostlers take our brutes to stall,
Gave us what drink we chose to call,
Then led us to the great, wide room
Where tallow-dips dispelled the gloom.

The fiddler in his corner there
Sat ready in his backless chair;
And soon the rustic belles and beaux
Ranged down the room in double rows,
Waiting the music light and sweet
To set in motion eager feet.

Old Sol, the fiddler, jolly one,
Named after David's royal son,
(Though little did that Solomon know
Save how to handle fiddle-bow,)
Bent down his woolly pate and grey,
Stamped his left foot, and sawed away.

Then every one on pleasure bent
Danced all night long to heart's content,

Wound and unwound, and in and out
 Moved through the wild, fantastic rout,
 Changing their partners oft and free ;
 But Betty danced alone with me.

Then swiftly, at the dawning grey,
 My steel-shod cutter made its way,
 With Betty, promised as my bride,
 Well-wrapped, and snuggled at my side,
 The cold, blue heavens bending o'er,
 And Dobbin dashing on before.

Betty is dead, the rest have gone ;
 But still the stream moves slowly on ;
 An old man, lone and friendless now,
 With wrinkles on my cheeks and brow,
 I sit and watch the jingling sleighs
 Swift gliding o'er the city ways.

MILLY.

THE bellows in the stithy sighs and moans, -
 Upon the anvil rings the metric hammer,
 While, mingling with the sharp, metallic tones,
 Some idlers' voices aid to swell the clamor.
 I peer within ; the smith, with skillful blow,
 Fashions a shoe to fit yon fractious filly ;
 He's not the one who, forty years ago,
 Worked here, and had a pretty daughter, Milly.

My mind goes back to childhood's spring again,
 Though now my life has reached its wintry weather,

When she was seven, and I scarce more than ten,
And we, on week days, went to school together.
The school-boys, when they saw me walk with her,
Said I was half a girl, and called me silly ;
They knew not how my heart within would stir
At every word and glance of gentle Milly.

Ten years rolled on, and she had grown more shy,
And I more bashful when I chanced to meet her ;
But when we threw our childish friendship by,
We found instead a feeling deeper, sweeter.
What if we both were poor? Who cares in youth,
When hearts are warm, if fortune should be chilly?
Our common store was in our common truth ;
Milly was rich in me, and I in Milly.

What castles in the air we builded then!
For coming happiness what artless scheming!
Ah! of all pleasant thoughts entrancing men,
The sweetest is the raptured lover's dreaming!
But older heads than ours our future planned ;
We youngsters thought their action to be silly
When they sent me to seek another land
To win a fortune, parting me and Milly.

We, tearful, parted then ; and, far away,
I toiled straight on, my quest of wealth rewarded ;
I kept my love intact for many a day,
My vows of truth within my heart recorded ;
But gaining much begat the thirst for more ;
Love before avarice lifeless grew and stilly ;
Absence has deadened thoughts of long before ;
Here I return, but not to look for Milly.

I would not see her now—the lingering kiss,
The tender, sweet embrace when last we parted—
These—these—but stay! What apparition's this,
So like, that sudden into life has started?
She's coming to the forge. Dark violet eyes,
Hair like the sun, complexion like the lily;
She has her face, her grace, and even her size—
What is your name, my child? I thought so—Milly.

She calls her sire to dinner. Yes! I know
The story plain—the whole is clear as water;
The faithless Milly wedded long ago,
And here we have another blacksmith's daughter.
I'll back unto my money-bags again;
I must to avarice yield me willy-nilly;
One sigh for olden memories, and then
Bury the past, and with it thoughts of Milly.

THE HICKORY FIRE.

AMONG the things I most admire,
Is the cheerful light of a hickory fire.

I like to sit and watch the blaze,
That over the back log curls and plays,

But more I like the cherry glow,
With orange and blue, in the coals below.

The embers open a book to me,
And wonderful pictures its pages be.

They bring back images from the vast,
The shadowy, half-forgotten past.

My early trouble and early pain,
And early joy come back again.

There are the Schuylkill's sloping hills,
Its grand old trees, and singing rills.

And there the nook wherein one day
We sat and dreamed the hours away.

But she has gone with her violet eyes ;
Within the church-yard old she lies.

But she has gone with her locks of gold,
And I am childless, grey and old.

It changes now to a glowing red—
My present life before me spread.

Little in that to please I see—
The present is too well known to me.

Again a change—a burned stick falls ;
Sparks arise, and a city's walls.

This is the future now I spy,
With the boundless grasp of a dreamer's eye.

There castle and palace, baton and crown,
Rise from the depths and tumble down.

Riches so vast they pass all count ;
A height it makes one giddy to mount.

And thus for riches, and thus for sway,
I come to my hickory fire alway.

Lamp of the genius never I need,
Nor the wondrous ring of the great Djemsheed.

For I cross the sticks at an angle—so,
For flame above, and for air below.

I pile the dry logs high and higher,
I grasp the poker, and stir the fire ;

And want how much whatever I may,
I start to dreamland right away.

Is it a wonder that I admire
The cheerful light of a hickory fire?

Or is it strange that I love to gaze,
Dreamily on its flickering blaze?

The storm outside may whistle and roar,
The sleet may drive, the hail may pour.

What does it matter then to me,
So long as these pleasant things I see ;

And visions of past and future days
Rise in the fire to the old man's gaze?



SNOW.

Now thicker and quicker the flakes appear
In the grey of the speckled atmosphere ;
Hither and thither they heave and toss
Till the roofs grow white with the wintry moss ;
Froward and toward the wild snow shifts
In whirls and eddies, in sheets and drifts—

 Whatever it touches it blanches ;
It forms new shapes at the breeze's whim ;
Alights and crawls on the oak-tree's limb ;
Covers the dead, unsightly leaves ;
Builds its nest at my cottage eaves ;
Swings from the top of the gloomy pine ;
Feathers the tendrils and twigs of the vine ;
 And creeps through the red cedar's branches.

Sweeps to the westward the tempest away ;
The deep-blue above us has conquered the grey ;
Yet warmth is asleep in the rays of the sun ;
Light lies the snow though its falling be done ;
Crouch in their mantle the evergreen leaves ;
No water-drops drip from the snow-burdened eaves

 On the twigs of the leafless clematis ;
Before me I see the cold regions that lie
Where the northern aurora shoots up on the sky
Where over the snow, in their light sledges go
The broad-visaged Lapp and the dwarf Eskemo ;
And thus may I gaze at the scintillant rays
That in boreal regions bewilder and blaze ;
 And yet never stir from my lattice.

What to me now are the wonderful homes
That are carved in the caverns of earth by the gnomes?
What if I never the palace have seen
Which the slaves of the Lamp raised for young 'Alla Deen?
Here I behold in the splendor of noon,
What no teller of tales to the Caliph Haroun,
 Ever dreamed in his wildest of fancies ;
Rubies and topazes break into blaze ;
Opals are throwing out rainbows in rays ;
Diamonds, emeralds, sapphires their light
Dart like the sheen of a sabre in fight ;
Column and architrave, cornice and freize
Rise on the fences and spring from the trees ;
 The elves have come out of romances.

Bright is the scene as the dream of a child
Which you read when he started in slumber and smiled ;
Calm as the lives of our Parents, ere sin
To the Garden of Eden, a serpent, crept in ;
Pure as the love that the mother possest,
When first her first-born to her bosom she prest ;
 And glowing as fondness in woman ;
At the wide waste before me of crystalline white,
I gaze from the lattice in joy and delight,
And believe, though the sage at the fancy may frown,
When the flakes from their home in the sky flutter down,
So chaste in their nature, so pure in their glow,
That the tears of the angels are frozen to snow,
 As they weep for the sins that are human.



THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

A LONE old man, I stand again
Within this wild and rocky glen,
And here the mountain stream I ken—

The rocks and trees, the beryl rill,
The lilac mist of yonder hill,
The autumn landscape calm and still.

How plainly here my memory sees,
By yonder rock beneath the trees,
Two lovers—I am one of these.

Each of each other seems a part,
And one betrays that bashful art
Which shows the blossoming of the heart.

My eyes are filled with happy light ;
My tide of joy is at its height ;
I am a king who reigns by right.

Through love in her a rapture glows ;
Her face the varying feeling shows—
'Tis now a lily, now a rose.

She stands there, half in shame, half pride,
The cherry-lipped and violet-eyed,
Timidly nestling at my side.

At times she pales, as from a thought
That granting me the love I sought
Some evil to us both has wrought.

We loved ; we parted, pledged fore'er,
The joys and woes of life to share ;
Truthless the vows that seemed so fair.

We parted never more to meet,
I to my path with tireless feet ;
She to another's kisses sweet.

'Tis idle now the past to seek ;
It boots not now of wrong to speak ;
But wealth is strong and woman weak.

She wedded well ; her mate was old,
Who let her way be uncontrolled ;
Then, dying, left her lands and gold.

She lives, a matron, old and grey,
" Respected much," the people say ;
I pass not in the lady's way.

Poor, lonely, childless is my lot,
The arrow of my fate o'ershot ;
She has all that which I have not.

Not as she is I would behold,
But see her as she was of old,
Now years on years have backward rolled.

With heart-thrill words can not express,
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I see her wondrous loveliness.

And here, to-day, by memory drawn,
The scene returns that long had gone ;
It fades ; the mountain stream moves on.

THE WESTERBRIDGE INN.

'Twas an old-fashioned tavern, all travellers said,
Where horsekind were baited, and mankind were fed,
Where they gave entertainment to man and to beast,
And the guests had enough, which was good as a feast ;
But the landlord who kept it, all folk understood
To be a curmudgeon and grasping and rude,
Who, loving no neighbor and having no friends,
Used meanness and falsehood to carry his ends ;
Cared not for the mode so the thing might be done ;
Cared not by what tricks or devices he won,
If by these he stocked larder and filled up his bin,
And customers brought to the Westerbridge Inn.

'Twas not that Dame Nature through anger or whim
Had given hard features to Anthony Grimm ;
'Twas not that his eyes had a sinister leer,
Creating distrust and awakening fear ;
'Twas not that he always was cruel of speech,
With tones that were mixture of mutter and screech ;
For hard-featured men with a look and a tone
That shock all beholders, rare goodness may own ;
Though homely in aspect their actions may be
From meanness and cruelty happily free ;
Or each, though his failings unnumbered may seem,
Some generous impulse may partly redeem.

But no generous impulse moved Anthony Grimm ;
Kind word or kind action seemed folly to him ;
The lean, starveling cur that would fawn for a crust,
And take your good-will and good-feeling on trust,

Never Anthony's nature a moment mistook,
But, drooping his tail, shrunk away at his look.
For Anthony boasted that while he would sell,
And for money give money worth fairly and well,
He never gave alms. "Let fools do it," said he,
"Such weakness as that makes no precept for me;
Good bread brings good money, and will every day;
I'd rather 'twould choke me than give it away."

Now it came on a day that was cloudy and damp,
Through the mud of the road trudged a beggarly tramp—
All ragged, and wretched, and pallid, and thin,
Having little outside him and nothing within;
Hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed, with a look that foretold
His body would shortly lie under the mould;
And he came where old Anthony sat by the door,
Having just at the moment no debts he must score,
And, timidly stopping, his hat in his hand,
Before the old landlord contrived to make stand,
And, bowing most humbly, imploringly said—
"I'd be thankful, kind sir, for a mouthful of bread."

"Bread!" cried Anthony—"bread, sir?"—then knitting his
brows,
"Perhaps you mean gin, and would like a carouse.
I never give bread—it is tasteless and dry;
I'd recommend something much better to try.
Here, John, bring a sandwich!—There, isn't that fine?
The whole village praises this sandwich of mine;
A man on such fare might dine, breakfast and sup—
It is something like eating to gobble it up."
And then, while the beggar expectant stood by,
Mouth watering, and hope and delight in his eye,
And the people around by the words had been drawn,
Ate the sandwich himself as the beggar looked on.

Such a change in the tramp! All his confident air
 Was turned to a wan, sullen look of despair;
 His skin lost all color, his jaw dropped, he shook
 As though with an ague—so wild was his look
 That old Anthony, seized with a spasm of mirth,
 Shook in laughter, then rolled from his chair to the earth,
 Where he writhed in convulsions, then motionless lay,
 While the beggar, recovering, went on his way.
 Still Anthony stirred not, though black in the face,
 And the neighbors around ran in haste to the place.
 They raised him—the morsel of bread he denied
 Had choked him, and so in his malice he died.

The inn stands decaying—the sign-post is down,
 The windows are paneless, the weatherboards brown,
 Half rotted the door-step; no mortal may dare
 For gain or for need to make residence there;
 For there at the noontime the passer may hear
 Strange sounds that impress him with horror and fear:
 A pitiful plaint from some beggar for bread,
 And words breathing hope, but deceivingly said;
 Then a wild shout of mirth rings from ground-floor to
 rafter,
 And silence—the silence of horror comes after.
 Slow crumbling to ruin, the Westerbridge Inn
 Tells the story of Anthony Grimm and his sin.

GUYANDOTTE MUSINGS.

I.

BENEATH this leafy maple
 No sunbeam droppeth down;
 Yet light surrounds my spirit,
 Here in the shadows brown—

Delight and love hold torches
To light the shadows brown.

My dear wife sits beside me,
Her hand is in my own ;
I see her downcast lashes,
I hear her voice's tone—
The distant bells of silver
Have not so sweet a tone.

Our Alice sings a ditty,
And wots not that we hear ;
Sad Mary hears the fancies
That whisper in her ear—
She sits and hears the stories
They whisper in her ear.

Sage Annie watches Alice,
For fear of some mishap ;
Little Florence is cooing and smiling
Upon her mother's lap—
Her closed hand in her baby mouth,
And she on her mother's lap.

Still darker grow the shadows
That drip from every limb ;
They wrap me in their folding,
The outer sense grows dim ;—
But the light within grows brighter,
Though all without be dim.

My thought is vague and dreamy,
And misty pictures pass ;
The hues are tangled together
At every turn of the glass—

Blue, scarlet, green and golden,
Whenever I turn the glass.

II.

I raise my eyes—all passes ;
And yonder " Backbone " stands,
With coat of grey and cap of green,
To watch the lower lands—
With coronet of oak trees
To guard the lower lands.

And all my pleasant musings
Are idle ones to-day ;
My home, my wife, my children,
Are many miles away—
I linger here no longer—
To saddle and away.

III.

My feet are in the stirrups,
The reins my fingers press ;
My mare, with black mane flowing,
Neighs loud at my caress—
With nostrils wide distended,
She neighs at my caress.

Faster, black mare of the mountains,
Rival the wind in thy speed ;
They are watching at home for the master,
They listen the tramp of his steed—
A welcome waits the master,
A stable waits the steed.

The fond, ideal picture
That met my spirit's gaze,

Shall soon be true and real
 Beside the hearth-fire blaze—
 And ardent be the welcome
 Beside the hearth-fire blaze.

And thou, my good companion,
 Shalt share this joy of mine ;
 Annie shall bring thee white cake,
 And Mary bring thee wine—
 And thou shalt eat the wheat loaf,
 And drink the draught of wine.

Fresh oats shall fill thy manger,
 Sweet hay thy couch shall be ;
 And all because of my musings
 Beneath the maple tree—
 The maple on Guyandotte river,
 Where thou didst wait for me.

BARBARA AND I.

THE darling little Barbara! The best of friends were we,
 Though she was little more than nine, I nearly twenty-
 three ;
 And 'twas a pleasant thing, whene'er we two would chance
 to meet,
 To see her smile and nod her head, and blow me kisses
 sweet.

And this was why: Where Maple Creek cuts through the
 Piny Ridge,
 Some one (the stream grows narrow there) had felled a
 tree for bridge,

The pent-up torrent swiftly ran, and forty rods below
The cruel points of jagged rocks fretted to foam the flow.

Near that a famous fishing-place, and there, one day was I,
With rod in hand to seek for perch, when Barbara came by.
While on the bridge, she slipped and fell; I heard her sudden
scream ;
And plunging in, with desperate stroke, I bore her from
the stream.

Man likes what he has saved at risk ; not often in return
The one he rescues finds within a grateful feeling burn ;
But she was better than her kind ; and so it grew to be,
While I was fond of Barbara, she fonder was of me.

To search for wealth, I left my home to be away for years ;
Friends, smiling, wished me luck, but she was bathed in
childish tears.

"You're leaving little Barbara, who loves you," faltered
she.

"You'll soon forget ; she never will, wherever you may be."

The child was right. I soon forgot ; and, toiling year on
year,

I formed new ties, while passed from mind whatever had
been dear ;

And as from every stream of gain good fortune on me
rolled,

I thought no more of Barbara, but only lands and gold.

I fought for riches, and I won ; then, tired of toil at last,
With avarice sated, I returned when ten long years had
passed.

I sought old friends, and her as well; but when I met her
there,
The little Barbara had gone, and left a woman fair.

Ten years had changed the winsome maid, a little child no
more!

Little, indeed! a damosel who stood at five feet four,
A lovely girl, of cultured ways, as charming as could be,
Replaced the artless little one who had been fond of me.

The ways and days of years before had died and made no
stir:

While time had slowly walked with me, it swiftly fled with
her;

But that whene'er we met she blushed and trembled, look-
ing shy,

My uttermost philosophy could find no reason why.

I built a mansion on my farm (folk called it "Gimcrack
Hall"),

And fourteen lackeys wages paid to let me board them all;
Then mingled with the crowd of men, went through a
dreary round,

And when Miss Barbara I saw, bent with a bow profound.

At length a neighbor gave a "bee"—'tis fashionable
"tone,"

The rich should ape the rural ways, if country-seats they
own;

So, in a huge, capacious barn, of carven stone at that,
Upon the waxed and polished floor the well-dressed husk-
ers sat.

The gaping rustics ne'er had seen such bee as that before—
The ladies all on tabourets, the others on the floor;

But first they straws for partners drew, and so it was, you
see,
I sat in front of Barbara, who took the ears from me.

What din and chatter filled the barn! We steady worked
and still,
Till, all by chance, our fingers touched; then through me
passed a thrill;
My eyes met hers; her eyelids drooped; the place seemed
filled with light;
But when a red ear came to view I dared not claim my
right.

But why go on? The story's told. 'Twas at that husking-
bee
Was born my love for Barbara; not there her love for me;
For when I won confession fond she murmured soft and
low:
"The Barbara who loves you, loved you years and years
ago."

PAUL SEES THE LOVERS.

As at my casement here this bright May morning
I breathe the early air,
The opening of the shutters gives no warning
To yonder tender pair.

Their outer ears are closed to bar my presence,
My voice they have not heard,
So filled are they with Love's potential pleasance,
So deep their souls are stirred.

The beating of their souls in dulcet rhythm
Is all the sound they hear ;
The poetry of youthful life is with them,
Extending far and near.

He, fond and bashful, pleading, as before him
So many swains have done,
Feels at her silence clouds of doubt pass o'er him
That quite obscure the sun.

One hand of hers with apron-string is playing,
The other shades her eyes,
The while her ear drinks in what he is saying
With gladness, not surprise.

Their loving conference should have no witness,
None listen what they say,
Their secret has for secrecy such fitness ;
And hence I turn away.

But she, who, as her lover strives to woo her,
Looks down and blushes so,
Brings back Drusilla as I one time knew her
Not many years ago.

Memory, arch-sorcerer, with his wand extended,
Summons again the past ;
Youth, love and rapture all in one are blended,
And wretchedness at last.

Now part the gilded walls ; to dust they crumble,
My luxury disappears,
And I go back to that condition humble
I filled in early years.

The long green hills extending in the distance,
The sloping river shore,
The sandstone cliffs—all spring into existence
As in the long-before.

Nor are they in my eyes a sight of beauty
The gazer's eye to charm ;
But witnesses to most unwilling duty
Upon the country farm.

The red-clay farm where I was doomed to labor
Through all the seasons' change,
To plough, to mow, run errands to each neighbor,
And drive the kine to range.

Then, in young manhood, stands Drusilla near me
Beneath the elmen tree ;
She blushes as she pauses there to hear me,
The maid so dear to me.

And now at last her smiling promise winning
To be one day my wife,
I feel that night is over, day beginning
To dawn upon my life.

Yet, ere a year, a richer lover sought her,
And won her, though a tyke ;
For was she not a rich man's only daughter?
Like ever flows to like.

Her father's farm lay next to ours ; with tillage
Its fertile acres smile ;
Thrice ours in size, extending from the village,
As the crow flies, a mile.

Another year ; the bitter pang was over,
And I had power to bear.
To a far land I bent my way, a rover,
To seek for fortune there.

Fortune became my slave ; I did but beckon,
And in my lap she poured
Such golden store that it grew hard to reckon
The total of my hoard.

I tired of avarice ; a feeling burning
To see old haunts again
Came over me, and hitherward returning,
I built this mansion then.

Why need I mourn that misery attended
Drusilla's wedded life?
Dead now, she lies beneath a tombstone splendid,
Who lived a wretched wife.

But they, the pair who stand before my villa,
Sweet fate to them befall.
May she not prove to be a false Drusilla,
Nor he another Paul.

THE IDYL OF THE PEACH.

THE golden Melacatoon is here ;
Its downy cheek has a ruddy flush,
And brings to mind my buried dear,
With gipsy skin and sunset blush,
The depths of her lustrous, liquid eyes
Filled to the brim with shy surprise,

When, standing there the leaves among,
I whispered love with faltering tongue,
And earnest strove the maid to woo
In the orchard where the peach-trees grew.

And I was young, and she was young,
And I was fond, and she was fair ;
The sunlight fondly stooped and flung
A flood of glory on her there ;
Sweeter than woodland minstrelsy
The tremulous tone of her voice to me,
As, drooping on my fluttering breast,
Her love she timidly confessed.
And earth seemed past and heaven in view
In the orchard where the peach-trees grew.

Beneath us there the meadows spread ;
Beyond the woodland waved its boughs ;
Some bird passed singing overhead,
Tuning its wild notes to our vows ;
But charms that nature there displayed
Drew no regard from youth and maid ;
Such rapture had the moment brought,
All things around to them were naught ;
Each all-in-all to each, the two,
In the orchard where the peach-trees grew.

And there we planned our future life,
When I should win a name and fold,
And back return to claim a wife
From her grim father, stern and old,
And she, till toil should conquer fate,
Would at the hearth-stone patient wait.
And so, with many a vow of truth,
Parted that day the maid and youth ;

And never met again those two
In the orchard where the peach-trees grew.

I won the name I strove to win,
I gained me wealth with toil, and then
I left behind the city's din
And sought the scenes of youth again.
Naught stood around that I had known;
I found the air and sky alone.
Gone was the meadow, gone the wood;
A mansion where the farmhouse stood;
And they had built a village new
In the orchard where the peach-trees grew.

They show me her neglected tomb—
A grave in the valley brier-grown,
A hollow where the bluets bloom,
Some remnants of a shattered stone,
Whereon the comer scarcely reads
A name among the moss and weeds;
That only brings the past to me,
And with the eyes of my heart I see
A loving pair unseen by you
In the orchard where the peach-trees grew.

Here in this Melacatoon you see
Only a luscious peach—no more;
It has a talisman's power for me
The early rapture to restore.
Returns with this the love that lies
Within my darling's dove-like eyes;
Her timid fingers touch my own;
Fills ear and soul that silvern tone;
She meets me, loving, fond, and true,
In the orchard where the peaches grew.

“A FINE DAY IN THE MORNING.”

THE sun had been gloomy; the clouds overhead
Were in doleful accord with my sorrow;
The pattering of rain made a dirge full of dread,
As I hopelessly feared for the morrow.
A tramp who for shelter stood under a tree,
Saw me look at the east where it darkened,
And, taking his pipe from his mouth, said to me,
As though to my thought-voice he hearkened—
“Just turn your eyes yonder, look upward and high
Where the sunset the west is adorning;
Streaks of crimson and gold light the gloom of the sky,
And we'll have a fine day in the morning.”

He was surely a most philosophical tramp,
With a figure well-knitted and burly;
He seemed, as he stood there, both hungry and damp,
But he neither looked sulky nor surly.
I had spurned him the moment before from the place,
Cold victuals and shelter denied him;
Yet he gazed with a placid content in my face,
As I gloomily stood there beside him.
“Yes,” he said, “for his own part he let the world go,
Its crosses and misery scorning;
He had learned, though 'twas cloudy at nightfall, to know
When we'd have a fine day in the morning.”

Of course, after that I refused him no more,
Gave him supper, poor wretch, in the kitchen,
And—first putting his pipe on the shelf o'er the door—
A bed in the barn, comfort rich in.

Next morning, well-fed, he went gaily away,
With thanks for the boon unexpected ;
But when I suggested hard work at fair pay,
He very serenely objected.
“ He felt much obliged for the offer,” he said,
“ But the state of his health gave him warning,
If he ever with labor fatigued went to bed,
He would have no fine day in the morning.”

Since then, when the world has been gloomy and sad,
And few hopes of success rose before me,
Whatever oppression of trouble I had,
Or whatever misfortune hung o'er me,
Instead of intently regarding the dark,
Or letting it fill me with sorrow,
I set myself out pleasant omens to mark,
And from them some comfort to borrow.
I turned my eyes westward, looked upward and high
For some sign more of promise than warning,
And sought for those warm, glowing tints in the sky
That foretold a fine day in the morning.

HOW HE WON MILLY.

BE sure that no woman worth winning
Will suffer to bid her farewell
The lover she loves, who is bashful
And fears his affection to tell.
Be she ever so modest and timid,
If loving, true-hearted and young,
Ere in silent despair he shall leave her,
Her wit will supply him a tongue.

If she love him, and know that he loves her,
But sees that his courage is weak,
Or his doubt makes him blind to her favor,
She'll give him the cue how to speak.
It was long years ago that I learned it—
(Dear memory that of my life!)
Since, but for some words that she faltered,
I had never won Milly for wife.

Young Milly, the red-lipped and bright-eyed,
With golden, rebellious curls,
That ne'er would lie still when she smoothed them,
And teeth with the lustre of pearls.
And oh! the white snow of her forehead;
And oh! the clear light of her eye;
The mind that was pure as a fountain,
The soul that broke forth in her sigh.

A sad life my love for her led me;
My heart-strings were all out of tune;
Her frowns were the clouds of October;
Her smiles were the sunshine of June.
And at last, in her fight for her freedom,
She told me, with fire in her eyes:
"Men are ever deceivers! I hate them,
As all maidens would, were they wise!"

That last drop the goblet brimmed over,
And I said, as I sprang to my feet:
"There never was one half so cruel,
There never was one half so sweet.
How much and how madly I love you
No language is able to tell;
But *I* am a man. Men—you hate them!
God bless you, my darling! Farewell."

With tears in my eyes from emotion,
 Half-blinded, I turned me to leave,
 When I felt her warm breath at my shoulder,
 And her nervous hand-clutch on my sleeve ;
 Her face it grew redder and redder,
 The hue of a peach next the sun,
 And she murmured : " The *men!* yes, I hate them ;
 But, Frank—I might manage—with—*one!* "

Ah! quick with my strong arms I pressed her
 To my heart, amid smiling and tears ;
 And there she has budded and blossomed
 In beauty for many long years.
 And now, when I think of that moment,
 My pulses they quicken and stir ;
 For I know we had parted forever
 Save for words that were uttered by her.

There she sits in her chair by the window,
 Scarce older to me by a day,
 Though her tresses have altered to silver,
 And years have flown noiseless away.
 You may say that her age is near fifty,
 That lines in her face I may see ;
 With you the lines deepen to wrinkles ;
 They're nothing but dimples to me.

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN.

ALONE, within the felon's dock,
 He waits the doom about to fall ;
 In look emotionless as rock,
 He stands unmoved amid them all.

The white-haired judge is speaking now
The doom that isolates from men ;
Nor shame nor terror cloud his brow ;
His thoughts are with his youth again.

His form is here, his soul is there
In yon rough land where he was bred ;
The court-room vanishes in air—
The Past is living, Present dead.

He sees the grand old granite hills,
In rude and jagged outline rise—
Their bushy slopes, their leaping rills,
Their misty tops, the steely skies.

There stands the farmhouse, roofed with moss ;
Its door, half open, idly swings :
And, where the elms their great arms toss,
A robin sits and gaily sings.

The wilding flowers the meadows yield
Their blossoms one by one unfold ;
And, sheeted o'er the pasture-field,
The daisies with their eyes of gold.

The mowers busy with their math,
Upon the sultry summer-day ;
And, as they toss the half-dried swath,
The odor of the new-mown hay.

The sheep that browse amid the rocks,
The kine at rest beneath the trees ;
And, playing gently with his locks,
The burning noontide's scanty breeze.

And she, the farmer's daughter fair,
With eyes of blue and lips of red,
And wealth of wavy, golden hair,
That made a halo round her head.

All these are things of long ago,
The memories of the early days,
Ere, seeking gold and finding wo,
He trod the city's crowded ways.

He might have led a farmer's life,
Devoid of care and want and dread ;
He might have taken for his wife
Sweet Mirabel—but she is dead.

Dead! She is dead! But what is he?
Beside him in his shame and sin,
With finger pointed mockingly,
The spectre of the Might-have-been.

"It might have been!" he cries, and falls.
The listeners stand in dumb amaze ;
And then, despite the sheriff's calls,
They press upon the wretch to gaze.

Struck down by memory's fatal ban,
He passes from your thrall away ;
You doomed to death a living man ;
This is a form of lifeless clay.



THE OLD HEARTH-FIRE.

THE hearth-fire of our fathers,
With back-logs, huge and round,
Of maple, beech, or hickory,
The largest to be found ;
And on it piled the cord wood sticks
To crackle and to roar
And snap responses to the wind
That howled outside the door.

The hearth-fire of our fathers!
Each syllable recalls
The doings in that red-clay farm
Which lay by Glyndon Falls—
The husking-time, the thrashing-time—
Ah! that we know no more,
When up and down the merry flails
Made music on the floor.

The hearth-fire of our fathers,
Where, on the winter days,
John came from barn at dinner-time
To warm him at the blaze ;
Where hung the caldron o'er the flame
By hook suspended low,
Looking at jolly Johnny-cakes
All baking in a row.

The hearth-fire of our fathers,
Where, on the winter nights,

The boys and girls were gathered round
To find the same delights ;
The hickory-nuts on sad-irons cracked,
The apples from the bin—
They munched at these while granny dozed,
And gran'ther stroked his chin.

The hearth-fire of our fathers,
With neighbors gathered round ;
Perchance the minister dropped in
To give them precepts sound ;
His talk how heaven is filled with love
Made such impression there,
That Peter's hand crept slowly o'er
The back of Susan's chair.

The hearth-fire of our fathers,
Where oft the tale was told,
While listening children sat in awe
Of ghosts and witches old ;
Where, too, the baby crowed and jumped,
And laughed the children all,
When father with his joined hands made
The rabbit on the wall.

The hearth-fire of our fathers!
'Twill never blaze again ;
Its great, wide chimney shows no more
To glad the eyes of men ;
Its embers quenched, its ashes strown,
No more its light shall gleam ;
The hearth-fire of the past is now
A memory and a dream.

ONLY A CUR.

ONLY a cur—a blind, old, meagre creature,
Mongrel in blood, long-jawed, and lean of limb;
Ugly enough in color, shape and feature—
Who seeks a lady's pet would pass by him.
And yet within that form uncouth, ungainly,
Are things not always linked to human dust—
Virtues that oft in man we look for vainly—
Courage, affection, faithfulness to trust.

Only a cur—'tis very true, I own it;
I have no record of his pedigree;
The stock he sprung from, I have never known it,
If high or low his family may be.
He should be poor indeed to suit his master,
To whom a greenback sometimes is a show;
But not the wealth of Rothschild or of Astor
Would tempt me now to let old Towser go.

You see that stripling in the meadow mowing—
Well-knit for eighteen years, and strong and lithe;
'Longside the foremost in the row a-going;
Steady as clock-work moves his sweeping scythe.
Well, that's my boy, and something like me, rather
In face than mind—in habits not, they say;
The son is far more careful than the father,
Earns much, spends little—he'll be rich one day.

Old Towser one time saved that boy from dying,
Twelve years ago—round here the story's known;
You'd scarcely think, as you behold him lying,
He fought a wolf, and mastered him alone.

Even if the service we don't care to measure,
The feat's not one that every dog can do—
That's right, old Towser! raise your ears with pleasure,
And wag your tail—you know I speak of you.

Since then the true old dog has stood as sentry
Over our household camp by night and day;
Nor rogue nor robber ever made an entry
With Towser's vigilance to stop the way.
Not locks, nor bolts, nor bars were ever needed;
We slept serenely while he stood on guard;
Each sound suspicious by his quick ears heeded—
His fangs intruders from our slumbers barred.

Faithful to us, distrustful to a stranger,
Obedient to a sign expressing will;
True to his master, fearless of all danger,
Ill-fed at times, but fond and grateful still—
No sleek and pampered dog of finest breeding,
Reared in a palace and with dainties fed,
Has ever shown high qualities exceeding
Those of this brute, base-born and underbred.

Only a cur, indeed! If such you name him,
Where be your dogs of honor and degree?
Since none with duties left undone can blame him,
What brute ranks higher in its kind than he?
If human-kind would do as well its duty,
The world were spared one-half its woe and pain,
Worth would seem better in our eyes than beauty,
And deeds, not looks, our admiration gain.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I STAND where two roads meet : the main one here,
And there the long lane leading to the mill ;
Here stood a house upon a sand-waste drear,
Wherein the youthful mind they used to till,
And plant of useful knowledge, seeds ;
And now a mansion rises tall and wide,
With turrets, oriels and a double door,
And all that best accords with human pride ;
A marble-bounded fish-pond stands before ;
A well-trimmed lawn the sand succeeds.

Yet as I stand, and on the railing lean,
Thought gradually shapes the olden place ;
Rises before me all the early scene,
And bit by bit each portion here I trace
Of where one time I went to school.
Red-roofed and low and small was learning's seat,
The broken plaster seamed with many cracks,
The sanded flooring worn by children's feet,
The rows of desks, the seats devoid of backs,
The dunce's penitential stool ;

The platform where the mighty teacher sat,
Enthroned in state, half awful, half grotesque,
Behind him on a peg his well-kept hat,
His lithe rattan before him on his desk—
Symbol of majesty and might ;
The oblong stove, in winter crammed with wood,
The faggots near it from the wood-pile brought,
The water-pail that in the corner stood,

With tape-bound gourd by thirsty youngsters sought,
And drained with evident delight.

All these arise before me clear and plain ;
A half a century rolls its clouds away ;
Shaking off age, I am a boy again,
Backward at learning, forward at my play,
The pleasure of the present mine ;
And though before me sits the teacher grim,
Watching with keen grey eye the little folk,
What care I, with my fresh twelve years, for him?
Have I not wit enough to ease his yoke,
Or slip it, if I so incline?

The boys are all around me. Cleaver's Joe—
He never has grown up, and gone to sea,
Swept overboard and drowned ; that is not so,
For there he sits next row but one to me,
Trying to do a puzzling sum ;
And there is Peter—Morse's Peter—who
Some one has said was born to be a judge,
With patient air to hear long cases through—
What! restless Peter, full of mischief—fudge!
That life for him could never come.

And yonder on the dunce's stool alone,
That stupid Ned—Ned Baxter—silly sits ;
Who says that he, to vigorous manhood grown,
Turned out a scholar great, and prince of wits—
Ned with the dull and vacant stare?
And, wriggling at my elbow, Simson's Tim,
Restless and reckless, first in every prank
The rest annoying, who predicts of him
He 'mid divines will take the highest rank,
His life sedate and void of care?

They're here—all here, from fifty years ago ;
Back from the churchyard some, some from the seas,
And some from later life ; the locks of snow,
The wrinkled faces, and the trembling knees,
And age-bent bodies cast away ;
A group of children, free from present care,
The school broke up, all hurrying eager out,
Pouring their gladness on the evening air,
With constant chatter, or with sudden shout,
As though all life were made for play.

And there is Mabel too—ah! now it flies!
School-house and pupils all dissolve in air ;
For well I know that Mabel with her eyes
Of deepest violet, and sunny hair—
Mabel grew up to be my bride ;
I know her grave within the valley made ;
The roses, with their buds less sweet than she,
Cluster above it ; there her form was laid ;
All hope, all pleasure, all repose for me
Were lost the day that Mabel died.

Again before me stands the palace fair,
The half-grown grove, the broad, pretentious lawn ;
The low-roofed school-house is no longer there ;
It, with its memories, in the air has gone,
And I am standing lonely here ;
I wait my turn to give to others place,
To be a faint remembrance at the best,
To leave upon the minds of men no trace,
But, after sinking to my final rest,
From life and memory disappear.

THE TWO SONGS.

A THRUSH in a cage, and you ask me to buy
And be lord of the little brown captive? Not I,
Stay—here is your dollar; that cage give to me;
The window is open—brown thrush, you are free!

The vender has gone with his silver, and you
Seem astonished at both what I say and I do.
Not strange had you known of the feeling that stirred
The depths of my soul at the voice of the bird.

When Avice was living, you knew me not then;
She's been dead twenty years—I ne'er married again.
Twice won and twice lost was my darling so fair—
Twice won by the voice of a thrush in the air.

I met with my Avice when scarce more than boy,
I, bashful and fond, and she, timid and coy;
And, as her face reddened and drooped at my gaze,
My heart thrilled with rapture, my brain with amaze.

Ah! first love is fond love, and purest of all,
The least selfish sentiment known since the Fall;
Let worldlings deride it much as they may,
'Tis the rosy aurora that ushers life's day.

Though strong was my feeling, my purpose was weak;
I could look what I felt, with no courage to speak;
And for nearly two years, though we met day by day,
She could not, I dare not—so time rolled away.

How well I remember that morning in June,
When the brook with the leaves of the wildwood kept tune,
When a party of young folk climbed yonder hill's crest,
And Avice and I went along with the rest.

We scattered in couples, as young lovers will,
And roamed through the coppice that covered the hill,
And gathered the wild blooms that scantily grew,
Though little we noted their odor or hue.

As Avice and I walked in silence we heard
Arise from a thicket the song of a bird,
And Avice's finger held up bade me hear
The notes of a thrush sounding mellow and clear.

Our hands chanced to touch, and a thrill went through each
Too subtle for telling, too potent for speech;
And the thrush sang on cheerily, note after note,
While our heart-beats kept time with each sound from his
throat.

We plighted our faith, hand in hand, heart in heart;
We vowed naught asunder our twin souls should part;
The world seemed before us a pathway of flowers,
And the light and the glory of loving were ours.

But we quarrelled, as lovers will quarrel at times;
For jealousy magnifies trifles to crimes,
And friends were still ready to keep us apart,
And for faults of the head lay the blame on the heart.

A year passed in pain. Oft we met with no word,
Whatever emotion within us was stirred;
No look showed the feelings our bosoms contained,
Nor that sparks still alive in the ashes remained.

At length I could bear with my suffering no more,
And sought change of thought on a far foreign shore ;
Five years toiled for fortune, nor sought it in vain ;
Then, worn by the struggle, came back o'er the main.

I returned on a morning in June, calm and still ;
Instinctive my steps sought the path to the hill ;
And I stood all alone on the bush-covered crest
Where Avice and I had our loving confessed.

A rustling of leaves struck my ear in the place—
'Twas Avice. What brought her? No change in her face.
I trembled and bowed, would have passed her ; but then
The song of six years before sounded again.

'Twas the voice of the thrush with its wonderful strain ;
On the fever within us the notes fell like rain ;
Love arose from the grave of the long, weary years ;
Our hands met, our lips met, with sighing and tears.

Ten years she was mine—you must pardon this tear ;
She lies in the churchyard, and I linger here.
Now you know why the captive I bought and set free,
Why the thrush of all birds is the dearest to me.

SLAIN.

There, where the fowl birds
Heavily hover,
Where the gaunt grey wolf
Creeps to his cover,

Where with loud cawing
 Crows come unbidden,
Deep in the woodland
 Something is hidden.

What lies in covert—
 Brutal or human,
Breathing or breathless,
 Man, or a woman?
Lifeless and livid,
 Ghastly and horrid,
Ball-mark and gore-clot
 On the white forehead.

Did a fierce foeman
 Meet him in strife here?
Was it his own hand
 Ended his life here?
Foe's work or self work,
 Life is concluded—
Dead! but the murder
 No one knows who did.

Ha! where yon lizard
 Hurriedly crosses,
Two kinds of footprints
 Dent the deep mosses;
Broken low branches
 Lie there around him;
Crushed is the herbage
 There where they found him.

Here a revolver
 Found the coarse grass in,
Dropped in his fleeing
 By the assassin.

No! Every chamber
Heavily loaded,
Bullets and powder—
Not one exploded.

See if those footprints
Tidings may render:
One is a woman's,
Shapely and slender.
Was, then, the slaying
By her or for her—
Doer or witness
Of the black horror?

Strange is his figure,
Stranger his face is;
Name or whence coming,
Naught on him traces,
High-born or low-born,
Married or wifeless;
All that we know is—
There he lies lifeless.

Ever the hemlocks
Mournfully drooping,
Ever the fir-trees
Sorrowful stooping,
Ever the laurels,
Gnarled and low-growing,
Keep the dread secret
Hid from our knowing.



THE DELAWARE.

My mother, the cloud, cast me down to the ground,
And thence through the sand-soil a pathway I found,
And broke from the rock at the foot of the hill
In a fountain that trickled and swelled to a rill.
I gathered my brothers from hill-side and steep,
And eagerly hurried my way to the deep—
Sauntering slowly through low-lying meadows,
Sleeping in nooks beneath willow-tree shadows,
Tossing the blades of the o'erhanging grasses,
 Gliding, meandering, strolling through valleys
Where dallies the wind with the flowers as it passes,
 And flowing and flowing.

I swallow the brooks that descend from the hills,
I widen from tribute of fountains and rills
Who to join me come out from the nooks where they creep,
And the cloven ravines where they frolic and leap,
While together we dash against rocks in our way,
Or in eddies and whirlpools incessantly play.
Mine are the button-woods mottled and high,
In whose hollows the bears and the catamounts lie;
And mine are the reed and the flag and the lily,
 And mine are the aster and golden-rod drooping
And stooping o'er water so placid and stilly,
 Yet flowing and flowing.

Through the hills and beneath the green arches that grow
By limbs interlacing from grey trunks below,
I hurry and struggle and foam and complain,
Till I get to the kiss of the sunlight again.

Then I rest in dark pools in an emerald sleep,
Till I gather the force and the strength for a leap,
In a torrent of crystal and beryl and snow
From the green edge above to the white foam below ;
Then over the rocks in my pathway I run,
 Hissing and roaring and leaping and dashing,
And flashing a myriad of gems to the sun,
 And flowing and flowing.

Down through the hills and through valleys that glow
With the sun from above and the green from below,
On by the cities that lie at my side,
Growing deeper and wider, I quietly glide
Past where the Schuylkill pays tribute to me,
Till I reach in my journey the fathomless sea.
There where the ships from the North and the South,
And the East and the West, with their keels vex my mouth,
I mingle my waters with those of the main,
 Bury my flood in the flood of the ocean,
Whose motion repels me again and again,
 Yet flowing and flowing.

THE BOONE WAGONER.

1.

BRING hither to my view again
The long-lost Conestoga wain.

Its jingling bells with cheery chime,
To clinking hoof-stamps keeping time.

Its body curved and painted red,
With canvas canopy o'erhead.

Its axles strong and broad-tired wheels,
Its Norman studs with clumsy heels.

Its Lehigh wagoner, honest Fritz,
Who in the wheel-house saddle sits.

Steady and slowly goes the load
Adown the dusty turnpike road.

From out my vision's teeming rack,
To life again come back. Come back!

O vain command! the words give o'er,
Come back my early days no more.

Nor bells I hear, nor stamping heels,
Nor creaking of the burdened wheels.

The wagon rots beneath the shed,
And honest Fritz long since is dead.

II.

But what is this I see below
Through Len's Creek valley toiling slow?

A wagon dragged in devious line,
By wrath-provoking sons of kine.

Six ill-matched oxen hard to guide;
A brindle cur the wain beside.

Coffee and salt the load which reels
Above the worn and creaking wheels—

The creaking wheels, with narrow tire,
That deeply mark the yellow mire.

The wagoner with aspect grim,
With narrow chest, but sinewy limb.

His face, sharp-featured, wrinkled, spare,
Crowned with unkempt and raven hair.

His whip, beneath the left arm borne—
The long lash trailing back forlorn.

So much absorbed in thought is he,
He has no thought to waste on me.

I know him well, by face and name ;
From Boone he comes—'tis Burwell Graeme.

His life is one unvarying scene—
Is, will be, as it still has been.

That which he did on yesterday,
To-day he does the self-same way.

When sunset comes he pauses near
Some bubbling fountain, lone and clear.

Down lie the oxen in their yokes,
And soon the camp-fire snaps and smokes.

His coffee simmers o'er the blaze,
While champ his oxen blades of maize.

His table is the verdant sod,
He sits and eats and thanks his God.

His meal despatched, his form he throws
Upon the ground to seek repose ;

A quilt perchance beneath him spread,
A good stout log supports his head.

All night in dreams delight he takes,
And cheerful in the morning wakes.

III.

You scorn, who pass that wagoner by
The humble man ; not so do I.

For 'neath that torn and tattered coat,
A manly spirit well I note.

Patient and honest, frank and free,
No guile within his heart has he.

A loving husband, tender sire,
He never dreams of station higher.

Content to live on scanty fare,
So he may shun both debt and care.

What matters it to him, the strife
That marks the busy haunts of life?

The Gallic patriotism burns ;
The Gaul a dynasty upturns.

In England sink the three-per-cents ;
Drop fearfully low the Gallic *rentes*.

Spain totters on destruction's brink,
The Prussian king goes mad through drink.

In Mexico a change again ;
New rulers weekly, weakly reign.

King Ludwig yields and crowns his son ;
Sebastopol is lost and won.

Yet what are these to Burwell Graeme?
He drives the oxen all the same.

He lets not these his spirit stir ;
He is our Boone philosopher.

And humble though the teacher be,
His lesson is not lost on me.

Henceforth I leave the haunts of men,
And take me to the hills again.

Content and quietude is there,
Blue are the skies and sweet the air.

There let me live, there let me die,
There let my worn-out body lie.

IV.

But, stay! the road curves to the right,
And shuts my mentor out of sight.

Away goes wagoner and wain—
I mingle with the world again.

My olden life again I feel;
Again revolves Ixion's wheel.

With Sisyphus the stone I turn,
With Tantalus in thirst I burn.

The dream of quiet life is o'er;
Pass Burwell Graeme for evermore.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS was out in the garden,
Flesh and blood moving in metre;
Fit was her place with the blossoms;
They were not fairer nor sweeter.
Vainly I strove to accost her;
Words from my lips would not start;
Frozen I was into silence,
Chilled by the ice in her heart.

Stately she moved through the roses,
Nowise my presence she heeded;
Roses! why, never their color
That of her two lips exceeded.
Then, when her eyes fell upon me,
Standing dejected apart,
Colder and colder her glances,
Chilled by the ice in her heart.

Desperate made by her scorning,
Wild throbb'd my heart with emotion;
Grasping her fingers, I murmured
Words filled with love and devotion.

Low drooped her head on my shoulder—
Ah, had her coyness been art?
Or had the love that was hidden
Melted the ice in her heart?

THE DOUBLE RESCUE.

You like to view those mettled horses grazing
In yonder pasture, brutes of noblest breed;
They make, you say, a picture past all praising,
Save one alone—this old and sorry steed.
Old—thirty-three; few horses grow much older;
Eyes dim, but ears that hear my faintest call;
See how he rests his head upon my shoulder!
The dear old friend to me is worth them all.

In coming here you crossed a streamlet narrow,
Creeping its way; they call it Rocky Run.
Shallow in summer, coursing like an arrow
O'er stony rapids ere its mouth be won;
But in the spring time, swollen to a torrent
By melting mountain snows, its waters roar.
A fearful sight! Yet one time from its current
That old horse brought me safely from the shore.

“Well; many a horse does that much for his master;”
True; but old Selim did much more for me;
In two ways there he saved me from disaster;
He saved my life and shaped my destiny.
Clouds of disgrace around me lowered horrent,
My feet were on the path that leads below;
The least of danger was the foaming torrent,
The greater was the one that bore to woe.

A wild young man, I led a life of riot ;
My days were idle, drunken were my nights ;
You'd scarcely think it now in one so quiet ;
But I was hero in a dozen fights.
The good folk shunned me as a moral leper ;
I was accounted of all bad the worst,
And kept there sinking deeper, deeper, deeper,
A being even to myself accurst.

Selim was then a colt, but broken newly,
Who stood without where I got drunk within,
And in my wandering ever served me truly—
Not his to know his master's shame and sin.
Less brute than I, he always safely bore me
Through storm and darkness to my lonely bed ;
If I fell off, he patient waited for me—
Poor, faithful servant! often badly fed.

One night, near morning, Rocky Run was roaring
In wildest wrath, as by its banks we stood ;
To cross was madness while that flood was pouring ;
But liquor gave me a defiant mood.
The sober man may shrink, however fearless,
Where the foolhardy, half-crazed drunkard dares ;
So, spurring Selim in that current cheerless,
I madly yelled : "We'll cross or drown—who cares?"

The cold plunge sobered me ; and then the whirling,
Dark, furious stream we effort made to breast ;
And Selim struggled till the torrent swirling
Had nearly borne us to the rapids' crest.
My senses left. But better horse or braver
Than Selim never perilled rider bore ;
By his young vigor, under Heaven's good favor,
He gained firm footing on the shelving shore.

My senses came. The sun was shining brightly,
Glinting its slanting beams on bush and tree;
One foot of mine wedged in the stirrup tightly—
Had Selim ran!—he never stirred from me.
I rose and said: "My colt, I have a notion,
Your services good liquor should command;
You first, I next." His hoof, with furious motion,
To fragments dashed the bottle in my hand.

Well, you may smile, sir, but on that May morning
A light shone in my soul which shines there still;
I had a lesson and I had a warning;
I never drank again, and never will.
He saved me both ways. Though not now I need him,
We two shall never part till one is cold—
Why, if 'twould pleasure him, on pearls I'd feed him,
Give him a bed of down and shoes of gold.

PHILLIS, MY DARLING.

THE memory of age has beneficent uses,
And events of the past in our mind reproduces,
Till they rush as the mill-waters flow through their sluices,
And joys long departed bring back to our ken;
The loved and the lost in our vision are vivid,
The red blood of life paints the lips that are livid,
And eyes that are closed beam in beauty again.

The foremost is Phillis, my darling, my charmer,
Whose innocence formed her invincible armor;
There lived not a creature who offered to harm her,
To hurt with a glance, or to wound with a word;

A being of impulse, yet faithful to duty,
Her mind matched her face in its impress of beauty,
Till hearts all around her to loving were stirred.

The beautiful Phillis! No mortal was sweeter;
The rose in its loveliness never completer;
Her words flowed unknowing to musical metre;
Her glances to sunlight, that brightened and blessed;
What hope was for me, a rude stripling who tended
My kine and my flocks? Yet my worship ascended
As I bent and I bowed at the shrine with the rest.

Yet I fancied at times, for our love feeds our fancies,
And my brain took the feelings that come of romances,
That she dropped, in her mercy, some favoring glances,
And fed through her pity, the love in my heart;
And no knight of poor fortune a proud princess serving,
His passion to deeds of high derring-do nerving,
More manfully played his disconsolate part.

The fetters that bound me they galled in the wearing;
I grew helpless and blind; but the depth of despairing
Engendered within me a fever of daring;
I would speak, though she crushed me with anger and
scorn;
So there at the twilight I sought her and told her
(How my arms ached that moment to fondly enfold her!)
My passion, and turned, feeling lost and forlorn.

Came the words, quick and joyous, amid my abasement:
"You love me, then, Laurence!" I turned in amazement;
There she stood, framed in mist, in the half-open casement,
Her features transfigured, her eyes filled with light.
O, triumph, O, rapture! the memory thrills me,
And, forty years gone, with its happiness fills me,
And youth has returned, and the future is bright.

Ah! who would not spurn honor, riches and glory,
 For the power to recall when our locks have grown hoary,
 The rapture that followed the ever-new story,
 When told to the damsel we loved in our youth,
 When our frame thrilled to madness at favoring glances,
 When the meetings of lovers were magical trances,
 When life was all fancies, and fancies were truth.

JOHN TREVANION'S STORY.

THEY have laid him to-day in the churchyard old,
 And I sit by myself in the twilight dim,
 With thoughts going back to the earlier days
 That I passed at the school or the play-ground with him.
 Over half of a century memory leaps,
 And brings the young life into being again,
 When we were a couple of bare-footed boys,
 And to him I was Jack, and to me he was Ben.

Young Benedict Brown was a shoemaker's boy ;
 My father, the wealthiest man in the town ;
 But boys are not sordid, and soon we were known
 As Damon Trevanion and Pythias Brown.
 The two of us went to old Morris's school,
 And were constant companions when school work was
 done ;
 But, mark you, though he was at head of the class,
 In fishing I always caught two to his one.

While chatting together one day when half-grown
 We talked of the future, and what we should do
 When each came to manhood ; I said I would strive
 To double my fortune before I was through.

Quoth Ben: "You'll have money to further your plan;
I have nothing but firm, honest purpose, and I
Intend to read law, win a name and respect,
And be member of Congress and judge ere I die."

I laughed. "'Tis a very good purpose," I said;
"You aim pretty high, Ben; but think, after all,
How rocky and rugged and steep is the road,
How high is the hill, and how far if you fall."
He answered: "Though rocky and rugged the road,
Its length may be travelled by one with a will;
And up to the House they call Beautiful, Jack,
The Pilgrim must climb by the Difficult Hill."

His words brought the story of Bunyan to mind,
And the blood to my cheeks by my shame was impelled,
For I felt that the man with the muck-rake was I,
While he gazed at the crown by an angel upheld.
And I knew that, with honor and courage possessed,
He would follow the earnest career he had planned;
So I said: "Well, my comrade, whatever your aim,
Count on Jack as your friend;" and I gave him my
hand.

I left him for college, and Ben went to work;
He sat on the shoe-bench and hammered away,
Made enough to support him and buy a few books;
The night gave to study, to labor the day.
'Twas but in vacations I saw him for years;
He was there, while I read at my college afar;
But a week ere my bachelor's honors I took,
Young Benedict Brown had been called to the bar.

I crossed the Atlantic, and roamed foreign lands;
Was gone for ten years; and, returning again,

I sought for old friends, and among them I found,
Ranking high among lawyers, my school-fellow, Ben.
Not rich, but with comforts around him, and blest
With children and wife and his fellows' regard ;
But he owned, as we sat after dinner and talked,
That the climbing of Difficult Hill had been hard.

He gained, in the end, all he aimed at, and more—
Congress, Governor, then was Chief-Justice at last ;
And as I had become, as I wished, millionaire,
We often recurred to our hopes of the past.
Our friendship ne'er checked ; you may judge what I felt
When the telegraph flashed me a message, to come,
If I'd see my old friend ere his bright eyes were closed,
And the silvery voice, thrilling thousands, grown dumb.

I stood at his bedside ; his fast-glazing eye
Lit when he beheld me ; though dying, and weak,
His lips moved ; I bent to the pillow my ear,
And he managed, in difficult whisper, to speak—
"I go to the House they call Beautiful, Jack ;
I have done with all climbing on Difficult Hill."
Then he smiled, and a glory came over his face,
And the heart of the Pilgrim forever was still.

GIDEON.

WITH his pack on his back, and his yard-stick for staff,
And a nervous look-out for all possible buyers,
With burrs on his clothes caught in crossing the fields,
And rents and a rip made in passing through briers,
With dust on his shoes from the road that he strode
From the dawn of the day till the sun sunk in crimson,

With a look that spoke weariness, hunger and thirst,
Trudged onward the peddler, old Gideon Simson.

For years more than thirty he travelled this way—
The sun rays they tanned him, the rain drops they
sprinkled—
And under the load of his pack and his years,
His hair had grown white, and his face become wrinkled.
While rival on rival gave way in disgust,
Declaring our trade would not pay for the labor,
Old Gideon went round every month of the year,
As welcome as ever, from neighbor to neighbor.

How Gideon could thrive was a mystery quite
To puzzle the wits of the craftiest scholar,
For he never took profit on goods that he sold,
For a hundred cents giving what cost him a dollar.
Yet somehow this profitless trade that he drove,
Was not to his fortune at all detrimental,
Since a friend who should know said that Gideon in town
Owned a tenement-house with a very large rental.

And what was the secret of Gideon's success,
That his cents grew to dimes, and his dimes into dollars?
Why was it in bondage our women he led,
Inclosing their necks in the closest of collars?
Each customer felt that she dealt with a rogue,
Yet dealt to the best of her purse's ability—
And why? He had mastered the key to success,
Much flattery, mingled with smiling civility.

That hooked nose of his might forbid you to buy,
The craft that peered out from his eyes might alarm
you ;

But the sweet, simple smile that was wreathed round his
lips,

And that soft, wheedling tongue were quite certain to
charm you.

He handled coarse woollens and talked till the stuff

A texture like velvet the dazed eyes begat in ;

And a sixpenny print in his fingers was made,

To the poor girl who cheapened, a fabric like satin.

Old Gideon is dead, and there comes in his stead

A peddler who honestly deals, and we know it ;

We grumble, and when we can't help it, we buy ;

But we don't like the dealer, and don't spare to show it.

He may give us the worth of the money we spend,

May throw in an inch on the yard in his measure,

But where is the flattery Gideon bestowed,

The smiles and the falsehood that gave us such pleasure?

THE BRIDE'S STORY.

WHEN I was but a country lass, now fifteen years ago,
I lived where flowed the Overpeck through meadows wide
and low ;

There first, when skies were bending blue and blossoms
blooming free,

I saw the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His homespun coat was frayed and worn, with patches
covered o'er ;

His hat—ah, such a hat as that was never seen before !

The boys and girls, when first he came, they shouted in
their glee,
And jeered the little ragged boy who went to school with
me.

His father was a laboring man, and mine was highly born ;
Our people held both him and his in great contempt and
scorn.

They said I should not stoop to own a playmate such as
he,
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy who went to school with
me.

For years they had forgotten him, but when again we met
His look, his voice, his gentle ways remained in memory
yet ;

They saw alone the man of mark, but I could only see
The bright-eyed, ragged little boy who went to school with
me.

He had remembered me, it seemed, as I remembered him ;
Nor time, nor honors, in his mind, the cherished past could
dim ;

Young love had grown to older love, and so to-day, you
see,

I wed the little ragged boy who went to school with me.

THE MOUNTAIN HUNTER.

My footsteps through the forest rove,
My heart is in the forest free ;
All former days and former love
Are playthings of the past to me ;

And I have learned, within this grove,
A hunter of the deer to be.

The running brook supplies my thirst,
My rifle finds me daily food :
In other days I learned that worst
Of evils o'er the city brood ;
I fled, and then upon me burst
The glory of the pathless wood.

Here sits the scarlet tanager
In music upon the hornbeam bough ;
Its voice reminds me much of her—
What matters such a memory now ?
She would not know her worshipper
With these elf-locks and swarthy brow.

Within the hills my cabin stands,
Of logs and clay a palace rare,
The work of these my brawny hands,
Rest, health, and comfort meet me there ;
The solitude of these broad lands
Would never fit my lady fair.

Yet could I see her once again,
As in my dreams I often see,
It were a spirit-cheering pain
E'en did she frown as erst on me,
And I might gather from it then
New strength thus lonely here to be.

The wish is vain ; another wears
The jewel I had hoped to own ;
Of me she neither knows nor cares ;
I waste within this wood alone ;

My heart no more to struggle dares
Against its hardening into stone.

Up, man! forget the gnawing past,
Enjoy the freshning morning air ;
Be glad whene'er the wildwood blast
Shall toss in play thy tangled hair ;
And, when the sun is overcast,
Go track the wild bear to his lair.

There in the laurel-roughs meet him,
Acquit thee as a hunter should,
Quail not before his brawny limb,
Attack him with thy weapon good ;
Strike till his eye begins to dim—
Thou art the monarch of this wood.

A wilder brute than he there lies
Hid in thy soul—the bitter wrong
She did unto thee with her eyes,
Which caused so many fiends to throng
Into thy spirit's cell ; arise
And conquer that, and so be strong.

That is a true man's truest fight ;
Who quells his passions is a king
To reign within the realm of right ;
To him the just their homage bring,
And angels wait with garments bright
To robe him when his soul takes wing.

Ah! all in vain such counsel brave!
My spirit still in Lethè seeks
The fervor of its woe to lave,
To drown its pang-betraying shrieks,

And ever in its breathing grave
Its agony and anguish speaks.

I may not crush, but bear the asp
Which gnaws forever at my heart ;
In dreams I feel her gentle clasp,
And at her touch to life I start,
Then all reality I grasp,
And stand alive, from life apart.

Here in these grand old woods, whose shade,
So dusky brown, befits my lot,
I sit within the leafy glade
And gaze upon the Guyandotte,
And, as I sit, to calm betrayed,
Drink deep the beauty of the spot.

Last Mistress, Nature ; love no more
My soul pursues ; to hunt the deer
My sole pursuit ; my youth is o'er,
My manhood past, and age draws near ;
Seared by my sorrows to the core,
I own no hope, I feel no fear.

MARGARET NEVILLE.

His heart is barred with her lily-white hand,
And can let no new love enter there ;
He is bound to the past by a glittering band,
Made of her locks of golden hair.
He looks at the scene from the open door ;
He bows his form and droops his head,
And murmurs, "All this I own, and more—
What does it matter with Margaret dead?"

For fifteen years he had toiled for her ;
For fifteen years she waited for him ;
He never knew in the noisy whirr
Of his busy life how her hope grew dim ;
How, tired with waiting, her hope gave way,
And a weary life at last was sped,
Till they sent him the news that summer day
That Margaret Neville was lying dead.

He had toiled for years, that lonely man,
Had felled the forest and ploughed the soil ;
One purpose alone through his efforts ran ;
One hope had sweetened his ceaseless toil.
He could see the smiles on the face well known,
A halo of light on the dear one's head ;
But the vision had flown and he was alone,
And Margaret Neville was lying dead.

She saw as she faded from earth, the boy—
For what had he been when he strolled away?
With a springy step, and a face of joy,
And dimples where laughter loved to play.
And she died in the arms of memory there,
Nor knew him a wrinkled man instead,
With a frowning brow, and a peevish air,
Whose hopes, like the woman he loved, lay dead.

He saw as he sat at the open door,
A girlish form and a girlish face,
Less perfect if nature had given her more,
A being of beauty and love and grace.
He did not see that her golden hair
Was streaked with silver, her bloom had fled,
Her face was pallid, and dull her air—
Not so to him was his Margaret dead.

There are damsels around who'd sell for his land
 And his flocks and herds their beauty fair;
 But they cannot pass her lily-white hand,
 Nor break those fetters of golden hair.
 For there he sits at the open door,
 Hours after the day to the dark has fled,
 And murmurs, "I live no more, no more,
 Now Margaret Neville is dead—is dead!"

COME BACK.

You say the poor-house is a mile ahead;
 It once stood yonder—"That was years ago."
 True, true! They'll give me supper and a bed;
 A job at picking oakum, too, I know,
 For that's their way.

Old Potter always used to find some work,
 And plenty, for the travelling tramp to do;
 And his successor, even if less a Turk,
 Will follow his example. "*So I knew
 Old Potter, eh?*"

Of course I did. Not as a pauper though;
 I made poor-masters and such things just then;
 For, strange as it may seem, I'd have you know
 That I have ranked among the "solid men"
 Of Brantford town.

Now I am mostly in the liquid line
 When I can get it. Thirty summers since
 My food was dainty, clothes were superfine—
 They said I feasted people like a prince—
 But now I'm down.

Who from a high position falls, falls far,
 And from the distance feels the more the hurt.
 The humbler men in life much happier are,
 For they lie prone already in the dirt,
 And feel no ill.

"*Travelled around!*" You bet I have. I left
 These parts long years ago, and I have been
 From east to west since then, have felt the heft
 Of years of trouble, and the sights I've seen
 A book would fill.

Now you're a man of substance; one whom chance,
 Or labor, may be, helped to fill his purse—
 "*You've had your troubles?*" Every one must dance
 Just as his fortune fiddles. (He'll disburse
 At least a dime.)

Troubles are nothing with the means to thrive—
 "*Abandoned by your father!*" Why, how mean
 Some people are. If *my* son were alive
 He'd be your age. The boy I have not seen
 A long, long time.

A quarter! Thank you. May I ask your name?
 What! "*Abner Brown!*" Your mother? Dead, you
 say!

(There are her eyes and hair—the very same.)
 These are not tears—the raw east wind to-day
 Moistens the eyes.

You don't object to pleasé an old man's whim
 By giving me your hand? You mind me much
 Of one I knew. (My head begins to swim.)
 "*I tremble?*" Age and want the sinews touch
 As manhood flies.

Good-bye. God bless you! He has gone. His smile
Had sunlight in it; zephyrs in his breath—
He shall not know how, after this long while,
Hither returned to die a pauper's death,
His father came.

Let the boy prosper. Never let his life
Be shadowed by my half-forgotten crime:
I've seen and touched him. My poor, patient wife
Is dead; but he is like me in my prime,
All but my shame.

For me the poor-house, and the pauper's bed,
And the pine coffin, and the noteless grave.
He shall not blush to know when I am dead
He was akin to one, to vice a slave,
Who soiled his name.



URBAN VERSES.



THE BUILDER'S STORY.

WHAT time we were wedded our prospect was high—
First floor down the chimney—my Milly and I ;
Our neighbors below thought more happiness theirs,
But we climbed up to heaven when we mounted the stairs.

Some rickety furniture filled up the place,
• On the walls our two photographs hung face to face ;
A square of old carpet—its pile had been lost ;
One teacup between us—less sugar it cost.

When sunset was making for darkness a way,
And the jack-plane and handsaw I dropped for the day,
How I entered the house with a skip and a hop,
And two steps at once, climbed the stairs to the top!

The teakettle sang a new song when I came ;
The fire, at my voice, showed a ruddier flame ;
And better than lamplight to chase away gloom,
The smile of my Milly illumined the room.

There were beautiful views o'er the tin-covered roofs,
Away from the sound of the street horses' hoofs,
With the air cool and pure at the height where we dwelt
And the troubles of others unknown and unfelt.

The love of my youth and the mate of my prime,
The mother of buds that were blossoms in time,
How she saved from my earnings what else had been spent,
And with much or with little was always content!

So saving, so toiling, a few years swept by,
We descended at last from our lodgings on high
To a house of our own; if 'twere not of the best,
It made for our fledglings a snug little nest.

In building for others, I built for myself,
Gained long rows of houses and great stores of pelf,
Till at last, fortune crowning my labor and care,
At sixty I wrote myself down "millionaire."

And now in a mansion both lofty and wide,
I feed me ten lackeys and pay them beside,
Tread on triple-piled carpets, on cushions recline,
And from silver and porcelain luxurious dine.

Rich curtains of damask at windows are found;
Easy-chairs satin-covered in parlors abound;
The chambers are furnished in elegance all,
And armor and pictures are hung in the hall.

And there is my library—gorgeous indeed;
'Tis a fine place to smoke in or journals to read;
The books—a wise friend has selected the best;
The bindings are handsome, respected they rest.

There is all that conduces to ease and repose,
Yet something is lacking. What is it? Who knows?
There is nothing to hope for; the race has been won,
And possession breeds surfeit when striving is done.

And here, as we sit, both my Milly and I
To our first year of wedlock look back with a sigh,
When that garden of ours, so my Milly declares,
Was a Garden of Eden up four pair of stairs.

UNDER THE TREES.

BARNABY BARNET, a dealer in leather,
Who daily is scraping more dollars together,
Sat in his Ferry Street store one morn,
Sick of the smell of the hides and the horn,
When a barefooted girl in a calico gown,
A bit of the country brought into the town
In the shape of a nosegay—of roses alone—
Some of them budding, and others were blown.
As the perfume he drank with a relishing thirst,
The bar from the door of his memory burst,
And his senses, away to the days that had fled,
By the scent of the roses a moment were led.
No longer he sits in his counting-room heated,
 No longer his desk and his ledger he sees ;
He has left the close town, and is pleasantly seated,
 Happily, dreamily,
 Under the trees.

Glitters before him the swift-flowing river ;
The heat in the air has a visible quiver ;
The sheep dot the hill-side with patches of snow ;
The kine in the pasture are grazing below ;
He sees where the sunlight, in middle-day blaze,
With gold tints the leaves of the emerald maize,
Lights the low yellow wheat, and the tall russet rye,
With a quivering brilliance that dazzles the eye ;
Sees, perched on cut underbrush, heaped for a pyre,
The hue of the oriole deepen to fire ;
While, stretched in the distance, dissolving from view,
Are hill-tops that melt into lilac and blue :

A picture surpassing all art and its touches,
 Where the hand of the Master with purpose agrees.
 How his glance, in a rapture, its loveliness clutches,
 Happily, dreamily,
 Under the trees!

Pleasant the hum of the bees in the clover,
 The rustle of branches his form bending over,
 The cat-bird, loud telling her pitiful tine,
 The neighing of horses, the lowing of kine.
 The shout of the mowers afield he can lithe,
 And the clink of the blade as they sharpen the scythe ;
 The cry of the jacketless boy who pursues,
 Hat in hand, the gay butterfly, varied in hues ;
 The bark of the dog who at dragon-flies springs,
 And, aloft in the air, the hawk's flapping of wings,
 The grasshopper's chirrup, the katydid's cries—
 All come to his ear as he listlessly lies.
 Sweet sounds that, in music all others excelling,
 Float, strugle, or suddenly pierce through the breeze—
 His ear takes them in where his body is dwelling
 Happily, dreamily,
 Under the trees.

That was a day of delight and of wonder,
 While lying the shade of the maple-trees under—
 He felt the soft breeze at its frolicsome play ;
 He smelled the sweet odor of newly mown hay,
 Of wilding blossoms in meadow and wood,
 And flowers in the garden that orderly stood ;
 He drank of the milk foaming fresh from the cow ;
 He ate the ripe apple just pulled from the bough ;
 And lifted his hand to where hung in his reach,
 All laden with honey, the ruddy-cheeked peach ;
 Beside him the blackberries juicy and fresh ;
 Before him the melon with odorous flesh.

There he had all for his use or his vision,
 All that the wishes of mortal could seize—
 There where he lay in a country Elysian,
 Happily, dreamily,
 Under the trees.

What, ere his thirst for the country he slakens,
 Too rudely from dreaming the dreamer awakens?
 The voice of the girl in the calico gown
 Who brought that small bit of the country to town,
 Is heard asking pay for the roses. The pay!
 The wretch who had chased all that vision away?
 Here were no meadows, no trees overhead;
 A narrow brick street, with its stench instead;
 And Barnaby Barnet, with gesture grotesque,
 Goes back to the fetters of ledger and desk.

No country for him; here no green things are grown;
 His hides and his leather grow greenbacks alone;
 And only when heirs, with forced weeping convey him—
 Kind Death from all wearisome work giving ease—
 Will his form find green fields: it will be when they lay him,
 Helplessly, dreamlessly,
 Under the trees.

 BONNIBEL.

A BIRD within the parent nest
 I caught, and took it to my breast;
 I bought for it a cage of gold,
 Splendid, indeed, but bare and cold;
 I fed this dainty bird of mine
 With wheaten biscuit sopped in wine;
 This captive bird, which had been free,
 I chirped to it, and it to me;

But, with its master by its side,
It drooped its little wings and died.
It was not well—it was not well;
She was the bird, my Bonnibel.

Her home was in the woodland wild,
Where all around in freedom smiled;
There skies were free of clouds; the breeze
Blew chainlessly among the trees;
Without confine the yellow deer
Browsed round about, and knew no fear;
The brook ran freely through the glen;
Her life was all unfettered when
I brought her, through mad love of mine,
Here to the city's close confine,
So much unlike her native dell—
I wronged her sorely, Bonnibel.

She missed the lowing of the herds,
The bleat of flocks and trill of birds;
The sighing of the summer breeze,
Voices of night amid the trees;
The cricket's chirp, the plover's call,
And moaning of the waterfall;
A wilding bee, she could not thrive
Here in the city's crowded hive;
Even my love could not suffice,
With all its glamour o'er her eyes;
And sad the fate which thus befell
Her sweet young life, my Bonnibel.

With all her spirit's longing pain,
Nor words nor glances made complain;
And, wasting slowly all the while,
Her face was radiant in its smile;

Her cheery voice was low and sweet,
As though all gladness were complete ;
Yet, as her cheeks grew wan and pale,
And lost my tender words avail,
There came a voice my soul within,
Reproaching me in accents thin ;
My spirit heard its utterance well,
And ached to hear it, Bonnibel.

It is not meet the pallid form
Which once embraced a heart so warm,
Should in a city churchyard lie
With greed and pleasure passing by.
Hers be the fresh and kindly earth
Within the valley of her birth,
To lowly lie and take her rest,
Asleep, the babe upon her breast ;
While he, who loved her, shall remain,
Bound ever by his heavy chain,
Till he shall bid the world farewell,
And sleep beside you, Bonnibel.

THE OLD NEGRO MINSTREL.

WHY, yes, I don't care if I do—
No water! reverend, if you please :
Ach! that's the stuff to bring one to,
Stiffen the back and brace the knees.
With half-a-dozen slugs as good,
Put me again within the show,
I'd bring the house down as I could,
And did, not many years ago.

You stare! you never looked at me
Before I threw myself away;
I tell you, bummer though I be,
I have been famous in my day.
Bones, banjo, middle man and end;
Essence of Ole Virginny too;
And Grapevine Twist and Camptown Bend—
I've run the minstrel business through.

They said no tenor voice like mine
Had ever in a troupe been heard;
So sweet, so soft, so silvery fine,
With trilling like a woodland bird.
And when I did the heel and toe,
Or walked around, or sung Ole Dad,
Or jumped Bob Ridley, O! O! O!
You'd think the people would go mad.

Another? Thankee! Come, that's prime!
It brings me to my feet again,
And minds me of the olden time
When I was quite a man of men.
And O, what labor then I took
With whitened wig to do old Ned,
To totter and my back to crook—
It all comes natural now instead.

Four years I'd been upon the stage—
I was the star of stars, they said;
My voice and acting were the rage—
Wider my reputation spread.
And off the boards, so fair my face,
So fine my form, they called me "Sam,
The Ladies' Darling"—you'll not trace
Much that I was in what I am.

We played—no matter where we played—
To crowded houses; all the day
An eager mob for places prayed;
At night we hundreds turned away.
No spot but what was closely filled,
Pit, boxes, gallery, aisles, and all;
I sang—the house so wrapt and thrilled,
You might have heard a tear-drop fall.

A sea of faces swam in cloud,
Calmed by my voice's silver tone;
But, singled from that earnest crowd,
My eyes took in one face alone.
There wrapt in mist, as though she dreamed,
Sat one, so beautiful and young,
My only auditor she seemed,
For her alone my song I sung.

O'er heads of men and forms of men,
My soul went out to hers that night;
And back came hers to mine again,
Until all space was filled with light.
And when the curtain on me fell,
And her no longer I could see,
It seemed the place around was hell,
And heaven forever barred to me.

Give me another! If you'd raise
The buried from its hidden grave,
And summon back forgotten days,
And would not have me howl and rave,
Steady my nerves with whisky! There—
Pour till you fill—this fit will pass.
Ah! how that stirs me! Now, I swear,
Youth seems to frolic in the glass.

I met her soon—why make the tale
Too tedious? Let all that go by—
Enough, I won her, who could fail
That bore a love so strong as I?
I won her promise to be mine,
If I would leave the boards and be
A farmer on the Brandywine—
A farmer's daughter wife to me.

We parted. I the task begun
To hoard each coin as though it were
In value thousands, every one
I gained but brought me nearer her.
And through the time that we had fixed,
I toiled, but all the toil was gay;
For with those nights of labor mixed
The promise of a happier day.

The year was up. I eager sought
The girl I loved, but mine no more;
Absence and fate their work had wrought—
She had been wed the month before.
A clown, who knew not what he gained,
Who grovelled far below my hate,
The jewel of my heart obtained,
And I had come too late—too late!

What matter by what steps I sank;
How bit by bit the lower deep
I fell to; how I drank and drank—
You see me as I crawl and creep.
Give me one more—just one—I've told
My story—every word is true—
Thank you! that's worth a ton of gold!
May no one tell the same of you.

THE DRAMA OF THREE.

I SAT at the opera ; round me there floated,
On great waves of melody, perfect delight ;
Where, cloaked and bejewelled, a woman I noted,
Whose charms taught the gazer the music of sight.
So beautiful she as to startle beholders ;
Whose eyes in amazement her beauty drank in—
The clear, creamy tint of her neck and her shoulders ;
The sensitive nostrils ; the curved, dimpled chin ;
Lips shaped like a bow ; tresses rippling like ocean ;
Cheeks where tints of the rose at the will went and came ;
Dark eyes that gave token of every emotion,
And melted to softness or kindled to flame.
Yet her beauty to me lacked a touch of the tender ;
She seemed all of marble, cold, cruel, and fair,
As her neatly gloved fingers, long, shapely, and slender,
Unconsciously moving, beat time to the air
Which the tenor sang—" *La donna è mobile.*"

And much the face haunted me ; not from its beauty,
Though fair to a wonder ; but since, deeply lined,
I saw in it selfishness, blindness to duty,
That filled me with pain as I brought it to mind.
And hence a month after, when sudden they called me
To aid a sick child—to be there when it died,
For croup mocks at art—'twas the same face appalled me
That shocked me before with its coldness and pride.
The mother there suddenly summoned from pleasure,
Arrayed in her satins and laces she stood ;
Not dazed, as a person who loses a treasure,
But stony in aspect and careless of mood.

To woe, if she felt it, too proud to surrender,
 Well-bred, cold and calm, with a self-possessed air,
 As when her gloved fingers, long, shapely, and slender,
 Unconsciously moving, beat time to the air,
 While the tenor sang, "La donna è mobile."

She turned to me coldly, and thanked me for service
 Well-meaning though useless, and bent o'er the child;
 Twitched its damp, tangled hair with a clutch cold and
 nervous,
 Threw quickly around her a glance keen and wild;
 Then swept from the chamber, naught further revealing.
 When said the old nurse in half-whisper to me,
 "She was always a woman without any feeling,
 And ne'er loved that baby, you plainly may see.
 But not so the father—he fairly adored it;
 He'll be wild with despair when its death he is told."
 I sharply rebuked her. "Sir, I can afford it,"
 She answered, "that you should esteem me too bold;
 But it's true what I tell you, let who will defend her;
 Her pleasure abroad, not her home, is her care."
 Then I thought of the fingers, long, shapely, and slender,
 Unconsciously making response to the air
 When the tenor sang, "La donna è mobile."

They open the hall-door—is that, then, the father?
 Death waits for a visit from vigorous life.
 No, strangers! What's that from the whispers I gather?
 "At the club with a razor"—"Break slow to his wife."
 On disaster there evermore follows disaster—
 Wide open the portals! give way in the hall!
 The mansion receives for the last time its master;
 For the second time Death at the house makes a call.
 A shriek! on the stairway a figure descending
 Glides and falls on the litter there, reckless and wild.

"O Richard! O Clara! and this is the ending!

Lost, lost! and forever, my husband and child!"

In the street you may hear, where each gaping one lingers,

A dismal hand-organ—strange notes for despair!

Lift her up from the corpse. Ah! those long shapely
fingers

Nevermore in this world will beat time to the air

Which the organ plays—"La donna è mobile."

THE BANKRUPT'S VISITOR.

So you're the senior of the firm, the head

Of the great house of Erbenstone and Son—

Great house that has been. That is what is said

On street, in counting-rooms, by every one.

That house had ships one time on every sea;

But then your father with his brains had sway,

His ventures, millions. Come, don't frown at me!

Sir, I have business, and I'll have my say.

Here are the firm's acceptances—behold!

There is a list, and you may scan it well:

This paper once was thought as good as gold;

Now worthless if the tales be true they tell.

Two hundred thousand and—well, never mind

The odd amount—I bought them as they lay

In many hands—investments poor I find,

But still I put the question—can you pay?

"The house has fallen now"—that cannot be;

You've made a stumble, that is not a fall;

That brings a story freshly up to me—

We queer old fellows will such things recall.

I'll tell you all about it, if you will,
There's something in it you will much admire;
You're bound to hear the story, so keep still—
It's somewhat chilly—let me stir the fire.

'Twas fifty years ago, one day, a lad
Orphaned and friendless—one of those you see
Hanging about the street; some good, some bad—
Walked in a counting-room as bold and free
As if he owned it—'twas your father's; there
He stood and waited. When your sire that day
Saw him, he asked with a repellent air—
"What do you want?" The answer—"Work and pay."

The merchant stared. "Boy, I've no place for you"—
Your father's manner, not his heart, was cold—
"And if I took you here what could you do?"
And the boy answered—"Do as I am told."
Your father liked prompt speech, and so inquired
More of the boy—he rather liked his face—
And on the following day the lad was hired
To run on errands, and to sweep the place.

You were a baby then, sir; but you came
As you grew up to boyhood, rambling through
The great storehouses. You recall the name
Of Byng, the letter-clerk. I see you do.
He was the errand boy, that bit by bit
Had risen in the house till he had won
The confidence of one who had more wit
In choosing servants than has shown his son.

One day a letter from Calcutta came
From a great firm there—Belden and Carstairs,
Begging your father that some clerk he'd name
Acquainted with American affairs,

Trusty and shrewd, and send him out to them—
 The kind of man they sought they thought he knew.
 You know your father's way. He said—"Ahem!
 'Trusty and shrewd'—Byng, there's a chance for you.

"Belden is dead—Carstairs has kept the name
 Of the old firm—he was its life's blood too—
 Immensely rich, and if you play the game
 You've played from boyhood, and be just and true
 And diligent, and make his interest yours
 As you have mine so long, you'll surely rise;
 I hate to part with you; but this secures
 A certain fortune. Take it, if you're wise."

Byng took the advice; and then your father said—
 "You'll need some money, Byng, and here's a draft;
 Take it; a man can always hold his head
 Higher with cash in hand." And then he laughed.
 "No thanks! 'Tis bread upon the waters thrown,
 And may come back. If ever you be rich
 Pay it to me or mine, or give some one
 Who needs it sorely—'tis no matter which."

I'll cut the story short. Byng made his way
 There at Calcutta; all seemed cut and dried;
 First, general manager; in a little day
 The junior partner; when his senior died,
 Became both his successor and his heir;
 And recently, the lord of lac on lac
 Of good rupees, selling his business there
 For a round sum, came to his country back.

Here when he landed, judge of his surprise
 To find his benefactor dead, the name
 Of the old firm made loathly in men's eyes;
 Its olden reputation brought to shame.

Well, sir, he bought its notes, and there they are—
 I am John Byng—to save your house's fame
 I bought them cent per cent—paid them at par—
 There, sir, your fire's improved—they're in the flame.

What! crying like a child! Let go my hand;
 I'm rich beyond compute. I only do
 What I can well afford. Keep self-command;
 Ruin has passed—a friend shall stand by you.
 The house of Erbenstone and Son is saved;
 The bread your father on the water cast
 Comes after many years; the hour I've craved
 When I could pay my debt, is here at last.

VINOGENESIS.

IN this choice old Tokai—'tis the richest and rarest—
 I drink to the dead who have vanished from sight;
 The men who were bravest, the women the fairest,
 Who died and have left me so lonely to-night.

There is frost on my beard; in my heart there is chillness;
 My frame has the weakness of three score and ten;
 But here in the solitude, calmness and stillness
 The love of my youth comes before me again.

The eyes of deep azure, the broad, rippling tresses
 With bright, liquid sunshine enhalo her head;
 The curved, mobile mouth her emotion expresses;
 The zephyr no softer than sound of her tread.

Who says she is dead, that the weeds and the briars
 Have hidden her grave in the churchyard afar?

Such as she are immortal. Be silent, ye liars!
Can death slay the light or the air or a star?

Dead? No! She is living and loving and tender;
New-born from the mists of the earlier years;
Grace, beauty and virtue surround and defend her,
And the rapture I feel finds expression in tears.

We ramble again 'mid the oaks and the beeches;
We pluck from the branches the bright pinxter flowers;
We again interchange the same sweet, silly speeches,
And wonder why time has been stealing the hours.

Now we sit side by side in the fast growing twilight,
Not caring the sun from the world may depart;
No darkness appalls, for we see by the eyelight,
And bright to true lovers are eyes of the heart.

Our love is our riches, our splendor, our glory;
We dwell in a palace with joy for a guest;
What care we for those who are famous in story?
What care we who serves, or who reigns o'er the rest?

Ah, darling! one kiss as of old ere we parted!
She smiles on me kindly, and fades from my eye,
A dream and delusion. I sit here sad-hearted,
With nothing to cheer but this choice old Tokai.

ON THE STREAM.

NIGHT, but no cloud in the sky;
And yonder the lights of the stream gleam and quiver
In a flame-spotted pyramid up from the river,
As I float in my boat so despairingly by
On the stream.

Quiet the ships at the piers ;
Like a forest in winter, their masts and their spars
Stand in relief from the sky and the stars ;
I can see them in spite of my fast-falling tears,
On the stream.

Creeping from wooden-walled slips,
I watch the filled ferry-boats ply to and fro,
Impatiently pawing the wave as they go,
Threading their way through the fast-anchored ships
On the stream.

In the far distance, I see
No light of a lamp from a window on shore ;
That was her signal last summer—no more
Will that lamp through the pane cast a glimmer for me
On the stream.

Though as my life she was dear,
I could have borne it to think of her dead ;
But deeper than that was the pang when she fled
Away with another—fled, leaving me here,
On the stream.

Sometimes they tell me I'm crazed ;
God knows if I am ; but I think not, although
I feel somewhat stunned with this dull, crushing blow ;
I still keep my senses, though floating, amazed,
On the stream.

Floating half way from the shore—
Thus in my boat, in and out of the light,
I drift and I drift with my woe and the night,
Till the storm comes—and then, they will see me no
more
On the stream.

THE OLD CHURCH-BELL.

BORN of the metal and the fire,
They bore me from my raging sire,
And made me of the city's choir
Which sings in free air only ;
And here since then I've patient hung,
Silent, untouched ; but, being swung,
Giving my voice with iron tongue—
Alone, but never lonely.

The hermit of the belfry here,
Celled in the upper atmosphere,
I speak in accents stern and clear
To all the listening people ;
With none my speech to check or mar,
Sending my utterance near and far,
With sonorous clang and sudden jar,
I shake the slender steeple.

I ring the chimes for the bridal day ;
I toll when the dead are borne away ;
I clang when the red flames rise and play
On crackling roof and rafter ;
I tell the hours for the steady clock ;
I call to prayers the pastor's flock ;
And back and forth in my work I rock,
And sink to silence after.

Here by myself in belfry high,
Peeping through bars at earth and sky,
And mocking the breezes sweeping by,
And back their kisses flinging,

I chime for smiles, I toll for tears,
I herald news and hopes and fears,
As I have done for many years,
 And never tire of ringing.

From place of vantage, looking down
On yellow lights and shadows brown
Which glint and tint the busy town
 With hues that gleam and quiver,
I see within the streets below
The human currents crosswise flow,
Edying, surging to and fro,
 An ever-living river.

And when the twilight slowly crawls
O'er slated roofs and bricken walls,
And darkness on the city falls,
 And dews the flags besprinkle,
I watch the gloom around me creep,
So dense the silence, dense and deep,
The very highways seem to sleep,
 But for the gaslights' twinkle.

Or day or night there meet my gaze
The sloping roofs, the crowded ways,
The meshes of a dreary maze
 Where men are ever wending ;
One day a rest for them may see—
One day in seven ; but as for me,
No time from call of duty free,
 My toil is never-ending.

I chime for birth or bridal train ;
I toll when souls have burst their chain ;
I clang when fire its ruddy rain
 From clouds of smoke is flinging ;

I chime for smiles; I toll for tears;
 I herald news and hopes and fears;
 And so shall do for many years,
 And never tire of ringing.

OPTIMUS BROWN.

IT strikes me this morning, friend Pessimus Green,
 By your railing at mankind you're suffering with spleen;
 The men, by your saying, are nothing but knaves,
 The women, to fashion and folly are slaves;
 One set are the biters, the others the bit,
 And both are the mark of your cynical wit;
 But banish a moment that sneer and that frown,
 While I tell you the story of Optimus Brown.

This Optimus Brown, on a hot summer day,
 I met in the street in his clothing of grey,
 And while mopping his forehead, he said this to me—
 "Quite genial weather! I like it, d'ye see?
 It gives one such pleasure without and within;
 It quickens the pulses, relaxes the skin,
 Drives away from the mind every feeling of woe,
 And makes both the plants and the animals grow."

When next I encountered this Brown in the street,
 He was merrily trudging with pattering feet,
 But, stopping at sight of me, gleefully said—
 "A day like to-day might awaken the dead.
 This weather of autumn with dim, misty haze
 Throws a veil of delight o'er the thorniest ways,
 There isn't a season compares with the Fall;
 And the month of November surpasses them all."

Three months after that, in the coldest of weather,
Brown said, as we shivered in walking together,
With "ten below zero" keen piercing us through—
"I admire such fine weather as this is, don't you?
It better than tonics or stimulants serves
To brace up the body and strengthen the nerves;
It gives as much vigor as victuals and drink;
And we'll have a fine ice-crop this winter, I think."

The last time I ran against Optimus Brown
The rain through his tattered umbrella came down,
And poured down his neck like the stream from a pump;
But he said—"How this weather'll make the plants jump!
The country around was in need of such showers
To forward the crops and to blossom the flowers;
And this moisture refreshes the body and brain—
There's nothing compares with a soft April rain!"

And Optimus treated his troubles the same,
And took at its best all misfortunes that came;
His friends were all true, and his foes—if he had 'em—
Were wayward connections, his kinsfolk through Adam,
Who would not wrong *him*, their relation, and hence
No cause to resent where he took no offense;
And, if clouds ever darkened his pathway at night,
He patiently waited for morning and light.

You may smile at old Optimus—laugh, if you please—
Who took each mishap when it came at its ease,
Regarded whatever occurred as the best,
And with whatever happened, believed he was blest;
Yet you'd better think much as Optimus thought,
And bring from each sorrow such joy as he brought,
Look at fortune as friend if she smile, or she frown,
And take the world easy like Optimus Brown.

THE BREAD SNATCHER.

FOR two whole days we had no food ;
And dark, gigantic Want
Beside our cold hearth-stone sat down,
With Hunger grim and gaunt.

My wife and children made no moan,
Nor spoke a single word ;
Yet in the chamber of my heart
Their hearts' complaint I heard.

Aweared by their sorrowing eyes,
I left the house of woe,
And on the dusty village street
I paced me to and fro.

I stopped me at the baker's shop,
Wherein my eyes could see
The great round loaves of wheaten bread
Look temptingly on me.

" My children shall not starve ! " I cried—
The famine in me burned—
I slyly snatched a loaf of bread,
When the baker's back was turned.

I hurried home with eager feet,
And there displayed my prize ;
While joy, so long afar from us,
Came back and lit our eyes.

To fragments in our hunger fierce
That sweet, sweet loaf we tore ;
And gathered afterwards the crumbs
From off the dusty floor.

While yet our mouths were full, there came
A knock which made us start ;
I spoke not, yet I felt the blood
Grow thicker at my heart.

The latch was raised, and in there came
The neighbors with a din ;
They said I stole the baker's bread,
Which was a grievous sin.

They took me to the Judge, who said
"Twas larceny—no less ;
And doomed me to the gloomy jail
For wanton wickedness.

He asked me why the penalty
Of guilt should not be paid ;
And when I strove to state the case,
He laughed at what I said.

Then growing grave he rated me,
And told me it was time
To check the vices of the poor,
And stop the spread of crime.

In jail for three long months I lay—
Three months of bitter woe—
And then they opened wide the door,
And told me I might go.

From out the prison I did not walk,
But ran with quivering feet,
Down through the hall and past the door,
And up the busy street.

My feet had scarce devoured ten rods
Of ground, before a hearse
Came slowly on with coffins three,
Each coffin with a corse.

I asked the driver as he sung,
Therein who might he bear;
He answered not, but stopped his voice,
And on me fixed a stare.

The one beside him turned his head,
And when the hearse had past,
I heard him to the other say—
“ His brain is turned at last.”

I heeded not—I hastened home,
And entered in my door,
Where Silence like a snake crept out
And slided along the floor.

Our old cat from the corner came
And crooked her back and cried;
I stooped me down and patted her,
And then I stood and sighed.

I left the house and sought the street—
My mind was growing wild;
And playing with a pile of dust
I saw a chubby child.

“Come hither, my little dear,” said I;
“Where did the people go,
Who lived within yon empty house,
Two years or nearly so?”

Straight answered then the little boy,
While I turned deadly pale—
“The man, sir, was a wicked thief,
They took him off to jail.

“The woman and children hid themselves;
They found them all to-day,
And in the gloomy poorhouse hearse
They carried them away.

“They say they never will come back,
Because the three are dead;
But wasn't that a wicked thing
For the man to steal the bread?”

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

NEVER again
While the clouds scatter rain,
And the green grass grows, and the great rivers run,
And the earth travels round the immovable sun,
And heaves with the tide the untamable sea,
Will she be but an object of hatred to me;
And never again will my pulses thrill
At the light of her smile, at her frown stand still,
As they thrilled or stilled in the by-gone days
When we thrived together the wild-wood ways.

False to her trust,
She is prone in the dust ;
Her feeling and honor and troth-pledge are sold
For velvets and laces and jewels and gold,
For a mansion of splendor, a withered old lord,
And a life where her soul by itself is abhorred ;
But should ever, as may, in the day to come
To a terrible trouble her heart succumb,
In that moment of misery let her beware
Of the wretch she has doomed to a life of despair.

Such was the thought
From my agony wrought ;
Such the resolve that my spirit controlled,
As I saw her one night with her husband old,
So haughtily poisoning her beautiful neck,
While worshippers waited her nod and beck ;
But casting no thought to the lures and deceit
That had brought me abased on the earth at her feet ;
And hiding from view, by her treacherous smile,
Her bosom of ice and her spirit of guile.

None in his wrath
May determine his path ;
As years after I knew when on duty I passed
Through the hospital wards by the sufferers' ghast—
(An engine had leapt from its track on the rail,
And these were the wounded ones, mangled and pale,)
Who waited and watched for my coming to know
Were they destined to stay with the living or go ;
For one face of those faces alone I could see,
And the rest were but shadows of shadows to me.

There, in the bed,
Half-living, half-dead,
No remnant remaining of wealth that had been,
But, drawn around a form that was wasted and thin,
A calico gown, faded, tattered and old—
No velvets, no laces, no jewels, no gold ;
Of the charms once so potent no token, nor trace,
But some grey hairs instead, sunken cheeks, pallid face ;
And thus I beheld her when long years had flown,
Poor Claribel! dying, forsaken, and lone.

Faded away
As before me she lay,
The bitter resolve and the purpose of years,
And hatred was drowned in my pitying tears.
Was this, then, the end of her beauty and pride,
At whose feet I had knelt, for whose favor had sighed ?
Was this dying woman, abandoned, forlorn,
The belle who had held all her rivals in scorn?
Wealth vanished, hope parted, her flatterers fled,
Eye glazing, pulse failing—a shiver—dead—dead.

Shrouded and cold,
As the solemn bell tolled,
We laid the poor wanderer down to her rest,
With a stone at her head, and the earth on her breast ;
And never again while the clouds scatter rain,
While the winds sigh through forest, or sweep over plain,
And the green grass grows, and the great rivers run,
And the earth travels round the immovable sun,
And heaves with the tide the untamable sea,
Will more than a memory of Claribel be.

RISEN FROM THE LAPSTONE.

"RISEN from the lapstone"—this I heard them say
Of one a little richer than the rest ;
They spoke the words in an admiring way,
As though among all good men he were best.
I sought the history of this honored man,
To profit by it ; to my great surprise
I learned he had succeeded in a plan
To gather wealth by meanness, fraud and lies.

There was no trick of gain that he would shun ;
There was no mean device he left untried,
If haply thus some profits might be won :
All which they told me with apparent pride.
They merely saw the gold the man had gained,
The stocks he owned, the lands he held in fee :
Nor were their coarser natures shocked or pained
By what the shirt of Nessus seemed to be.

"Risen from the lapstone"—others said the same,
And curled their lips, and gave a scornful leer,
As though the lapstone were a thing of shame,
The fitting subject for a bitter sneer.
Their scorn was for the honest trade at which
The man had ceaseless wrought in manhood's prime,
Not for the practices that made him rich :
Their sneer was for his calling, not his crime.

Gaining his wealth so vilely, did he rise?
What fool asserts it? When his hammer's clank
Spoke frequent from the lapstone, in our eyes
He could not well attain a higher rank ;

But when through avarice he threw away
Good men's respect, became the slave of greed,
Pinched here, grasped yonder, crawling day by day—
We knew he found the lowest depth indeed.

Labor is honor. He who toils, creates,
And who creates above mere idlers stands;
He is a soft-brained fool who arrogates
Himself great credit for his stainless hands;
Yet he who riches wins by patient toil,
And honest thrift, and noble enterprise,
Keeping his spirit free from taint and soil,
Be he but modest, may be said to rise.

Labor has dignity. Kings held the plow
And deemed it honor. The incarnate God
Till middle manhood bathed his sacred brow
With labor's dew. And publish it abroad
That those who win immunity from toil
By petty tricks that hold the soul in thrall,
By meannesses that name and honor soil,
From their condition do not rise, but fall.

THE DYING CLERK.

I'VE had charge of the books, Maria, for forty-nine years
and more ;
I remember I made the first entries when we moved from
the Pearl-street store.
In fact I grew up in the business : I swept out the place
when a boy,
And climbed from one post to another, and never yet left
their employ.

And how will they get on without me? They've no one
to follow my plan:
That Morton'll muddle the journal; and Harris, he isn't
the man.
Harris, indeed! why, I've known him since he was a slip
of a lad!
And now he's a wild boy of thirty—he'll soon bring our
books to the bad.

I've never been found in an error—I know that my books
will compare
With any in South street this minute—in fact, with their
books anywhere;
But the doctor says, errors excepted—and I have no doubt
but he's right—
That my time's come to make trial balance, and close my
account up to-night.

Now don't go to crying, Maria, for tears are a poor stock
in hand,
And you're not left a beggar entirely you might just as
well understand;
For here is the house that we live in, some bonds and
some ready cash too.
Had he lived, 'twould have gone to your father; and now
it'll all come to you.

Not talk at this moment of money! And why won't I
talk of it, pray?
'Tis a very good thing, I can tell you, laid by for a cold,
rainy day.
If you and that Robert must marry, you won't be a beg-
garly bride;
Young love is a good thing for young folk, but then you
want money beside.

I'd rather you took up with Peter, for Peter's a much better man ;
But when we can't get what we want to, we do the next best that we can.
And Robert is earnest and honest, and steady enough in his ways ;
But Peter's the man to make money, and that is the thing now-a-days.

And Robert is not a neat penman—he somehow don't look far ahead ;
He thinks of to-day when he ought to give thought to to-morrow instead.
He'll always have blots in his ledger—But grandfather's talk is in vain ;
To Profit and Loss we must charge it—as they say—
“ Debit Loss, credit Gain.”

I'm not such an old man, Maria—but a little way past seventy-five ;
There's Timothy Morris's brother, he's ninety, and he is alive ;
And there is old Anthony Norton—he's somewhere about eighty-two,
And lively, they say, as a cricket ; but then he's as rich as a Jew.

And so you will marry that Robert? Well, well, if you *must* have your way,
I hope that you'll never repent it—I know you'll be sure to, one day.
What! Robert! His pen always splutters ; his books that I've seen are a show—
If Harris gets hold of the ledger, he'll tangle accounts there, I know.

Come, lift me up higher, Maria—it seems I slide down in
 the bed ;
 Then shake up the pillow a little—there's a lump there
 just under my head.
 You'd better leave Robert for Peter—my eyes seem to
 flutter and swim—
 That ugly mistake in the column—What makes the light
 —burn—there—so—dim?

THE CROWNLESS HAT.

It doubtless had been a respectable hat
 That I saw on the edge of the sidewalk to-day,
 Though crownless and battered and torn and all that ;
 And it certainly wasn't the least in my way.
 But I reached where it lay with the end of my stick,
 And carefully drew the old thing to my feet ;
 Then I stopped for a moment and gave it a kick,
 And landed it out where they crossed o'er the street.

An elderly gentleman crossing just then,
 Well-gloved, neatly booted, and clad in the best—
 Apparent no courtlier man among men—
 Couldn't let the old head-gear quiescently rest.
 He peered through his gold-mounted spectacles down
 At the fabric of plush I had tossed in his path ;
 He twisted his eye-brows of grey to a frown,
 And he kicked it, with every appearance of wrath.

A delicate girl tripping early to school,
 With lunch-box and satchel, came past where it lay ;
 She was thinking, no doubt, of some difficult rule,
 Or conning the lesson set down for the day.

She paused for a moment—the hat met her eye—
She bent her head downward, her lip formed a curl;
She cast a quick glance to see no one was nigh,
Then with tip of her toe gave the old hat a whirl.

Some boys on their errand of mischief were bent,
All eager for what gave a promise of fun,
And as past with their whooping and shouting they went,
The hat crushed and torn met the vision of one.
“Ho! here's a football!” and upward it rose,
Propelled by the force of the little men's feet;
Till, trampled by shoe soles and dented by toes,
It soon found its way to the end of the street.

Meanwhile on the curb-stone there lay an old shoe;
It was rusty and weather-worn, twisted and ripped;
With a rent in the front where a toe had come through,
And a place where the sole from the welt had been
stripped.
But no one disturbed it; it lay where 'twas thrown,
Though directly before every passenger's sight:
In kicking the hat was our energy shown,
And solely in that we expended our spite.

I puzzled my noddle a reason to find
Why the hat should be spurned and the shoe should
escape;
But rejected the first one that came to my mind,
That the cause lay in relative softness and shape.
We pity the boor who is worn out by toil;
But we jeer at Napoleon now he is down:
The shoe was created to press on the soil;
The hat is degraded in losing its crown.

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

THERE, in his cobwebbed counting-room,
The iron safe before,
Where russet volumes tell the tale
Of millions made, or more,
The merchant, seated in his chair,
O'er which the sunlight streams,
In happy slumber wrapped, goes back
To childhood in his dreams.

Before his eyes the well-known farm,
The home of early years,
With fertile fields and meadows green,
As in the past, appears :
The low-roofed farm-house, painted white,
With drooping elms before,
The woodland and the running brook,
The shelving river-shore.

His coming through the old farm-gate
Provokes the watch-dog's bay,
But down the elmen avenue
He briskly takes his way.
Old Chloe to the kitchen door
Comes when the bark she hears,
Puts up her hands to shade her eyes,
And curious at him peers.

He stays a minute at the well,
He lets the bucket drop ;
He hears the splash, he sees it fall,
He draws it to the top.

How clear and cool the crystal draught!
How pleasant to the lips!
Not sweeter is the honey-dew
In Paradise that drips!

The bars let down at yonder lane,
He strides the grassy way
Until he gains the old red barn,
With mossy roof and grey.
A boy again, he enters in
The huge, wide-open door;
He sees the piles of yellow sheaves,
He treads the threshing-floor.

There, loaded with its wheaten wealth,
Is driven the creaking wain;
There eager fowls came scurrying up
To pick the scattered grain.
He watches as the sheaves they store,
And from the stalls below
He hears the tramping of the steed,
The heifer's mournful low.

Then, wandering to the pasture-field,
The green, lush grass to tread,
He switches off the daisy-tips,
Or plucks the clover red.
The sky above is tinged with gold,
The sun untempered shines,
The air comes fragrant from the wood,
Balmy with breath of pines.

Hark! in the air a clang of bells!
It strikes the hour of four.
The merchant wakes to later days;
He is a boy no more.

To ships at sea and trade on shore,
To restless, grasping men,
To red brick rows and stony streets
His soul has come again.

THE ROSE AND SPARROW.

IN yonder window a scented rose
In all its stately beauty grows ;
Open its buds in a leathery fold,
With a flush of cream on a base of gold ;
The yellow-green of its mossy leaves
A tinge of blue from the sky receives ;
And never, it seems, it so befell
For a rose to be tended half so well ;
Yet a murmur ever from it goes,
And this is the plaint of the luckless rose :

“ Here in thrall where my lady sits,
While yonder sparrow freely flits—
Here where the rushing crowd moves past,
A cruel fate has bound me fast,
Never the garden fair to know
Where my happy sisters bud and blow,
And painted butterflies come and go,
But doomed to waste my beauty rare
On the dusky city's smoky air.
What to me that my lady here
Holds me petted and sweet and dear—
Culls my buds for her hair of gold
As each were a gem of worth untold?
Better a wilder life would be,
To bloom in the garden fresh and free ;

Better to pass one summer there,
And then to die in the wintry air,
Than live forever in cold confine
In this hateful dungeon-cell of mine.
I am sick of my lady's well-pleased gaze,
I am tired of my lady's winning ways,
I shrink from my lady's gentle touch—
Gaze, ways, and touch—they irk me much.”

In yonder street, with his pinions free,
A sparrow is flitting from curb to tree;
He twitters and chatters and hops and flies,
But casts above his envious eyes;
Pattering over the well-paved ground,
Careless is he of the crowd around;
Hither he comes, and thither he goes,
Yet still complains of the lucky rose:

“ Pleasantly housed in his palace fair,
The pampered rose is devoid of care;
Evermore there in his gilded vase,
Part of the glories of the place;
Ever attended, night and morn,
While I in the street must flit forlorn
Through a crowd that pity and smile and scorn.
I am condemned my food to find
In the pelting rain and piercing wind,
Through sunlight blazing or chilling snow,
Wandering, homeless to and fro;
While he is watered and trimmed and nursed
As of all plants he were counted the first.
Ah! why in his palace of ease should he
By my gentle lady so tended be,
While I must wander and toil to gain
Some crumbs of bread, some scattering grain?

Oh that a gilded cage were mine,
 With morsels of cake and sops of wine,
 By loving looks and words carest,
 In lieu of this life of wild unrest!
 For the sparrow arise a thousand woes:
 Happy the lot of the pampered rose."

And thus in the world it ever goes,
 Rose would be sparrow, and sparrow be rose;
 Those who are captives would fain be free,
 And those in freedom would captive be;
 But, spite of longing and woe and pain,
 Sparrow and rose they ever remain.

 AT THE RIVER.

ALL gloom intense; no struggling star is here
 To pierce the darkness of the midnight sky;
 The pitchy river, moving sluggish by,
 Beats sullenly against the rotting pier—
 All else is silent.

Like ghosts the tall masts of the mighty ships
 Show their dim outline through the dark profound;
 From yonder spars, with sails securely bound,
 The heavy mist, in drops condensing, drips
 Constant and noiseless.

The damp my frame infiltrates, flakes my hair,
 Presses my garments to my shivering form—
 This is some roofless dungeon, walled with storm,
 With horror barred; the jailer is Despair;
 I the sole captive.

Naught moves around me ; I alone have life ;
But that is merely passive like the rest.
'Tis well it should be thus for one unblest,
Sinning and sinned against ; mother, not wife ;
Homeless and friendless.

Twelve little months have passed ; in those how much
Of frenzied joy and bitter woe have been—
Of abject misery which was born of sin,
Ah! the sad truth—who, Sodom-apples touch
In their dust stifles.

Before me where methought I stood alone
A shadow darker than the darkness stands,
Above me lifting high its fleshless hands,
And ever echoes back my piteous moan,
Mocking my anguish.

Mock on, and take thy vengeance while thou canst ;
I shall escape thee and thy wrath ere long ;
But thou shalt not escape me and my wrong :
By my rash deed thy guilt is much enhanced
Rather than lessened.

For 'twas thy cold desertion nerved my hand
To right myself in sacrificing thee ;
And through thy crime less guilt will cling to me
What time we twain unfleshed together stand
Waiting for judgment.

Left me for her! What was she more than I,
Who gave up all a maid may proudly claim,
Home, friends and honor, kinsfolk and good name,
At thy behest? 'Twas meet that thou shouldst die,
Being thus perjured.

Had she then beauty? Didst thou not declare
The rose and lily were combined in me—
My eyes twin stars? How fairer could she be,
When I had been the fairest of all fair,
In thy rapt vision?

Had she then wealth? That was the bait that took
Thee to thy ruin. Basely thou for gold
The heart that loved thee to this misery sold;
'Twas not the man I loved my dagger strook,
But one far baser.

Ah, me! And yet I loved thee as I slew;
I gazed on thee in love when thou wert dead;
I stooped and kissed thy cold lips ere I fled;
I had no power the cruel deed to do,
Save for my frenzy.

They've found thy corpse ere now, bathed in thy gore;
Let that be hers—the soul within is gone.
Gone! Whither? Where my own will go ere dawn,
Long ere my body floating seeks the shore
Of the black water.

Ha! voices! lights! What form the bloodhounds leads?
They'd hunt me down, urged by the raging wife.
She shall not triumph. What is left in life?
Forgive me, Father, for this worst of deeds—
Welcome me, river!



THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

WHY, let the wind whistle—who cares? Let it blow,
Driving hither and thither the flakes of the snow.
Let the wretches without, as they shivering pass,
Gaze with envy and hatred at me through the glass;
I am safe from the storm, with all men could desire,
A dinner of dainties, a hickory fire.
This luxury round me; all cheerful and bright;
And my sixtieth Christmas is with me to-night.

Wheel the chair around, William; the cloth take away;
Drop the curtains, and then light the taper—but stay—
Place the sherry in reach; put segars there at hand—
A dozen or so of my favorite brand.
You may go. Should I need you, the bell-rope will bring
Obedient to summons the slave of the ring:
I'm alone; but not lonely; unseen by this light,
There are guests from the past who are with me to-night.

First is Albert, my brother, the golden-haired one,
The pet of his mother, the youngest-born son.
He died on the ocean—the blue, swelling wave,
The home of his choice, at the last was his grave.
He comes as he went, with a frank, earnest gaze,
And he warms his wet frame in the bright, cheerful blaze.
Dead now twenty years, but his eyes are as bright—
No matter—you're welcome, dear brother, to-night.

There is Milton on whom I could ever depend,
Just less than a brother, and more than a friend—

Stout Milton, who died not a twelvemonth ago,
From his home in the churchyard wades here through the
snow.

He comes to spend Christmas, as often before :
But less briskly than wont seems to enter the door.
What makes him so pulseless and pallid and white?
Cheer up ; we'll be jolly together to-night.

Ah! Amy, my darling! ten years since we laid
Your body to rest in the cypress's shade.
And now you return to the husband who pressed
That sad night in anguish your form to his breast.
Come back on a visit? no! come to remain,
For I swear nothing ever shall part us again.
Thirty years since your eyes first cheered life with their light ;
And yet you look younger than ever to-night.

What! Sybil, my daughter, have you too returned
To the father whose heart for you evermore yearned?
Has he whom you chose at the risk of my curse
Sent you back here to open the strings of my purse?
Why, you died through neglect of the husband who vowed
To cherish and love—died, despairing and proud.
Does the grave give you holiday? Would that it might,
And you were but living to sit here to-night.

All well-desired guests for the revel are near—
Wife, daughter, friend, brother—all risen and here.
Yet it seems to my judgment the sherry lacks taste,
The segar has no flavor—it all burns to waste ;
The taper expires, and the gas-light sinks low ;
The fire falls to embers—what troubles me so?
All here, no one missing—the list is not right ;
One guest, and the greatest, is lacking to-night.

He enters at last. 'Tis a stranger to me,
So draped with dim shadows, so gaunt—who is he?
Sunk deep are his eyes, there is ice in his breath—
A guest most unwelcome! I know him—'tis Death.
Unwelcome? Not so! Most desired of them all.
His skeleton foot has a musical fall;
His shadows have changed to a halo of light—
Best friend and deliverer, welcome to-night.

SMITING THE ROCK.

THE stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood—
She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and defiant and bold—
Mother and son; and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were won,
The mother convicted, and not the son.

There was the mother; the boy stood high
With a shameless look, and his head held high.
Age had come over her, sorrow and care;
These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prized as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on the sentence-day?

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she, a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn to night,
Making with want a wearisome fight,

Bent over her work with a resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim ;
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as the flinty rock,
An impudent glance and reckless air.
Braving the scorn of the gazers there ;
Dipped in crime and encompassed round
With proofs of his guilt by his captors found,
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, " game,"
Holding not crime, but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
The moistening prayers where the tongue was weak,
And she saw through the mist of those bitter tears
Only the child in his innocent years ;
She remembered him pure as a child might be,
The guilt of the present she could not see ;
And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.

" Woman," the old judge crabbily said—
" Your boy is the neighborhood's plague and dread ;
Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief ;
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief.
The jury did right, for the facts were plain ;
Denial is idle, excuses are vain.
The sentence the court imposes is one—"
" Your honor," she cried, " he's my only son."

The tipstaves grinned at the words she spoke,
And a ripple of fun through the court-room broke ;

But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame.
"Don't laugh at my mother!" loud cried he;
"You've got me fast, and can deal with me;
But she's too good for your coward jeers,
And I'll—" then his utterance choked with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
And looked at him keenly, and then he said—
"We suspend the sentence—the boy can go;"
And the words were tremulous, forced and low.
"But stay!" and he raised his finger then—
"Don't let them bring you hither again.
There is something good in you yet, I know;
I'll give you a chance—make the most of it—Go!"

The twain went forth, and the old judge said—
"I meant to have given him a year instead;
And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell
If clemency here be ill or well.
But a rock was struck in that callous heart
From which a fountain of good may start;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed
Who loves his mother, is not quite lost."

THE NIGHT BEFORE.

I SNEERED when I heard the old priest complain,
That the doomed seemed voiceless and dull of brain;
For why should the felon be other than dumb
As he stands at the gate of the world to come?
Let them lock up his Reverence here in the cell,

Waiting the sound of the morning bell
That heralds his dying and tolls his knell,
 And the tick-tock
 Of the great jail clock
Will attract him more than the holiest prayer
That ever was mingled with dungeon air.

Will it never be morning—never arise
The great red sun in the cold grey skies,
Thrusting its rays in my iron-barred cell,
And lighting the city I know so well?
Is this horrible night forever to be—
The phantom I feel, though I cannot see—
Is that to be ever alone with me?

 Will the tick-tock
 Of the ceaseless clock
Beat forever through brain and heart
Till the tortured soul from the body part?

And now in the darkness surrounding me
A hundred figures I plainly see ;
And there are my mother's pitying eyes—
Why does *she* from her grave arise?
And there, on the crowd's extremest rim—
Gashed of throat, and supple of limb—
Why, what do I want to-day with *him* ?

 To the tick-tock
 Of the pitiless clock
His body is swaying, slowly and free,
While his shadowy finger points at me.

Will it never be here—the dawn of the day,
When the law is to carry my life away ;
And the gaping crowd, with their pitiless eyes,
Stand eager to see how the doomed one dies?

Nothing to scatter the terrible gloom
That fills up the arched and the grated room ;
Nothing to herald the hour of doom
 But the tick-tock
 Of the weariless clock,
And the tread of the tired policeman's feet
As he steadily paces the echoing street?

At last the deep darkness is melting away
At the corpse-like light on the face of the day ;
I hear the prisoners move in their cells,
I hear the chiming of morning bells,
The rattle of carts in the streets once more,
The careful tread on the stony floor
Of the sheriff, who comes to the grated door,
 And the tick-tock
 Of the great jail clock,
And the whispered words of the keepers around,
And every whisper a thunder-sound.

What mocking is this in the formal demand,
In the mighty name of the law of the land,
For the body of him who is doomed to die
In the face of men, and beneath the sky?
I am safe in your thrall, but pinion me well ;
I might be desperate—who can tell?—
As I march to the sound of the clanging bell,
 The tick-tock
 Of the great jail clock,
And the voice of the priest as he mumbles a prayer,
And the voices that murmur around me there.

THE WIDOW'S CHRISTMAS.

THIS is the day of Christmas ; but how can we merry be—
Harry who lies on the bed there, and the baby on my knee?
How can we three be merry, whatever our hearts desire,
While Harry, my boy, is dying, and we have no food nor
fire?

This is the day of Christmas, the blesseddest day of the year,
And when it last fell my husband he was alive and here ;
And Harry was stout and hearty, and the baby was yet un-
born—
One is dead, another is dying, and life is a state forlorn.

This is the day of Christmas ; this morning at break of day
I heard the chimes in the steeples, with the bells in silvery
play.
Cheery they were to some folk ; to me their sound was a
knell,
And I heard the moaning of anguish in the voice of each
chiming bell.

This is the day of Christmas ; but a year ago, my boy,
You awoke when the dawn was breaking, and gave such a
shout of joy,
And you blessed the good St. Nicholas who brought a drum
and gun,
And a fairy-book with pictures for your father's only son.

This is the day of Christmas ; to think in less than a year
Your father should be in the graveyard, and you a poor
cripple here ;

No food the body to cherish, nor fire the body to warm,
And rags, and those but scanty, to cover each shivering
form.

This is the day of Christmas, when our Lord a babe was
born
And laid to rest in a manger with brutes of the hoof and
horn;
And the angels at His birth hour sang sweetly, telling then
Of peace on the earth around us to all good-willing men.

This is the day of Christmas; and what must I have done
That peace is no longer my portion, nor strength for my
little son?
Is it wonderful that I murmur while here, with my want
and woe,
I can hear the joyous voices arise from the street below?

This is the day of Christmas; when yesterday at four
I went for my scanty wages, I found me a barred-up door;
They had gone to prepare for feasting, and so the better
they may,
We three must suffer with hunger, and shiver with cold
to-day.

This is the day of Christmas; but keep a good heart, my
son;
To-morrow the shop will open; your trouble will soon be
done.
They'll pay the wages they owe me, and we'll have some
meat and bread,
And coal and—speak to me, darling! God help me!—
my boy is dead!

THE OLD MAN'S DAY-DREAM.

HERE, in this brick-waste where the dingy houses
Hold their grim guard along the stony ways,
Where brazen-fronted wrong weak wrath arouses,
And honor mainly triumphs when it pays,
I sit and listen at my curtained casement
To jarring noises in the busy street,
Until their discord to my dumb amazement,
Changes to something musically sweet.

The lowing of the kine, the bell that tinkles
Amid the flock that grazes on the hill,
The roaring of the dam whose spray besprinkles
The mossy stones beside the grey old mill,
The cry which shows the hawk's vexation bitter
As, poised in air, his shielded prey he sees,
The cat-bird's cry, the swallow's ceaseless twitter,
The blue jay's chatter, and the drone of bees.

High overhead the elm's long, tremulous branches
Move to the metre of the rustling leaves ;
There the old house-dog, resting on his haunches,
Watches the reapers as they bind the sheaves.
There the sleek horses on their brown bits champing,
Impatient wait the loading of the wain,
And there the children, wearied with their tramping,
Ask for a homeward ride upon the grain.

Here is the house, low nestled in the valley,
With gambrel-roof, low porch and sanded floor,
Where moonlight nights at parting I would dally,
And speak low words to Alice at the door.

How her dear voice with fond emotion filled me,
Till tingled with the rapture nerve and brain,
And so with its excess of pleasure thrilled me
That ecstasy intensified to pain.

There is the old church with its wooden steeple,
Near it the horses hitched to pendent limbs ;
And from it float the voices of the people
Praising their Maker with their simple hymns.
Ah! in the churchyard lying there behind it
A stone is found with moss half covered o'er ;
You part aside the rankling weeds to find it—
" Alice " is carven there, and nothing more.

KING THREAD.

THROUGH the great pile of bricks that, uptowering,
Looks over the river in pride,
And, sombre in aspect, stands glowering
Half sullenly over the tide,
I climb floor by floor, where each rafter
Leans over the hum of the hive,
And the spindles, whose murmurous laughter
Greets the bees as they toil there and thrive.

Then down through each chamber of labor
Where steady each factory girl,
Unheeding the work of her neighbor,
Keeps her own watch and ward o'er the whirl,
Where the toilers of Adam begotten,
Through the doom of their race earn their bread,
I see how from tortured King Cotton
Arises the monarch, King Thread.

Yellow-robed and impassive they found him,
This Cotton, just burst from his boll ;
They caught him, and caged him, and bound him,
And took o'er his being control.
To the picker in triumph they bore him,
Where he made neither murmur nor plaint,
But there, while to fragments they tore him,
Endured like a martyr and saint.

From all baser matter they freed him ;
They carried him down to the room
Where he'd learn what his fortune decreed him,
If doomed to the needle or loom—
To the lady who sways o'er the many,
To whom kings and emperors bow,
The dame whom we called Spinning Jenny—
They style her the Twisting Frame now.

Ah! she is a wonderful creature,
As weird and attractive as sin ;
Noted less for her beauty of feature
Than dexterity fibre to spin ;
And with her untiring steel fingers,
Beginning at dawn of the day,
She never through lassitude lingers,
But toils in the cheeriest way.

Coquettish, she waits for his coming,
Elbows crooked—"flies," she calls them—she twirls,
Pirouettes with a low, cheerful humming,
And drags him along in her whirls.
He abandons all useless endeavor,
To the mouth of the whirlpool he goes,
And in straw-colored torrent forever
He flows and he flows and he flows.

Then tortured and bound, and unable
To resistance oppose to their will,
He is borne to the place where they stable
The docilest mule in the mill ;
And there, in a cop on the spindle,
They twist him through all of his length,
Till he feels his circumference dwindle,
But gains by compression new strength.

They double him spite of resisting,
They grip him with fingers of steel ;
They give him a fierce triple twisting,
And stretch him around on the reel.
Then they bleach him to rare snowy whiteness
Blow light azure clouds on his head,
And enthrone him in splendor and brightness,
To live and to rule as King Thread.

Now whether in chamber or palace
Their needles they busily ply,
Low houses in dark narrow alleys,
Or mansions pretentious and high,
The belle who is sewing for pleasure,
The girl who is stitching for bread,
As their time they monotonous measure,
Mourn not for King Cotton as dead.

For shattered and carded and tightened,
And twisted by jenny and mule,
And doubled and trebled and whitened,
And bound there and tied to a spool,
He is freed from his first imperfection,
All his baseness is purged by his pain ;
He appears, in a grand resurrection,
King Thread, o'er the millions to reign.

THE DEFECTIVE NAIL.

I LOOKED at a carpenter nailing one day
Some weatherboards on in a workmanlike way,
And saw that the claw of the hammer he clapped
To a nail which the moment before he had tapped,
And, drawing it out, threw it by with a jerk,
Took another instead and went on with his work.

“What’s that for?” I asked him. “Have nails grown so
cheap
That you toss them away as too worthless to keep?”
“No,” he answered, “it bent in the driving, and so,
Lest it make a bad job, to the ground it must go.
We draw while we’re able,” he said, with a grin,
“For we can’t pull it out, once we hammer it in.”

When the nail had been followed by one that was good,
I noticed beside it a dent in the wood—
The mark had been made by the base of the claw
Through the strong force exerted the bent nail to draw;
And there the depression, to eyesight quite plain,
Though twice painted over will doubtless remain.

No marvellous incident certainly; still
It set me to thinking, as little things will,
How habits, like nails, be they wrong ones or right,
Can’t be drawn from their places when hammered in tight;
And, though drawn ere they sink to the head, leave behind
By their drawing, some traces on body and mind.

When a young man seeks money and nothing beside,
And, quoting Ben. Franklin, his meanness to hide,

Does small things for pelf, and with muck-rake in hand,
Shuns the crown overhead, petty gains to command,
Though it end in that wealth he is anxious to win,
He has struck a bent nail, and has hammered it in.

When a dashing young man at the outset of life,
Who has won some pure maiden and made her his wife,
Leaves his home and his wife for some low, murky den,
Where he drinks and carouses with dissolute men,
The nail he is driving may crooken to sin ;
Better pull it out quickly, not hammer it in.

When some neighbor of those sees their faults through a
glass
That makes them too large for the censor to pass,
And, with sense of their wickedness, righteously hot,
Calls one a mere miser, the other a sot—
He is handling a nail that is not worth a pin ;
Like a corkscrew 'twill twist if he hammer it in.

When a girl shows the world that she surely thinks less
Of her culture and conduct than gadding and dress ;
When she eagerly seeks for a confab with those
Whose talk solely runs upon dresses and beaux,
Neglecting home duties some street-yarn to spin—
That nail will give trouble if once hammered in.

When a wife finds her temper grow peevish and sour,
And the tones that once charmed her have lost all their
power ;
When she scolds till her husband, in fury and pain,
Like a fool seeks in whiskey oblivion to gain—
'Twere better by far did she never begin
To tap on that nail, much less hammer it in.

When some woman—wife, widow, or spinster the same—
Too eager to blow the dull coals to a flame,
The faults of her sisters brings closer to view,
Calling this one street-gadder, and that one a shrew,
Her nail has a flaw, is ill-shapen and thin,
As she'll find to her cost when she hammers it in.

Enough for the lesson. The nails that we drive,
Not through boards that are pulseless, but frames that are
live,
Examine them well, closely scan ere too late ;
Should they prove of firm metal, well-cut, and quite straight,
Regardless of sneering, or clamor, or din,
Place each where it should be, and hammer it in.

HERE AND THERE.

FROM its snood fell one of her tresses
To the side of her snowy neck,
Where jewels of price and laces
Her delicate throat bedeck,
As she swept with garments trailing
The carpeted floor that night,
Through the wide and lofty parlors,
In the bright and glaring light.
And she was a beautiful lady
As ever the eye might see,
With a dainty step and modest,
And a manner both frank and free ;
And the lovers who gathered around her,
And strove for her favor there,
For a smile, or a glance of kindness,
Were ready to do or dare.

But, when the guests departed,
The lady, so courted and blest,
Ascended the stairs to her chamber
That wooed her to pleasant rest.
Disrobed, at the bedside kneeling,
She prayed that the Christ who died
Might her from all ill deliver
And the snares of earthly pride.

Another, alone in her garret,
So chilly and dreary and damp,
Slow plying her busy needle,
By the light of a glimmering lamp,
Haggard of look and weary,
And scantily clad and fed,
With the past a hopeless struggle
And hope for the future dead.
There stood on the rickety table
Remains of the poor repast—
The meal that labor had brought her—
And each was the same as the last.
Breakfast and dinner and supper
Alike on the board were spread,
And her bread and tea were followed
By a diet of tea and bread.
Far down in the midnight sombre
She nodded and stitched away,
Then snatched some hours of slumber,
To be up at the morning grey.
But ere she sank on her pallet
She thanked the Giver of Good,
Who had blest her weary labor
With shelter and rest and food.

A year had passed, and the mourners
Bore slow to her place of rest

The lady whom kindly fortune
 With beauty and wealth had blest ;
 And there at the churchyard portals
 A funeral entered in
 Of the seamstress poor who struggled
 Her needs of life to win.
 One borne in a rosewood casket,
 With many a nodding plume,
 With a lengthened train of coaches
 And the pomp of grief and gloom ;
 And one, by a few attended,
 In a coffin of pine was brought ;
 And both lay down in the chambers
 By the spade and mattock wrought.
 But ere those bodies were buried,
 And the clay to clay was given,
 Two fleshless forms soared upward
 And met at the gate of Heaven.
 Freed of the flesh those spirits
 And purged of all earthly sin,
 What mattered their once condition,
 As to glory they entered in?

 OUT IN THE STREETS.

THE light is shining through the window-pane ;
 It is a laughing group that side the glass.
 Within, all light ; without, pitch-dark and rain :
 I see, but feel no pleasure as I pass,
 Out in the streets.

Another casement, with the curtain drawn ;
 There the light throws the shadow of a form—

A woman's, with a child—a man's: all gone!
They with each other. I am with the storm,
Out in the streets.

There at the open window sits a man,
His day's toil over, with his pipe alight;
His wife leans o'er him, with her tale began
Of the day's doings. I am with the night,
Out in the streets.

All these have homes and hope, and light and cheer,
And those around who love them. Ah for me!
Who have no home, but wander sadly here,
Alone with night and storm and misery,
Out in the streets.

The rain soaks through my clothing to the skin;
So let it. Curses on that cheery light!
There is no light with me and shame and sin;
I wander in the night and of the night,
Out in the streets.

You who betrayed me with a loving kiss,
Whose very touch could thrill me through and through,
When you first sought me, did you think of this?
My curse. . . . But why waste time in cursing you
Out in the streets?

You are beyond my hatred now. You stand
Above reproach; you know no wrong nor guile;
Foremost among the worthies of the land,
You are all good, and I a wretch all vile,
Out in the streets.

You have a daughter, young and innocent;
You love her, doubtless. I was pure as she

Before my heart to be your lackey went.

God guard her! Never let her roam, like me,

Out in the streets.

I was a father's darling long ago ;

'Twas well he died before my babe was born ;

And that's dead too—some comfort in my woe!

Wet, cold, and hungered, homeless, sick, forlorn,

Out in the streets.

How the cold rain benumbs my weary limbs!

What makes the pavement heave? Ah! wet and chill,

I hear the little children singing hymns

In the village church: how peaceful now and still

Out in the streets.

But why this vision of my early days?

Why comes the church-door in the public way?

Hence with this mocking sound of prayer and praise!

I have no cause to praise, I dare not pray,

Out in the streets.

What change is here? The night again grows warm ;

The air is fragrant as an infant's breath.

Why, where's my hunger? Left me in the storm?

Now, God forgive my sins! this, this is death,

Out in the streets.

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

YESTERNIGHT, as I sat with an old friend of mine,

In his library, cosily over our wine,

Looking out on the guests in the parlor, I said,

Of a lady whose shoe showed some ripping of thread,

“ Frank, she looks like a shoemaker's daughter.”

“ Yes,” said Frank, “ yes ; her shoe has a rip at the side,
 The mishap of the moment—the lady’s a bride.
 That reminds me of something ; and here as we sit,
 If you’ll listen with patience, I’ll spin you a bit
 Of a yarn of a shoemaker’s daughter.

“ When I was a boy, half a century since—
 How one’s frame, as one numbers the years, seems to
 wince!—
 A dear little girl went to school with me then ;
 As I sit in my arm-chair I see her again—
 Kitty Mallet, the shoemaker’s daughter.

“ Whence the wonderful ease in her manner she had,
 Not from termagant mother nor hard-working dad.
 Yet no doubt that, besides a most beautiful face,
 The child had decorum, refinement, and grace,
 Not at all like a shoemaker’s daughter.

“ Her dress was of sixpenny print, but ’twas clean ;
 Her shoes, like all shoemakers’ children’s, were mean ;
 Her bonnet a wreck ; but, whatever she wore,
 The air of a damsel of breeding she bore—
 Not that of a shoemaker’s daughter.

“ The girls of the school, when she entered the place,
 Pinched each other, then tittered and stared in her face.
 She heeded no insult, no notice she took,
 But quietly settled herself to her book ;
 She meant business, that shoemaker’s daughter.

“ Still jeered at by idler and dullhead and fool,
 A hermitess she in the crowd of the school :
 There was wonder, indeed, when it soon came to pass
 That ‘ Calico Kitty ’ was head of the class.
 ‘ What, Kitty, that shoemaker’s daughter !’

" Still wearing the same faded calico dress,
And calm, as before, in the pride of success ;
Her manner the same, easy, soft, and refined,
'Twas she seemed an heiress, while each left behind
 In the race was a shoemaker's daughter.

" Bit by bit all her schoolmates she won to her side,
To rejoice in her triumph, be proud in her pride,
And I with the rest. I felt elderly then,
For I was sixteen, while the lass was but ten ;
 So I petted the shoemaker's daughter.

" Do you see that old lady with calm, placid face?
Time touches her beauty, but leaves all her grace.
Do you notice the murmurs that hush when she stirs,
And the honor and homage so pointedly hers?
 That's my wife, sir, the shoemaker's daughter ! "

LITTLE MADGE'S WINDOW-GARDEN.

WHEN lying at night on a couch of pain,
 'Tis strange how each trivial thing
Will often, with clasp like the ivy's grasp,
 To an old man's memory cling!
And here as I lie with the nurse asleep,
 And the chamber quiet and still,
My mind brings back from a score of years
 Little Madge and her window-sill.

Right back of my room was a tenement-house ;
 On a level my eyes could see,
As after my dinner I took my smoke,
 A sight that was pleasant to me.

A weakling child with a pallid face—
A little bit lame she seemed—
Who bent o'er a treasure of treasures to her,
Like one who in asking dreamed.

A garden it was on a window-sill,
The queerest that ever was seen—
Three plants in some battered tomato-cans,
And never a one was green.
Yet she looked at them all so lovingly there,
And watered and tended them so,
I knew she was filled with an earnest hope
That the withered old sticks would grow.

My interest heightened as every day
The child to the window-sill came,
The twigs still shriveled and void of life,
Though she tended them all the same;
Till I well remember one beautiful morn
How a look sympathetic I cast,
When I heard her exclaim to her mother within
That a bud made a showing at last.

“'Tis the easiest thing for a well-to-do man
When 'twill pleasure a poor sickly child,
To give her a beautiful plant to tend”—
I said to myself, and I smiled.
So straightway I ordered a florist to send
A double geranium fine
To the little lame girl in the tenement-house,
But not as a present of mine.

And after my dinner was over next day,
To my window I went to see,
And there my double geranium stood
To the right of her withered three.

There, gazing in pride on its blossoms of red,
The pale little girl bending o'er,
Looked as though she had come to good fortune at last,
With nothing to look for more.

Sometimes on a Sunday a bearded man,
With a pipe in his mouth a-light,
Would stand at her shoulder and something say
To show he was pleased at the sight.
But I felt quite sure in my innermost heart,
And the thought set my pulses astir,
That less did he care for the fine, showy flower,
Than the pleasure it gave unto her.

How she showered the dust from its emerald leaves!
And oh! with what perfect delight,
She watched as the tiny and wonderful buds
Their petals unfolded to sight!
And when she coquettishly turned round her head,
And looked at her treasure and smiled,
I thought of how little 'twould cost to the rich
To pleasure some innocent child.

On a tour for the summer I started away,
And my business cares left behind;
The pleasure of travel soon drove every trace
Of the tenement child from my mind;
But when I returned to the city at last,
In my heart was an ominous thrill,
When I looked from my window when dinner was done
At the opposite window-sill.

The geranium stood in its place of pride;
The other three plants had leaved;
A wan little woman in black was there,
With the face of a woman that grieved.

The bearded man I had seen before,
When something the woman had said,
Looked down on the plants with a vacant air,
And mournfully nodded his head.

I soon learned the name of the child they had lost,
I found where her body it lay,
With a low wooden cross at the head of the grave,
And the green turf over the clay.
And somehow, it soothes me a little to-night,
Although such a trivial thing,
That I planted each year a geranium
At her head in the days of the spring.

THE DARK LANE.

In a dark lane of yonder crowded city,
Lampless and silent all the gloomy night,
What deeds devoid of godliness and pity
Are done in absence of the tell-tale light.

Here, too worn-out to push his journey further,
Lies down the beggar in his garments mean;
Here, in a dark recess, lurks brutal Murder,
Watching its purposed prey with vision keen.

Yon house you see is now a tottering shelter
For wretched people packed its rooms within—
Folk who in winter freeze, in summer swelter,
Frequent in want and evermore in sin.

The house was once a mansion, where the stately
And silk-robed damsels of an early day

Swept through its lofty drawing-room sedately,
With cavaliers as elegant as they.

Then 'twas a family's country mansion splendid :
Shaded by elms the serpentine approach
Wherein, by liveried lackeys still attended,
By prancing horses drawn, came coach on coach.

Soon spread the suburbs of the town, and swallowed
The grand approach and all the garden round ;
A narrow lane, close built with houses followed,
As rose in costliness surrounding ground.

There dwelt alone, save with his hoards, a miser—
A wretch who lived to hoard where others spend ;
He had more gold than some who thought them wiser ;
He had a son ; but then he had no friend.

The boy was spendthrift—worst of all offences !
Not to be cured, though theft or lying might ;
And lest his habits might entail expenses,
He drove him from the house one winter night.

No more returned the boy—if dead, or living,
Was never to his old companions known ;
And there as sordid, cold, and unforgiving
As at the first, the father dwelt alone.

Years past away. One night in cold December
The miser bent him o'er the chilly grate ;
There was no heat there—cold was every ember—
When from the darkness came the old man's fate.

Days after that they found him, dead and ghastly,
But not from cold. His skull was cleft in twain ;

But, strange to say, and all men wondered vastly,
His gold was gone—none saw those hoards again.

And now the inmates, never heaven fearing,
Shake at the noises sounding in its walls
On one night in the year, as on their hearing,
Clear and distinct, a piteous moaning falls.

Brutes though they be, at that they shake and quiver,
And feel the heart within them waxing chill,
As, with a shriek that makes each hearer shiver,
That piteous moaning ends, and all is still.

Who was the assassin? In that city crowded
His trace was never found in street or lane;
And the son's fate in mystery is enshrouded,
The murderer and the son—where are the twain?

In a dark lane of yonder crowded city,
Lampless and silent all the gloomy night,
Such deeds, devoid of godliness and pity,
Are done in absence of the tell-tale light.

TAKE A FRESH HOLD.

Out in the orchard two boys were trying
If they could rise to a limb breast-high;
Up went the younger, but dropped the other,
Shame at his failure dimming his eye.
Looked at him quickly the smaller in wonder,
Scorning a little the quivering lip,
Asking: "What's up, and why couldn't you do it?"
Answered his comrade: "I lost my grip."

Rudely and knowingly spake the younger—
He was a sage with years just ten—
“Lost your grip, have you? What if you’ve lost it?
Take a fresh hold, and try it again.”

Young philosopher, pert and fearless,
Facing the moment and filled with force,
Old-time Greek in your style and manner,
Made for doing, strong, rugged and coarse,
Scorn of the weakness whose grip relaxes,
If it once fail the top to attain,
Yet may bring you to any station
Young ambition may seek to gain,
Words you have spoken, though rude and common,
Furnish a lesson to bearded men,
Telling them, after every failure :
“Take a fresh hold, and try it again.”

There is the spirit which makes Columbus
Travel through many a land to Spain ;
Spurned by one monarch, he sues to another,
Keeping his purpose through want and pain.
Proud success in the far-off future,
Realms unknown in the west he sees :
Monk and noble cannot dissuade him ;
Courage is stronger than words of these.
Driven away with jeers and laughter ;
Branded with heresy, scorned of men ;
Losing his grip, nor fears nor falters,
Takes a fresh hold and tries it again.

Such was the lesson that Bruce, the kingly,
Sovereign of whom the Scotsmen boast,
Caught from a sight in the grim old castle,
Out in Rathlin, on the Irish coast.

Overburdened, the toiling spider
Six times striving the wall to ascend,
Losing her grip, but nowise undaunted,
Found her triumph achieved in the end.
Sick with his failure, the sight aroused him ;
Forth he went to the battle then ;
Firm of heart through the spider's teaching,
Took a fresh hold and tried it again.

Man of the present, example homely
Surely it is better than none at all ;
If you would stand on the height above you,
Climb once more when you chance to fall.
Feel no fear if you fail for the moment,
Time and patience will carry the day ;
Weighted with poverty, met by rivals,
Trying and trying will win their way.
Clouded the heavens your pathway over,
Rising around you the jeers of men,
Stop not for bruises ; at every tumble
Take a fresh hold and try it again.



DIALECT STUDIES.



MOMMA PHCEBE.

Ef my hah is de colo' o' silbah,
I ain't mo' d'n fifty yea' ole ;
It tuck all dat whiteness f'om mo'nin',
An' weepin' an' tawtah o' soul.
Faw I los' bofe my dahlin' men-child'en—
De two hev done gone to deh res'—
My Jim, an' my mist'ess' Mahs' William,
De pah dat hev nussed at my breas'.

Miss' Lucy she mawied in Ap'il,
An' I done got mawied in May ;
An' bofe o' our beautiful child'en
Wah bo'n de same time to a day.
But while I got bettah an' strongah,
Miss' Lucy got weakah an' wuss ;
Den she died, an' dey guv me de baby,
De leetle Mahs' William, to nuss.

De two boys weh fotch up togeddah,
Miss' Lucy's alongside o' mine ;
Ef one got hisse'f into mischief,
De uddah weh not fuh behine.
When Mahs' William he went to de college,
Why, nuffin' on ahf den won' do,
But Jeemes, his milk-bruddah, faw sah bent,
Mus' git an' mus' go wid him too.

Dey come back in fo' yea' faw to stay yeh—
I allow 'twas the makin' o' Jim ;
Setch a gemplum, de young colo'd weemen
Got pullin' deh caps dah faw him.

But he wasn't a patch to Mahs' William,
 Who'd grown up so gran' an' so tall;
 An' he hadn't fo'got his ole momma,
 Faw he hugged me, he did, fo' dem all.

Den Mahs' Dudley was tuck wid de fevah,
 An' I nussed him, po' man, to de las';
 An' my husban', Ben Prossah, he catch it,
 An' bofe f'om dis life dey done pas'.
 Mahs' William, he run de plantation,
 But de niggahs could easy fool him;
 An' de place would have all come to nuffin',
 Ef 'twant faw old momma an' Jim.

Well at las'—I dunno how dey done it,
 An' jes' what de fightin' was faw—
 But de No'f an' de Souf got a quarlin',
 An' Mahs' William 'd go to de waw.
 De folks roun' 'bout raised a squad'on,
 An' faw capen de men 'lected him.
 I prayed he'd stay home wid his people;
 But he went, an' o' co'se he tuck Jim.

It was gran' faw to see all dem hossmen
 Dat numbah'd a hund'ed an' fo',
 As dey sot up dah straight in deh saddles,
 An' rid in fo' rows by de do'.
 An' Mahs' William he sed as he passed me,
 An' me a'most ready to cry,
 "Take good cah o' you'se'f, Momma Phœbe;
 Jim an' I'll be along yeh bimeby."

We hea' 'bout dem two sets a-fightin',
 I reckon faw mo' d'n fo' yea';
 An' bimeby we lahnt dat de Yankees
 Wid deh ahmy was comin' quite neah.

An' den deh was fit a great battle,
 Jes' ovah dat hill dat you sees;
 We could hea' all de cannon a-roa'in',
 An' see de smoke obah dem trees.

I sot in my cabin a-prayin'—
 I t'ought o' my two boys dat day—
 An' de noise it went fuddah an' fuddah,
 Till all o' it melted away.
 An' de sun it sot awful an' bloody,
 An' a great pile o' fi' in de sky;
 An' beyon' was de dead men a-lyin',
 An' de wounded a-gwine for to die.

Den I riz an' I called faw ole Lem'el,
 An' a couple o' mo' o' de boys;
 An' s'I: "Now you saddle de hosses,
 An' be kehful an' don't make no noise;
 An' we'll go to de fiel' o' de battle
 Afo' de las' bit o' de beams
 O' daylight is gone, an' we'll look dah
 Faw our young Mahs' William an' Jeemes."

An' *dey* say: "Dey ain' dah, fah sahtin;
 Deh's nuffin' de mattah, faw sho';
 But seein' it's *you*, Momma Phoebe,
 O' co'se all de boys yeh dey'll go."
 An' dey saddled an' bridled de hosses—
 De bes' had been all tuck away—
 An' we retched to de place o' de fightin'
 Jes' close on de heels o' de day.

An', oh! what a sight deh wah, honey;
 A sight you could nevvah fo'git;
 De piles o' de dead an' de dyin'—
 I see um afo' my eyes yit.

An' de blood an' de gashes was ghas'ly,
 An' shibbe'd de soul to see,
 Like the fiel' o' de big Ahmageddon,
 Which yit is a-gwine for to be.

Den I hea'd a woice cryin' fah "wahtah!"
 An' I toted de gode to de place,
 An' den, as I guy him de drink dah,
 My teahs dey fell ober his face.
 Faw he was shot right froo de middle,
 An' his mahstah lay dead dah by him;
 An' he *sed*, s'e, "Is *dat* you dah, momma?"
 An' I *sed*, s'I, "Is *dat* you dah, Jim?"

"It's what deh is lef' o' me, momma;
 An' young Mahs' William's done gone;
 But I foun' de chap dat kill' him,
 An' he lies dah clove to de bone.
 An' po' young Mahs' William, in dyin',
 Dese wah de wo'ds dat he *sed*—
 'Jes' you tell you' Momma, Mom' Phœbe—'"
 Den I scream, faw de dahlin' fall—dead!

All batte'd an' shatte'd wid bullets,
 An' hacked wid de bayonet an' swo'd;
 An' bleedin' an' cut up an' mangled,
 An' dead on de meadow so broad.
 But what dah was lef' o' de bodies,
 I tuck um, an' washed um, an' dress';
 Faw I membah'd de deah blessed babies
 Dat once drawed de milk f'om my breas'.

Den on to de ole plantation
 We toted de cawpses dat night,

An' we guv um a beautiful beh'yum,
 De colo'd as well as de white.
 An' I shall be jined to dem child'n
 When de Jedgmen' Day comes on ;
 For God'll be good to Mom' Phœbe
 When Gab'el is blowin' his ho'n.

LEONARD GRIMLEIGH'S SHADOW.

OUT in dat pahstah you see de two chimleys,
 Dah whah de jimson an' dog-fennel grow?
 Dat was de house o' de las' o' de Grimleighs—
 Bo'n dah, an' live dah, an' die dah, faw sho,
 Mahs' John an' Lennud.

John was de oldes'—'twix' him an' de uddah
 Mo' dan ten yeah—quite onlike in deh look :
 Lennud was blue-eyed an' fah, like his muddah—
 She was a daughtah o' ole Cunnel Brooke,
 Down on Jeemes Rivvah.

John, he was dahk, wid a face like cast i'on ;
 Hit pow'ful hahd ef you got in his way :
 Wouldn't fo'give yeh, not ef yeh wah dyin'—
 Not on yeh knees ef yeh got down to pray,
 Axin' faw mahsy.

Bofe had high tempahs, faw all o' de Grimleighs—
 Hot-headed people—had got in de sons ;—
 Plenty o' ile an' de lamp won't bu'n dimly—
 Long as de spring flows de little branch runs :
 Dat's human natah.

Nevvadeless, dey wuhkt well in de hahness ;
 Raised a gran' sight o' tobacco an' co'n :
 John was a leetle mo' pushin' an' ahnes'—
 Driv us like Jehu, an' huhied us on,
 Seed-time an' hahves'.

How dey fell out was account of a woman—
 Women an' mischief ah easy to jine :
 She was a daughtah o' Absalom Trueman—
 Lived with heh folks nigh de Buckin'm line,
 Off in Prince Edwa'd.

Dunno whahuvvah Mahs' Lennud fus' met heh—
 Saitin she nevvah had bin to de Oaks :
 Dessay dat Betty hehse'f mought bin bettah,
 But all de fam'ly wah mighty low folks,
 Meanes' o' white trash.

Long 'fo' we knowed it, repotes wah a-floatin'
 'Bout whah Mahs' Lennud was ahtah a wife ;
 But when Mahs' John was infawmed o' de co'tin',
 Nevvah I see setch a sight in my life—
 Tell yeh, 'twah awful!

"Saddle Glencoe! tote him roun' to de do'-step!
 Tell you' Mahs' Lennud to stay tell I come!
 Back yeh on Monday. Remembah! don't o'step
 Jes' what I awdah! On all dis be dumb,
 Else—" Den he galloped.

Lennud stayed home, an' on Monday, at dinnah,
 John he come back. S'e, "I stopt at de mill :
 Sampson, de millah—de white-headed sinnah—
 'S done gone got mahwied." S'e, Lennud, "What! Bill?
 Who is de woman?"

"No-account gal, whom you used to admiah—
 Dat Betty Trueman." Up, Lennud, he sprung:
 "John, you' a fool!"—an' his blue eyes flashed fiah:
 "God rain his cuss on de false, bittah tongue,
 Black wid setch slandah!"

Lennud run out, made 'em saddle Brown Chicken,
 Mounted an' rid 's ef de devil wah roun':
 Tell you, dat hoss got a pow'ful shahp lickin'—
 Wasn't allowed to move slow on de groun'
 Ondah Mahs' Lennud.

Soon he come back, lookin' white as de ashes—
 Lookin' as ef he'd jes' riz from de dead:
 Nevvah a-raisin' his eyes from de lashes,
 Mutt'in', an' moanin', an' shakin' his head,
 Like one dist'acted.

Mo' dan a yeah nuvvah spoke to his bruddah,
 Moped 'bout de place all de while—den he lef':
 John tuck it hahd, on account o' his muddah,
 Long dead an' gone: no use wastin' his bref—
 Lennud was bittah.

As faw po' Betty, she suffe'd, depend on't,
 Knowed she'd been fooled by heh people an' John:
 Den she done died; an' dat wasn't de end on't—
 Satan has pow', sah, as sho as you' bo'n.
 Dis was de upshot.

Mos' uvry pusson de fun'al attended—
 Sampson was very much 'spected aroun'—
 John wid de res'; an' afo' it was ended
 Lennud hisse'f come an' stood on de groun'
 Cloast by de coffin.

Den, when de las' o' de ahf had bin shoveled,
 Lennud looked up to his bruddah, an' s'e,
 "Cold in you' puppose, to gain it you groveled:
 You've done de wuhk, bofe faw huh an' faw me.
 Let it rest on yeh!"

John, s'e, "So let it! You' angah I braved it—
 'Twas faw you' honah, which you would have stained,
 Taintin' de blood o' de Grimleighs; I saved it.
 You would have crawled whah you' si' had disdained
 Even to tromple."

Lennud, s'e, "You' talk o' blood, woman-slayah!
 Winnah by falsehood! You made huh believe
 I was a scound'el who wooed to betray huh—
 Pledged to anuddah. You stooped to deceive—
 Dah lies *you'* honah!"

"My cawpse de nex' one, an' when you've succeeded,
 God jedge my cause as he pities my woe.
 Note me! De hou' dat I die, be it heeded,
 Dahf'om my shadow afo' you shall go,
 P'intin' to jedgment!"

Sho as you live, when he said dat he growed dah
 Fawty foot high, an' look' down on de crowd:
 John didn't answah. De hoss dat he rode dah
 Mountin', he sed to me shahply an' loud,
 "Home agin, Pompey!"

S'I, as we rid dah, "Mahs' John, you please show me
 'Bout what de hou' is." S'e den, "It's jes' one!"
 Den he wheel sudden; S'e, "Git on afo' me!
 Dah whah you ride, you' 'twix' me an' de sun,
 Keepin' me shadowed!"

“Law bless you’ soul,” s’I, “Mahs’ John, you amuse me!
 Sho you know, honey, I keeps in my place;
 Dat is onpossible what you accuse me!
 Look at de sun; why, it shines in you’ face.”
 Den how he trembled.

“Pompey,” he sed den, s’e—“turn roun’ de cretahs;
 Lennud is dead!” S’I—“Whahfo’ dat so?
 Whahfo’ you skah me so?” “See ef dem featahs,
 Outlined in shade on de groun’ dah you know.”
 God! dey was Lennud’s!

Den as he spoke, heahd a hoss a come poundin’,
 Clatt’in’ an’ clinkin’ his feet down de road:
 John sot dah white-faced—I t’ought he was swoundin’;
 Law bless you, boss, in his ownse’f he knowed
 What was de message.

Man on de hoss saw at once dat we knowed it;
 All tuhnd our hosses an’ galloped like mad:
 Jes’ as we retched to de road-fawks we slowed it:
 Dah, on a settle, dey toted de lad,
 Dead, broken-hahted.

“Set him down dah in de road,” s’e, John, trim’ly;
 Lit from his hoss in de face o’ de sky—
 Kissed de po’ cawpse, an’ s’e, “*You* ah a Grimleigh!
You kep’ you’ honah, an’ *you* didn’t lie,
 Shamin’ you’ people!”

We didn’t tech him—we waited his risin’:
He didn’t move—his hands ovah his head:
 Blood f’om his mouf, in a mannah su’prisin’,
 Gushed in a stream on de face o’ de dead—
 Bofe dead togeddah.

People all said dat de house dah was haunted ;
 No one would live dah—dey held it in awe ;
 Boldes' o' men faw to stay dah wah daunted ;
 Den de Yanks bu'n'd it las' yeah o' de waw :
 So went de Grimleighs.

CÆSAR ROWAN.

YES, I heern about de proclamation—
 Ole Mas' Linkum's—dessay, boss, it's right ;
 But fo' seventy yeah on dis plantation
 Young Mas' Jeemes an' I have fit de fight,
 An' to-day
 Whah I've bin I mean to stay.

Don't p'ecisely know how ole I be, sah ;
 But I 'memb' dat ole Mas' Rowan sed,
 " No use tellin' me about ow Cesah ;
 He was ten when Cousin John went dead—
 Ten fo' sho "—
 Dat was sixty yeah ago.

Heah I've bin upon de ole plantation
 Evvah sence—knowed all de folks aroun'.
 What's de use o' makin' a noration?
 Deh all dead, done gone, an' ondergroun',
 So it seems ;
 No one lef' but young Mas' Jeemes.

Him an' me were raised by ole Mas' Rowan.
 High ole times, boss, mawnin', night, an' noon.

In de fields we wuhked whah hands were hoein';
 In de woods we went to hunt de coon.
 Wuhk an' play,
 We were pardners ev'ry day.

An' when he growed up an' went to college
 Down at Williamsbu'g, I tell yuh den,
 Cesah, he picked up a heap o' knowledge,
 'Tendin' on him 'mong de gentlemen—
 Cesah dah,
 Cesah heah, an' everywhah.

Den he mawied—mawied Nancy Merritt,
 Ginnul Petah's daughtah from Soufside.
 Tell yuh, boss, she had a mighty sperrit,
 Beauty—mps! an' full o' grace an' pride;
 Eyes so bright,
 Fahly lit de house at night.

Young Mas' Randolph he come nex' Decembah,
 Christmas-day, sah—ki! de time was good;
 Egnog plenty—dah I *mus'* remembah.
 Cesah he got tight—o' co'se he would;
 Drunk wid joy,
 Kase Miss Nancy had a boy.

Setch a boy as dat when he growed oldah!
 Stout an' strong, de maken' of a man.
 Dis yeh chin jes' retched up to his shouldah;
 I was nowhah 'longside young Mas' Ran'—
 Nowhah—no!
 An' I ain't a dwarf fo' sho.

Well, one day, I 'membah dat for sahtain,
 We sot out wid grist fo' Sinkah's mill.

Young Mas' Jeemes sez, jes' as we were startin',
 "Keep ole Cesah safe!" Sez he, "I will!
 Yes, dat's so!
 Bring back Cesah, wheddah no."

Den he smile, Mas' Ran' he smile dat mawnin'
 Like an angel—yes, he did, po' boy!
 No one seemed to have a mite o' wawnin'
 What was comin' on to spile our joy.
 Down de hill,
 On we rode to Sinkah's mill.

Gwine dah, Rocky Branch was high an' roa'in';
 Jes' above de mill de bridge we cros';
 Puffick taw'ent off de dam was pou'in';
 Fall in dah, boss, den you sho done los'.
 I rid on;
 Down de bridge went—I was gone.

Me an' hoss an' grist an' timbers fallin';
 In we went, an' off we all were swep'.
 Den I heah Mas' Randolph's voice a-callin',
 "Hole fas', Cesah!" an' wid dat he leap'—
 Nothin' mo'—
 Den I loss all else fo' sho.

Seems to me I felt his fingahs tetch me,
 Den I knowed no mo' ontwell I heah
 Some one say, "De bottle yander retch me!
 Gib'm a dram! He'll do now, nevah feah!"
 Sez I den,
 "Whah's Mas' Randolph, gentlemen?"

Ev'ry one dah seemed to be dumfounded,
 So I raise an' ax agin fo' him;

Den dey tole me young Mas' Ran' was drowned—
 Hit his head agin a swingin' limb.
 Drowneded! dead!
 "Po' ole Missus!" den I sed.

Home de kawpse o' po' Mas' Ran' we kerried;
 Dah was Missus—not a wuhd she spoke.
 But she died de day dat he was buried;
 Doctah Gahnett sed heh haht was broke—
 She went dead
 Wid a broken haht, he sed.

Sense de day we buried po' Miss Nancy,
 Monsus bad times come to young Mas' Jeemes;
 Dah he sits all day wropt up in fancy,
 Eyes wide open, dreamin' daylight dreams.
 But fo' me,
 Dunno whah Mas' Jeemes would be.

Heah's de place whah him an' I were bawn in;
 Heah we stay, an' heah we pottah roun',
 Twell dey tote de pah of us some mawnin',
 Way out yander to de buryin'-groun'.
 Dah we'll lay
 Waitin' fo' de Jedgmen' Day.

MAHS' LEWIS'S RIDE.

EVVAH sence I kin remembah,
 Dis place belong to de Blan's;
 Held about six hund'ed akahs;
 Wuhkt about twenty-one han's;

One o' de best o' plantations—
 Dat's jest as sho as you' bo'n;
 Raised a great heap o' tobacco;
 Wasn't no eend to de co'n.

'Longed to Mahs' Dan'el, who raised me—
 Den when he died, ow Miss Grace
 Mawied huh cousin, Mahs' Lewis—
 Dat's how he come by de place.
 He had bin raised in Prince Edwa'd,
 Close on de Buckin'm line—
 Mighty fine man was Mahs' Lewis!
 Yes, sah! he *was* mighty fine.

See dat bay hoss in de pastah,
 Dah wid his neck on de fence?
 Mo' dan a good many people
 Dat hoss has lahnin' an' sense.
 Favo'ite hoss wid Mahs' Lewis;
 Offen to me he has sed—
 "I'll ride dat hoss, Uncle Petah,
 Seems to me, ahter I'm dead."

"Mighty quah hoss in de pastah?"—
 Whah fo' he quah?—You dunno?
 Kase o' de bah places on him?—
 Dem's whah de woun's wah, fo' sho.
 Dat hoss has bin in de battle,
 Bin whah de blood's runnin' red;
 Dat hoss come back from de battle,
 Totin' de fo'm o' de dead.

Dis way it happen: De Yankees
 Come yeh dat yeah in great fo'ce;
 Grant was dah ginnul commandah—
 Guv 'em a pow'ful disco'se.

All o' de monsus grand skrimmage,
 We f'om de po'ch yeh could see—
 Yandah was Grant an' de Yankees ;
 Yandah de rebels an' Lee.

Yeh on de po'ch sot de mahstah ;
 Yandah smoke rose in de breeze ;
 Blue an' grey lines in de distance
 Went in an' out o' de trees.
 Dah we saw light in de distance
 Flashin'—an' 'twasn't de sun's ;
 Hud de bim boom o' de cannons,
 Hud de ping pang o' de guns.

Suddintly sung out Mahs' Lewis :
 " Dah ah de cust Yankee cuhz !
 Retch f'om de hooks dah my sabah !
 Retch me my swo'd-belt an' spuhz !
 Saddle an' bridle Suh Ahchy !
 Bring him aroun' to de do' !
 He'll tote me safe f'om de battle,
 Aw I'll come back nevvah mo' ! "

Den I felt bad. S'I, " Mahs' Lewis !
 Knows you ain't fit fo' de waw ;
 You ah too ole fo' sitch fightin' ;
 Bettah stay yeh whah you ah."
 S'e—an' his eyes flashed like fox-fire—
 " Bring me Suh Ahchy, I say !
 One man, dough aged an' feeble,
 Might tu'n de tide o' the day."

Well, sah, he'd heah to no reason,
 Dahfo' Suh Ahchy I fotched ;
 An' when he rid down de high-road,
 Yeh, I sot patient an' watched—

Watched yeh, an' lissent, an' lissent,
 Hea'in' de rattle an' ro' ;
 Seein' 'em, backwa'd an' fo'wa'd,
 Blue an' grey lines come an' go.

So dey fit dah all de daylight,
 Fit twell de sun had gone down ;
 Den come de dahkness an' silence
 Shadin' de whole place aroun'.
 Yeh, on de po'ch I sot waitin',
 Waitin', an' dreckly I heah
 Clank o' dat swo'd on de saddle,
 Ring o' dat hoss comin' neah.

Fastah an' fastah I heah 'em,
 Poundin' an' poundin' de groun'—
 "Lo'd be praised, dat is Mahs' Lewis!"—
 Dat I knowed well by de soun'.
 Up in a gallop, Suh Ahchy
 Come to de po'ch, den he stan' ;
 Dah, in de saddle, Mahs' Lewis
 Sot like a captain so gran'.

"Welcome back! Welcome, Mahs' Lewis!
 Bet you made somumum die!
 S'pose you 'light dah at de hoss-block ;
 Dat's a heap easier," s'I.
 Seein' he made me no answer,
 Tetched him—Lo'd! how I did staht!
 Dah he sot, stiff in de saddle,
 Dead, sah! shot right froo de heaht!

“FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.”

DEAD in his bed thar, Miss Moser,
That's whar they found him to-day ;
Kerried away without warnin'—
Took in a snap, you mought say.
Smilin' as ef he war sleepin',
Both his arms onder his head ;
That was the kurriner's vardick—
“Stranger—found dead in his bed.”

Yisterday he, at Squire Toney's,
Axt heaps of questions of John ;
Lookt like a right friendly pusson—
Now the lone creatur' is gone.
So, I allow, my pore Benny
Died in some place fur away—
Some place I'll never diskiver
Now twell my own dyin' day.

Some beggin' furriner? Skeercely!
Must hev bin powerful rich!
Had a goold watch in his poke thar,
Great heaps of greenbacks, an' sich.
What brought him yer to the mountings
Nobody found out or knows.
Come yer from off the Ohio,
Lookin' for timber, I s'pose.

Ain't sich an old man, he, nuther—
Risin', I jedge, forty year ;
Had an ole mother, too, likely—
Some one as held him as dear.

So, p'r'aps, my own darlin' Benny,
 Him that I never'll see,
 Died fur away among strangers—
 Died somewhere else fur from me.

Well, then, I'll tell you, Miss Moser,
 Jes' how the thing come to be
 (No, I don't mind it a mossel;
 'Tis ruther a comfort to me)—
 Jes' how the suckumst'nce happint,
 How, on a bright summer day,
 Thirty-one year come nex' August,
 Benny, my boy, run away.

Benny was allus projectin'
 Works that he'd kerry right through.
 Peert! well, he was, and detarmined—
 Jes' what he sed he would do.
 I let the honey, Miss Moser,
 Do pooty much as he choose;
 How could her son a lone widow,
 How could a mother, refuse?

Hiram M'Comas—Dan's Hiram—
 Lived up agin the P'int Ridge,
 Down in the Cany Branch Hollow
 (Thar's whar the Yanks built the bridge
 Time they an' our folks war fightin');
 Hiram a sailor had bin,
 But had come back to the mountings,
 Sayin' he'd die with his kin.

Benny he took so to Hiram—
 Hiram who lived by himself
 Full half a mile on the mounting,
 Back on the uppermost shelf;

Liked to hear Hiram tell stories
All about big ships that swim
Out on the salt, stormy ocean—
Hiram, he took some to him.

Well, I remember one mornin'
Forgyson's Nancy come down
Over the gap in the mounting,
Ridin' for store goods to town.
Benny come ridin' behind her—
He'd bin to Hiram's all night—
And ef that Hiram he hadn't
Marked him twell he was a sight.

I never see sich a figger
When the pore boy was ondest—
Speckled tattooin', he called it,
Over his arms an' his breast.
On his right arm was an anchor;
Jes' over that was a B;
Over the top was a criss-cross;
Onder it all was an E.

You may allow that I washed him,
Tryin' to take it away;
Rubbbed him an' scrubbed him all mornin',
Worked with him nigh half a day.
So I kept tryin' an' tryin'
Ontwell I thought I'd hev died;
Then I gin out in a passion,
An' I sot down thar an' cried.

Benny looked up, an' sed, “Mother,
That's the way all sailors do.”
“Do they?” sez I; “then I'll larn you
Hiram sha'n't play tricks on you.”

Out came the switch from the corner,
 An'—for my temper was riz—
 Didn't I work on the creatur',
 Tannin' that body of his!

Benny he didn't an' wouldn't
 Let out a tear or a cry;
 "Mother," he sed, "a true sailor
 Wouldn't sing out ef he'd die.
 Never you mind! now you're lickin',
 Make it a good one, for shore
 You kin jes' bet all your silver
 Benny you'll never lick more.

"'Tisn't no use of your huggin'—
 No, I won't give you a kiss!
 See, ef I don't make you sorry—
 Sorry you've licked me like this.
 I'll run away for a sailor;
 I'll be a pride to my kin;
 Never twell he's a rich captain
 You shell see Benny agin!"

Then he run off up the Hollow;
 That didn't give me a fright,
 Reck'nin' he'd gone off to Hiram's,
 Meanin' to stay thar all night.
 But when I sent up nex' mornin',
 Through me it went with a jar,
 When the word came back from Hiram's,
 Benny, he hadn't bin thar.

When we had raised all the country,
 By-an'-by up come a man,
 Sayin' he'd seen sich a youngster
 Down at the mouth of Guyan.

Thar was the last we could trace him ;
 That was the last place he'd bin ;
 Thirty-one years come nex' August—
 I never saw him agin.

No! I've no hope that I'll see him ;
 P'r'aps when I'm dead we may meet ;
 Wonder ef *he* has a mother—
 He that lies onder yan sheet?
 Wonder ef *his* arm is speckled?
 Let's turn the sleeve up, an' see :
 God! O my Benny! my captain!
 Have you, then, come back to me?

JOHN KEMPSTONE.

COME in, an' take a cheer. Lavisy Ann,
 You give the boy a seat. Jes' make as free
 As ef at home. How old's the little man?
 Not fourteen yit? Sho! Broke your axle-tree?—
 Well—Jeemes'll fix it.

I jedge you air a furriner by your clo'es—
 Bad roads! —we mostly use the saddle here.
 Crape on your hat—you've lost your wife, I s'pose?
 So I allowed. Now mine is dead ten year—
 She was a Dingess.

Lookin' for timber? No! Don't mean to say
 You're buyin' cattle? Thought that wasn't so ;
 You don't look like a drover nary way.
 Ef I mought be so bold I'd like to know
 What is your beezness?

The Kemps'n' place!—why, no one's livin' thar—
 Shet up, an' gone to ruin, I allow ;
 The house all rottin' down for want o' car',
 The fences levelled—things left anyhow—
 The fields in briers.

The Colonel!—He's been dead this seven year—
 Stood well, consid'r'n what he onderwent.
 In trouble? Likely. Did you never hear?
 His sin was followed by his punishment :
 Seemed like a judgment.

A man of honor! Yaas! he never lied,
 Nor cheated—ne'ther was the Kemps'n' way ;
 'Twarn't in the breed. They war too full of pride
 To lie or cheat. Thar's whar the trouble lay
 That wrought the mischief.

I was a boy when first the thing begun—
 The Colonel he was fifty, or about,
 An' had a quarrel with his oldes' son,
 John Kemps'n', an' the way the two fell out
 Was from a woman,

Of co'se. Thar air no quarrels hunted roun',
 But weemen or whiskey allus starts the game :
 It's been so, since old Adam trouble foun',
 In the snake beezness, an' 't'll be the same
 Forever 'n' ever.

John fell in love with Hiram Doss's Ann,
 That lived on Pigeon whar it heads agin
 A branch of Twelve Pole. Hiram was a man
 Not much respected. So that he could win,
 He'd take all chances.

Hiram was rich in cattle, lands, and cash ;
Traded around in everything that paid ;
Quick as a steel-trap ; peert, but never rash ;
Went in wherever money could be made,
An' had no scruples.

His darter Nancy was his kin, not kind ;
She ne'ther had his failin's nor his face :
He was a homely creatur' to my mind,
While gals like her war allus powerful sca'ce,
An' growin' sca'cer.

Ev'ry one liked her. No one wondered when
The Colonel's John fell dead in love with her.
A likely pa'r. John was the man of men—
You laugh, but that is so—all man—yes, sir!
Was that John Kemp's'n'.

Some slenderer th'n you, but otherwise
Built on your pattern ; but his skin was white,
An' yours is brown ; some over middle size—
Except you stoop I jedge you'd reach his height—
Active an' soople.

John told his father he would marry Ann.
The Colonel laughed. " To spark the gal might do,
Though triffin' doesn't much become a man ;
But such a mate was never meant for you
As Doss's darter.

" I've nothin' to say agin the gal herself ;
She's well enough perhaps ; but Hiram Doss,
A man who'd sell his very soul for pelf—
A strain like ours with his should never cross—
Should not, and shall not.

“ Please your own fancy, but the day that sees
 You Nancy's husband, sees you not my heir ;
 Ef you like better than a life of ease
 To fight your way with her, go win and wear
 Your wild-wood blossom.

“ I've other sons, an' one can take your place.
 Thar's Guy—he wouldn't cross me in my will,
 Nor on the name of Kemps'n' bring disgrace ;
 Give up this folly, boy, an' you are still
 Pride of your father.”

“ Nevertheless I'll marry her,” said John :
 “ I pledged my word.” “ Then keep your word,
 young sir!
 That bein' lost, a Kemps'n's honor's gone ;
 But havin' kep' it, leave the place with her,
 No more a Kemps'n'.”

How did I know all this? Well, I was young ;
 I'd sot out on an arrand to the crick,
 An', comin' back, I crossed the corn among
 Whar they wer' standin'—'twas a boy-like trick
 To stan' an' lissen.

John married Nancy ; but he didn't stay
 With Nancy's father—'twix' the two thar wer'
 No common feelin'—so he went away
 Somewhar off norrud—must have been quite fur—
 Never was heerd from.

He writ no letters home—he did?—Sho! how should
 you
 Know ef he did or no? They never come ;

That much I'm shore of; an' the old man grew
Grummer an' grummer every day, an' dumb
About his feelin's.

You'd ruther think he had no elder son—
He spoke to no one of him evermore;
He kep' his thoughts apart from every one;
But half the time sot at the open door,
Allus out-lookin'.

Folks said that he was keepin' open eye,
To watch John's comin' back; but whether 'r no,
At any time, as you were passin' by,
You'd see the Colonel, sun, or rain, or snow,
Set thar a watchin'.

An' years passed by. He never heerd from John,
But still kept waitin'—never saw the sight
He seemed to long for, but he waited on,
Until his body bent, his ha'r grew white,
His wrinkles deeper.

He grew quite blind at last, but sot thar still,
No day too hot nor cold. He couldn't see,
But kep' his sightless eyeballs toward the hill
The road winds over—'twas the way, you see,
John took in goin'.

One evenin' as they come to lead him in,
He lay thar stretched, as though his race was
run,
An' muttered when they raised him—"Pride's a sin
That punishes itself. Come back, my son!"
An' so died sudden.

Guy!—yaas, that was the second son—he's dead.
 He fell at Gainesville, killed thar by some Yank.
 He never married. Edward? Well, young Ned
 Drank hard, an' tumbled off the river bank
 One night, an' drowned.

Alishy!—why, you know 'em like a book!
 That was the darter—powerful full of pride.
 She married with Jeemes Tolliver, who took
 Her off to old Virginny, whar she died,
 Last of the fam'ly.

But Mrs. Kemps'n'!—that's the Colonel's wife—
 She took her bed when John he left the place,
 An' died within a year. Why, bless my life!
 How pale you are!—I mought have known the
 face!—
 Why, you're John Kemps'n'!

MOSES PARSLEY.

NATUR'! why, yes; I know what natur' is
 Ef onredeemed by grace, an' I allow
 The human kind of it, ef fa'rly riz,
 Is desput wicked. I remember now
 The case of Mosis Passley, showin' you
 What, ef a man's ontetched by grace, he'll do.

Mosis was well-to-do. Of this world's goods
 He had his sheer. He raised a house as fine,
 All chinked an' daubed, as lies thar in the woods;
 A pushing fence aroun' his garding, swine,

Hosses and cow beasts ; forty acres cleared,
An' lots of dollars hid away, I've heerd.

I rid the cirkit thar two year, an' used
To stop at Mosis's to lodge bekase
He'd heaps of chickens, nuvver holp refused
Onto the church ; an', spite of foolin' ways,
I liked the man ; then Sister Passley, she
Was a good woman, so it seemed to me.

Old Peter Markham was her father ; he
Lived upon Caney waters ; ef I'd been
At home when she was growed, it seems to me
Peter an' I had been of nigher kin ;
For somehow woman's weakness allus lay
To lovin' when a preacher's in the way.

I used to stop at Mosis's of nights,
Gwine to app'intments on the cirkit roun',
It seemed I had that couple dead to rights,
Allus warm welcome an' fried chickens foun',
Hot biscuit an' good coffee, an' the place
Kinder lit up with Sister Passley's face.

An' only wunst I went thar in the day ;
I'd preached a funeral the night afore
At Peter Stollin's ; bein' on my way,
I thought I'd stop in Passley's house wunst more ;
So hitched my hoss on to a swingin' limb,
An' then went in a hummin' of a hymn.

"Sister, good mornin'." "Mornin', Brother Brooks."
"Whar's Brother Passley?" "Gone away a spell."
An' then she laughed. A somethin' in her looks
Seemed morn'n frien'ly ; but I couldn't tell

Edzactly how the words come onto me,
But I spoke out—"How beautiful you be!"

"Law, sakes," she said, an' then she kinder smiled,
"I thought you nuvver noticed women's looks;
Eve by the sarpint one time was beguiled;
I hope you ain't a sarpint, Brother Brooks."
I said, says I—"No, ne'er a sarpint, sister;"
An', takin' of her hand, I bent an' kissed her.

Jerusalem! she fotched me setch a lick;
It sot my face a stingin' then like mad;
I saw more stars than shined upon that crick—
Who would hev thought what strength the critter had?
An' then quite suddint, without warnin' thar,
I felt myself a risin' in the a'r.

It wasn't with joy—'twas Mosis Passley's toe;
An' he kep' usin' it with wicked fo'ce,
Ontell he kicked me through the lane below,
Then back agin to whar I'd hitched me hoss;
An' then he said—"Now jest you mount and scoot."
An' she said—"Mose, you hev'n't spiled your boot?"

I've nuvver been to Mosis Passley's sence—
I'm on a different cirkit; but I'm shore,
To one who nuvver meant to give offence,
'Twas hard setch parsecution mus' be bore;
Pra'r is the only thing to meet the case,
That Passley's heart may yit be tetched by grace.



OCCASIONAL LINES.

Read at the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Burns, held at the Academy of Music, Newark, N. J., Jan. 25, 1884.

WE tak' na fash wi' freeze or thaw,
Gin breezes sough, or tempests blaw,
For this ae night we celebrate
Rab Burns's birth; an' bauld we say't,
We dinna min' the weather a haet—
 Na flash o' pouter;
But stan'—we hae na tint that gate—
 Shouter to shouter.

We'se sicker come on ilka year
For sic a purpose—dinna fear;
But noo, while tides o' frien'ship swell,
An' speeches, each as lang's an ell;
Wi' muckle strunt frae Hielan' stell,
 Mak' spirits mingle,
Let's doucely celebrate oursel',
 In crambo-jingle.

An' first, our Chairman, there sits he—
Guid-willie feelin' in his ee:
A ship ye'd build o' boortree limb,
Light gather frae the gloamin' dim,
Or satisfy a woman's whim
 By showin' sconner,
Ere ye wad get ae thing frae him
 Save truth an' honor.

There's Woodruff wi' his streakit pow,
Gowd specs on's nose—an' talkin'! Wow!

An' when he mak's harangue on Burns,
 An' Rhetoric sae deftly turns,
 An' a' his hearers feelin's kirns
 At his ain pleasure,
 O' just applause he fairly earns
 Na scrimpit measure.

Noo, Soutar, dinna jouk ayont,
 But tak' yer parritch, butter on't.
 I fear yer blate; but bide a wee;
 When threescore years hae bleared yer ee,
 Ye'se tak' all roose yer frien's 'll gie,
 Though noo ye'd fen it;
 In monie a place ye bore the gree,
 An' weel ye ken it.

An' there's the Surrogat'—he's here,
 But na about yer wills to spier—
 He ay has haen a wull o' 's ain,
 An' aften gangs his gate alane;
 But, spite o' that, ere he be gane,
 We'se sae contrive it,
 We'se mak' him cozey, croose an' fain,
 Wi' guid Glenlivet.

An' here to-night, the Boord o' Trade
 Comes kiuttlin' underneath our plaid;
 A birkie wha's their President;
 To spak' their notion here is sent,
 An' in his parle ye'se fin' na sklent—
 A' bright as siller;
 Fact, fancy, truth a' sentiment
 Ye'se get frae Miller.

An' he, schulemeister noo na mair,
 But Mayor himsel', weel skill't in lear—

He kens ilk city caddies quirk ;
 He'll hae na jinkin' in the wark :
 He'll drag out wrang whare'er it lurk
 Frae roof to groun'-sill ;
 An', gin it need, he'll use his birk
 On the Common Council.

We've na the Bench, but just the Bar—
 Aiblins for that we're nane the war ;
 We've ane at han', the law to ken,
 To cannille the right defen',
 An' mak' the rogues wha' will na men',
 Sup stoups o' sorrow ;
 To-night on him ye can depen',
 An' sae to—Morrow.

Niest 'tis ma duty tae record
 The Solon o' the Saxeenth Ward,
 Wha to auld Bungstarter is leal,
 An' mak's the faes o' Skinner squeal :
 Ye'se fin' him still a dainty chiel,
 For a' his scoffin' ;
 He shoots his grunzie off right weel,
 This Barnes Magoffin.

Then comes yer honored Chief, George Fyfe,
 A mon just plain, o' upright life ;
 He ne'er did oniebody wrang,
 An' loes in peace through life to gang,
 But, gin a king wad come alang,
 A' claithed in purple,
 An' bid him fleech, he'd stan' up strong,
 An' scorn tae hirple.

The Sherra niest—he's unco [W]right!
 Wi' him we'se hae a roarin' night ;

A jinker he wha' will na jink
 Afore a stoup o' guid Scotch drink;
 But haud him till't, an' in a wink
 Wi' his droll daffin',
 Yer hearts 'll loup, yer e'en 'll blink—
 Maist dead wi' laughin'.

The last—his points I maunna tell;
 I loe him weel too—that's mysel'!
 Kenspeckle 'tis I hae na gear,
 An' hence, na monie frien's, I fear—
 Na matter! when nae mair I'm here,
 To Heaven a climber,
 Or aiblins doon, drink ance a year
 To Tam the Rhymer.

THE MILLER'S OE.

I GANG wi' aits to Sandy's Mill,
 Upon my auld grey mare;
 As lang's the sack's upon her back,
 I dinna ride her bare.
 As on I jog my heart it loups
 For ane wha's in the ben;
 But gin the lassie loes me weel,
 I dinna rightly ken.
*The water hirsles as it rins,
 Aroun' gaes the wheel;*
 (Ye can hear th' auld mare as she clatters o'er the stanes)
An' hame gaes the meal.

As lang's I sit on th' auld mare's back,
 I'm bauld as a bumbee sma',

But when I meet my dearie sweet,
 My bauldness rins awa'.
 When doon my sack on the flure I drap,
 I steal within the ben ;
 Gin the miller's oe thinks me her jo,
 I dinna rightly ken.

The water hirsles as it rins,

Aroun' gaes the wheel ;

(The buckets clatter loud as they a' rise an' fa')

An' hame gaes the meal.

To-day I'll gang to mill alane,
 An' be na mair afeard ;
 I've been sae blate, I'll change my gate,
 An' bauldly spier my weird.
 I've mailin' an' kye, an' gowd forbye,
 Na waur than ither men ;
 An' gin the lassie loes or na,
 This day I'll rightly ken.

The water hirsles as it rins,

Aroun' gaes the wheel ;

(A chicken-heartit chiel winna win a bonny lass)

An' hame gaes the meal.

HESS DUNNING M'ATHOL.



BIZARRE RHYMES.



THE GREAT RHODE ISLAND SEAM:

A NARRATIVE, IN RHYME.

I.

HARMANUS VAN BRUNCK was an old Knickerbocker,
Who long sailed a ship in the Rotterdam trade;
Then retired from the sea, with "some shot in the locker,"
To build him a fig-tree, and sit in its shade.
So on Murray Hill he erected a mansion,
With a sort of indefinite sky-ward expansion;
A brown-stone front of the Folderol order,
With curlicues spread over every casement;
The ceilings dove-colored, with blue and gold border;
Gas introduced from the attic to basement;
Encaustic tiles for the pavement of halls,
Rosewood furniture, paintings on walls—
The first, in the style of Louis Quatorze;
The second bought cheap, through "the terrible wars,"
The dealer averred, with a wink so sly,
"In Europe," but really "all in my eye";
Curtains of silk to each window and bed,
And the costliest carpets to deaden the tread.
Never before was a fig-tree grown,
Of such beautiful mortar, and bricks and stone;
And sitting beneath its comforting shade,
Like Selkirk, the "monarch of all he surveyed,"
Van Brunck exclaimed—"I've left the seas,
Nothing to do, but to do as I please;

Henceforward I live me a life of ease ;
Let the howling winds blow high, blow low—
Come heat, come cold, come rain, come snow,
Care or trouble no more I'll know."

II.

But Captain Harmanus found out to his cost,
He had footed his bill without leave from his host ;
That slippers of silk, and a downy bed,
Might still to a thousand woes be wed ;
That in brown-stone fronts brown studies might be,
And rosewood furniture furnish *ennui*.
Familiar long with the tempest's strife,
Harmanus he missed his former life :
He missed the ship, that never missed stays,
He missed his sailors, with nautical ways ;
He missed the heave of the foaming sea ;
He missed the white-caps, driving free ;
He missed the noise of the angry gale ;
He missed the stretched and bellying sail ;
He missed his cabin and worn-out traps ;
He missed—no, he didn't! his dram of schnapps ;
Though never yet knowing of married bliss,
He found his bachelor life amiss ;
And, in spite of his brown-stone house and pelf,
Would have been very glad to have missed himself.
For hours by the windows he twiddled his thumbs,
With an eloquence silent as Orator Mum's ;
He yawned and he gaped and he dawdled away,
From morning till evening, the wearisome day ;
He took up the papers the hours to amuse,
And read thrice over the nautical news ;
He travelled his parlors to and fro,
With a quarter-deck tramp and a whistle low ;

Till it seemed at length, that Care, so grim,
Having killed a cat, was at work upon him.

III.

He took to wandering every day,
In a listless, do-nothing, feel-nothing way,
With his gold-headed cane of Malacca wood,
But with stately step, as a gentleman should,
To the pier where his ship was wont to lie,
To gaze on the scene with a lustreless eye.
There was the spot where his vessel had come,
Her sails all furled, and her anchor "home,"
In the days when he was a sailor free,
And whatever he saw, still went to sea.
Now she was absent, and he mourned the loss of her,
Wishing in vain that his bones felt the toss of her
Rollicking heave, as she sped with her freight;
But wishes like these were all too late:
She was away with another master,
Bearing her cargo of pipes and kanaster;
Oils odoriferous, women to please,
 From blossoms as fragrant as those of the South;
Big boxes of more odoriferous cheese,
 Which offended the nose, but delighted the mouth;
Spice from Batavia, ingots of tin,
Rotterdam sausage, Dutch herrings, and gin.
But he had abandoned such treasures as these,
To another had given his place on the seas;
Had fled from "duff," "salt-horse," and such,
 Abandoned bilge-water, oakum, and pitch,
Surrendered forever his trade with the Dutch,
 And settled him down as a gentleman rich.
And while the world was moving through
 Its business orbit, with a din,

He only, it seemed, had nothing to do,
And plenty of leisure to do it in.

IV.

In most of these daily walks he met
A business man who seemed quite needy,
Whose coat was glossy, whose hat-rim's "set"
Had the curve of age, and whose look was seedy;
But whether the day was dark or light,
At the close of the morn, or the coming of night;
Whether the earth was parched and dry,
Or the rain fell fast from the cloudy sky,
This seedy man looked always worried,
As through the avenues swift he hurried,
With brow that was wrinkled with constant thought,
And the lines that a life of action had wrought;
All proving as clearly as anything can,
That this was a stirring and worrying man;
And, whatever his knowledge, that *he* never knew
The terrible trouble of nothing to do.
"By Jove," said Captain Van Brunck, said he,
"This is the fellow, I think, for me.
He could relieve all my care, without doubt,
By giving me plenty to care about.
I'll ask him to indicate some pursuit,
And whatever he tells me to do, I'll do 't."

V.

They formed acquaintance—when, or how,
I never learned, nor boots it now.
Enough, that to the stranger, there,
Impelled by hope, to lose his care,
Van Brunck, without interrogation,
Revealed his doleful situation.

VI.

"I pity you," answered the seedy chap,
"For nothing to do, and the money in hand,
To such as you is a sad mishap,
And very exceedingly hard to stand.
Now, as for me, why I haven't a rap;
Scarcely a dollar can I command—
To find a shilling sometimes is hard—
(My name is SHARP, and there is my card!)
But I manage to get my grub each day,
Beside my share of a pleasant tap,
When a friend stands treat, and there's nothing to pay.
I drive my work in a quiet way,
And when the night has driven the day,
My wearied form on the bed I lay,
And take, what my hat now needs—a nap.
My fortune is to come as yet,
While yours, you tell me, has been made;
I have no doubt that wealth I'll get,
But not by process slow of trade.
No, *sir!* I have a project rare,
Suited to such a man as you,
Doubling your riches. Do not stare!
Something you'll shortly have to do,
Giving that joy you've sought in vain,
And making just such golden rain,
As Zee-us brought to woo the maid,
Miss Daniels, in the Grecian shade."
(You see, the seedy man had read
The classics, in a free translation,
And, not remembering clearly, made,
In names and facts, some alteration.)
"Very well," quoth the Captain, "your meaning make clear;
Pray develop your project; speak boldly and freely."

"Some spying reporter," Sharp answered, "might hear
And carry the details to Bennett or Greeley.
Let me see! it is three; I've no business at present
To trouble my head, so we'll lunch, if you say,
At Taylor's, and there we'll discuss it—'tis pleasant
To lunch with a friend, when there's nothing to pay.
'Tis a joy fit for monarchs, to ask a good fellow
To feed at your cost, when you've plenty of pelf;
But my selfishness green, and benevolence mellow,
Will let *you* have that pleasure, debarring myself."

VII.

To Taylor's they started, and over a dozen
Of delicate dishes, and Mumm's Verzenay,
Our seedy friend opened his project to cozen
That donkey, the public, and this was the way:—
In the State of Rhode Island—great place, and all that,
Lay the treasure which soon could be brought into light;
'Twas a seven-foot seam, fully black as your hat,
Of a beautiful, easily-mined anthracite.
The coal was good, and none could doubt it,
The owner himself knew nothing about it;
In fact, had no notion at all how grand
Was the mine of wealth that lay in his land;
So, keeping quiet, and making no rout,
Sharp would be able to buy him out.
Van Brunck could furnish the cash to buy it,
And Sharp, the company organize;
By the operation, if managed in quiet,
A nice little penny they'd both realize.
"No cash," quoth Sharp, "from you to me;
But an owner of stock I'd like to be;
So out of the shares that you will hold,
A thousand is what I want, all told—

You'll never miss it, so much you'll make.
Nor is it too much for me to take.
To guard your interests, it is clear,
That secretary and engineer
I ought to be, at three thousand a year—
For brains like mine, that's not too dear,
If the company thrive, as thrive it must,
Or set me down as a nincom,
I can manage to keep up my head from the dust,
With my dividends fat, for my income.
The seam is so thick, and the coal is so fine,
There never was known such a wealthy mine;
We have only together in earnest to join,
And a mint of money we'll certainly coin.”
With that, he made him a calculation,
That, in the thousand acres of ground,
By most reliable multiplication,
Three hundred millions of tons were found;
The value of which, at four dollars per ton—
Well—no matter—'twas plain unto every one.

VIII.

Captain Van Brunck he opened his eyes,
And opened his ears to a very great size;
But what, to my view, was a great deal worse,
Captain Van Brunck he opened his purse.

IX.

In less than a month, were paragraphs found
Flying the various journals around,
Of the great discovery, wonderful quite,
Of a goodly seam of anthracite;
Of its quality, quantity, and location,
In such an elegant situation.

But what the journalists chiefly built on,
Was a statement made by Professor Chilton,
Showing as plainly as figures could show,
Glowing as brightly as words could glow,
That the purest of carbon made up the coal,
Except some half per cent. of the whole ;
That Lehigh and Schuylkill couldn't shine
Beside the great Rhode Island Mine,
Which had coal enough to serve the nation
For all its domestic conflagration.

x.

Oh, what a jubilee Wall Street knew!
Harmanus Van Brunck had something to do ;
And so had Sharp, and the brokers, too.
Seekers there were for the stock in plenty,
" Rhode Island Seam," at a hundred and twenty ;
But never a holder was found so flat,
To part with his stock at a figure like that.
As for the president, old Van Brunck,
Whom all set down for a millionaire,
Attack him when sober, attack him when drunk,
You couldn't persuade him to sell you a share ;
For he knew what was what, and he certainly meant
To get for his money a hundred per cent.,
And though he had loaned to the Company cash
To a figure that some poor-old fogies thought rash,
He knew it was safe, for Sharp had said it,
And what Sharp said, he was " bound to credit."
But Sharp, the intelligent Secretary,
Had very much feeling about him, very ;
And, though it was much to his injury, meant
To part with a little, at thirty per cent.
Of a premium—just to a friend or two ;

A few shares of stock, and only a few.
But so far did his courtesy bear him away,
That he found himself once on a very fine day,
On the road to becoming a millionaire,
But devoid of a single Rhode Island share.

XI.

Sharp often said he was poorly paid,
That he spent his salary three times over,
That extravagant ways, on some of these days,
Would send him adrift as a houseless rover.
Nevertheless, he grew neat in his dress,
And did not seem to be penniless.
Boots from Brooks, and hat from Knox,
Bouquet d'Ogarita to freshen his locks,
A broadcloth coat of the finest and best,
Gold chains crossing his velvet vest,
Cassimere trowsers, that fitted as sleek
As though they had grown to the delicate skin;
A costly repeater, with musical tick,
And from Tiffany's shop, a diamond pin;
Things like these his person bore—
These he had, and some little more.
He had his phaeton, of elegant style,
With as fine a trotter as he could find,
"Inside of the forties" to go his mile;
And a spotted dog, to travel behind.
He went to the Opera now and then,
But not like the poorer, musical asses,
In the upper tiers, with the lower classes,
But down below, with the upper ten;
And gave to all charities, giving account
In the newspapers, both of the name and amount.

XII.

But as the fever reached its height,
Some doubting dogs, for such there were,
Who thought that black could not be white,
That foul might be when seeming fair,
Just chanced to say, they'd like to know
When the Company meant to throw
In market a thousand tons or so.
Sharp opened his eyes, and hemmed and hawed;
He thought it impertinent, very, and odd;
For every one knew, that with motives prudential,
And for reasons numerous, safe, and potential,
The directors' action was confidential;
But thought, perhaps, in a year or so,
Some cargoes of coal to the market would go.

XIII.

Doubt is a plant of hasty growth—
Junius thought Confidence a slow one—
And some have learned, however loth,
To put implicit trust in no one.
These now began to fear and doubt,
And then to quietly sell out;
While whispers ran from man to man,
That all was but a swindler's plan;
Then, shares to fall at once began.
At length, one day, the stock-list bore
"Rhode Island Seam," at sixty-four.
Next day, to fifty down it dropped;
Next day, sixteen from that was lopped;
The next, at twenty it was quoted,
As "offered," but no sales were noted.

XIV.

They summoned together the holders of stock,
When Sharp made a speech, and he proved to a T,
That the entire concern was as firm as a rock,
And the rumors around were but fiddle-de-dee.
But, nevertheless, he had sent a fine chunk
Of the coal to a *savan* of note and reliance,
To analyze that, and dispatch to Van Brunck
The result, in the positive language of science.

"I told him," said Sharp, "that if better he'd deem
Such a course, he might go and examine the seam.
All this has been done; and this letter you see,
Addressed to our Chairman, Van Brunck—not to me—
Has this moment arrived. Whate'er it contain
Is without double-dealing, and upright, and plain.
I ask the permission of our worthy Chairman,
To whom 'tis directed—an upright and fair man—
To open the document; let it be read—
No doubt it will back what we've all along said."
Having closed, he sat down with a bow—and the crowd,
Delighted, accorded him cheers long and loud.

XV.

The letter was opened; and these were the lines
That were signed by the *savan*, who wrote from the
mines:

XVI.

"Dear Sir—I travelled through your mine,
And like it best above the ground;
I think your engine very fine—
I've analyzed the mineral found,

Of which I merely have to say,
 That, at the final judgment-day,
 The man who, on its sable heap,
 Shall patiently take up his station,
 May, past all doubt, his body keep
 Safe from the general conflagration.
 And yet it is not useless quite,
 Although by no means anthracite,
 'Twould serve some "fire-proof" maker's turn—
 He couldn't get material colder—
 There's one thing, it will surely burn,
 Which is—the confident stockholder."

XVII.

* * * * * *
 Sharp now keeps a coach—owns a fine country-seat;
 A pew in Grace Church—he is famed for his piety—
 Dresses in manner *distingué* and neat,
 And is courted a deal in our better society.

* * * * * *
 Recently passing, one fair summer's day,
 From his house in Fifth Avenue, into Broadway,
 Sharp met an old beggar, who charity prayed—
 Said he'd seen better days, when he'd plenty of cash,
 Which was made by his ship, in the Rotterdam trade;
 But he broke when the "Rhode Island Seam" went to
 smash.
 Sharp, who has a heart that is well known to feel
 For the woes of humanity, evermore willing
 His mite to the wretched at all times to deal,
 Like a nobleman, gave the old beggar a shilling.

KINDERKAMACK.

THE red-skinned marauders for plunder one day,
An hour before noontide in blossoming May,
Came to honest Jan Bogart's, while Jan was away
On a visit to Hackensack village.

They slaughtered the cattle, they scattered the grain,
Broke the spout of the tea-pot, the wheels of the wain,
And threatened Katrina, Jan's helpmeet, to brain,
If she dared to complain of their pillage.

They scoured every corner, they rummaged each nook,
They ransacked each cupboard, they stripped every hook ;
Whatever the robbers could carry they took,
And destroyed all too heavy to carry.

They bore off the harness that hung in the stoop,
The pork from the barrel, the hens from the coop ;
Then speedily took off themselves with a whoop,
As if chased from the place by Old Harry.

Jan Bogart came riding from cronies in town,
His heart had no sorrow, his brow had no frown ;
He was filled with contentment from toe unto crown,
And eke had of Hollands a skinful.

Arrived at his dwelling, his wonder was such,
That he uttered some rather hard words in Low Dutch,
Declaring the robbers he'd have in his clutch,
And much more he said that was sinful.

He not alone threatened, but acted to boot,
On the principles uttered by Hugo de Groot,
And summoned the neighbors to ride in pursuit,
By his negro-man, 'Cobus Van Clamus.

'Cobus carried the summons along Pellum Kill,
By Stena Val rocky, outsounding its mill—
Kreuphel Bus told the story to Schraalenberg Hill,
Closter shouted the tale to Paramus.

On the broad ridge of Tineck, through green Tenavlie,
Secaucus, Hohokus, and Hackensack by,
And through Overbeek meadows resounded the cry,
Stirring hearers to fiercest of action.

Accoutred and mounted the volunteers came,
All eager for vengeance and panting for fame,
And each with a scarcely-pronounceable name,
Save by tongues of a Belgic extraction.

There were Willem van Broekhuizen, Constantijn Loots,
Elias van Kinker, Gerbraend van der Groot,
Cornelis van Stavoren, Pieter van Poots,
Jan Bleecker and Evert van Decker.

There were Heinriek van Gelder, Harmanus van Schoop,
Jacobus van Vechten, Niclaes van den Poop,
Staats Cats, Gerrit Blauvelt, Tursse Derrick ter Yoop,
Markus Ten Eyck and Wouter van Schecker.

There were Jurrie Jerolamen, Symon van Welt,
Jordiz Spiers, Ide van Giesen, Christophel van Pelt,
Zacharias van Syckel, Claes Cos, Hert van Gelt,
Jan van Vechten and Joris van Ruyper.

There were Gerrit van Purmerendt, Jonas van Schliez,
Myndert Vreelandt, Gus Cadmus, Esaias de Vries,
Brom Vanderbeek, Harmansy Stoffel van Giese,
Cloutz van Bleckom and Symen van Hooren.

There were Arent van Rensellaer, Reimer van Schauw,
Jan van Woert, Piet van Brunt, Lucas van der Goesa Dauw,
Antonides Kamphuysen, Dirk Smits, Philip Pauw,
Didier Claesen and Mattys van Burens.

There were Gerbrandtsen Schoonmaker, Teunis van
Luyck,
Helmig Helmigsen Garrabrandt, Barent van Schaick,
Jan Evertsen Ackerman, Waling van Dyck,
Edo Aertsen and Cobus Harmansen.

There were Pieter van Voorhis, Claus Bos, Mattys Spoers,
Casparus Cornelissen, Govertsen Toers,
Oeloff Vos, Michel Teunissen, Joostie van Boers,
Dirck Ruyter and Andries Auryansen.

There were Evert van Bakhuysen, Gilliam van Rip,
Marinus van Duikhuysen, Stoffelsen Sipp,
Martinus Merselis, Jan Klauz, Lourens Kip,
Brandt Banta and Mattys van Kuyper.

There were Pieter van Nieuwkeircke, Ide Aersen van Dorn,
Myndert Jan Vanderlinda, Rutan Vanderlorn,
Waling Huysman, Dirck Outwater, Teunis van Horn,
Diedrick Demarest, Stoffelsen Tysen ;

There were Teunis van Arsdale, Jan Cadmus, Brom Ram,
Arie Aersen, Ide Oosten, Nicasie van Schlam,
Jan van Bussum, Jan Teunissen, Yip Rip van Dam,
Dirck Vreelandt and Piet Frelinghuysen.

There were Patius van Houten, Casparus van Zuyl,
Jansen Poulesse, Rolf Tidenbock, Hepel van Tuyl,
Art Haring, Dolf Winkelen, Seba von Huyl,
Wiert Hammel and Danel van Alen.

There were Philip van Eyderstijn, Roeloff Debaan,
Powles Piek, Gabrel Muissing, Hendrick van Sann,
Old Conradus van Hooren, Nicasie van Blaauw,
Mical Berry, and Andries van Valen.

There were Onno van Steenwijk, Baltasar van Bijn,
Lambertus Schim Bilderdijk, Melis van Klijn,
And Dominie Anton van Schaick Noidekijn,
Who rode, being fat, on a pony.

There were Dirck van Benschoten, Jan Joost vander Meer,
Jeremias van Bebber, Frans Lodewijk van Leer,
Gysbert Huyler, Huig Schuyler, Ryneer van der Veer,
And an Irishman named Mickey Roney.

On such worthies in battle no fortune could frown ;
Success was predestined their efforts to crown,
Since their names were sufficient the foe to knock down
Or bring him at least to a low knee.

The track of the robbers in hurry upon
They followed till sunset had reddened and gone,
And long past the midnight rode eagerly on,
For carnage and fisticuffs ready.

Not knowing that hidden the savages lay
By the side of the brooklet, a rod from the way,
Drochy Val they were passing an hour before day,
In a gallop both sweeping and steady.

Now the Sanhican robbers so cunning and shrewd,
Expecting to be by Jan Bogart pursued,
Had quietly entered a spot in the wood,
Where the boughs and the vines kept away light.

'Mid the briars and coppice apart from the road,
The plunder they carried the rascals bestowed,
And with it a chicken—male gender—who crowed
Diurnally, just before daylight.

So close was the covert, so dense and so deep,
That no sentry they needed their watching to keep,
One after the other they yielded to sleep,
Nodding time, while their noses sang sweetly.

No fear of a foeman the slumberers knew,
Each slept the profoundest as men often do,
But waked when the traitor at four o'clock crew,
With a crow crowed chromatic completely.

From pleasure in visions to real despair,
They wakened in terror—the white men were there!
The hunters had tracked them in wrath to their lair,
With purpose of vengeance the sternest.

Now vainly for mercy the Sanhican bends ;
No pleading may soften the doom which impends ;
Revenge with red fingers the moment attends—
The Dutchmen are fiercely in earnest.

Van Gelder commanded the force on the right,
The left by Huig Schuyler was led to the fight,
And the centre presented invincible might,
Under Onno van Steenwijk the peerless.

High waving for truncheon a bottle of gin,
Jan Bogart gave order the fight to begin,
When at it they started with terrible din,
Doing deeds both ferocious and fearless.

Snap! bang! went the rifles; but having forgot,
In loading the weapons both bullets and shot,
No foeman was injured, though firing was hot,
And the smoke of the powder was stifling.

And though not a bullet bored hole in a skin,
It did not diminish the worth of a pin,
The glory the white man was destined to win,
Since the wounds which they dealt were not trifling.

Staats Cats who discovered his rifle had missed,
Being valiant of spirit and quick with his fist,
Fell back on the weapon which hung from his wrist,
And better was that than his foes had.

Right and left like a tempest he hurtled his blows:
Right and left in his pathway he tumbled his foes;
And in settling the question by ayes and by noes,
The eyes had it first, then the nose had.

The Dominie Anton, a peaceable man,
Exhorting the valiant, walked out to the van,
Where he stopped to examine a new frying-pan,
Which from Bogart's the robbers had plundered.

A Sanhican told him to drop it and go,
For being a parson he surely should know
He was fitter to pray for than fight with a foe;
But the savage soon found that he blundered.

Through the air on his noddle the frying-pan flew;
But, the skull being hardest, the bottom broke through,
And the handle behind him stuck out like a queue,
While the rim of the pan griped his neck fast.

Declining to tarry such treatment to find,
The savage he started with speed of the wind,
While out streamed the handle in stiffness behind,
As the man ran for life and his breakfast.

By the leg Markus Ten Eyck an enemy seized,
Holding tight till Huig Schuyler the prisoner eased,
Whereat gallant Markus was highly displeased,
And piped out his wrath in no kind pipe.

"Intense in his anger," the chronicle saith,
"Though wearied exceeding and panting for breath,
He cried, 'I would surely have choked him to death
Had you not torn my gripe from his wind-pipe.'"

And brave Mickey Roney, so brawny of limb,
Foul shame to the minstrel regardless of him!
No words can establish the vigor and vim
Displayed by that blade in his labors.

On the Sanhican Sconces 'twas wondrous to see
His *alpeen* beat fastly like head waves at sea,
While rang out his war-cry commencing with "Be,"
And ending with something like "Jabers."

But half of the wonders occurring in fight,
I own myself partly unable to write;
Did I keep my pen going from morning till night,
Exhausting the ink from my bottle.

'Tis enough that the Dutchmen, far down in the day,
Came back with the plunder the foe bore away,
Including the chicken that led to the fray,
By a blundering crow from his throttle.

'Tis true that one trophy the foe bore away—
 The frying-pan broken so badly that day—
 But the Sanhican never could mend it they say,
 Gaining naught from the prize that he got ill.

THE MORAL.

When the white men triumphant from battle rode back,
 The Sanhicans knowing the cause of attack,
 Named the place of the battle thence—"Kinderkamack,"
 Meaning "Here chanticleer crowed unbidden."

And a lesson of wisdom these incidents show:
 Whenever the hen-roost you rob of a foe,
 Twist the heads off the chickens ere homeward you go,
 Lest a crow should betray where you've hidden.

DALY'S COW.

A LEGEND OF FORT LEE.

WHILE Doctor E. was sleeping sound last Wednesday morn
 in bed,
 A voice came shrieking in his ears, and these the words it
 said—
 "Arouse! arise! and don your clothes, and to your feet
 add wings,
 If you would save your cabbages, your beets and other things
 From the cow of Paddy Daly!"

The Doctor rose, and glared and said, (but then not sure
 I am
 What was the very word he used, but know it rhymed with
 "clam")

And, while he put his trowsers on, he backward said a prayer.

And frequently repeated it, till sulphur filled the air,
For the cow of Micky Daly.

And when he to the garden got, the sight that there was seen!

The wreck of cabbages and beets, the crush of pea and bean!

Cow-trampled Oxyuras; crushed Verbenas scattered round!
Petunias munched; and Picotees all levelled with the ground!

By the cow of Alick Daly!

He gazed upon the fearful wreck in utter, black despair—
What words could fairly justice do to half the ruin there?
But not e'en Horace Greeley could, though swearing all he knew,

Do half as much as Doctor E. to make the air look blue
At the cow of Phelim Daly.

He said it was a [*blank, blank*] shame that such a [*blank, blank*] beast

Should do such [*blank, blank*] mischief, and at his expense should feast;

Quoth he—" I've stood this [*blank, blank*] wrong, too [*blank*] long any how;

The owner is a son of a [*blank*]; I'll pound his [*blank, blank*] cow—"

'Twas the cow of Teddy Daly.

The cow had been Pat Mallen's cow, and ravaged all the town;

Pat sold her (Coytesville leaped with joy) and thus sold Richard Brown;

But Brown he found she was a rogue, enough to vex a saint,
And, being an honest man himself, not prone to cause
complaint,

Sold the cow to Brian Daly.

But whether Patrick Mallen's cow, or Brown's, or Daly's, she
Was fond of visiting at times the place of Doctor E. ;
No hunter leaped a fence so well, and never burglar cracked
A crib with such dexterity as she a gate attacked—

Did this cow of Terry Daly.

So with some point-blank adjectives that had a rolling
sound,

The Doctor started off with her to Mr. Irving's pound ;
And on the road the quarrymen just going to their work
Declared they smelt a brimstone smell, and saw some raging
Turk

Chase the cow of Owny Daly.

Just at Schaffhausen's corner now the cow she made a turn ;
She gave a snort, and then a jump, and tossed those heels
of her'n ;

She thought she'd slope to Coytesville, then her old friend,
Pat, to see—

"Not if the court she knows herself, you don't!" said
Doctor E.,

To the cow of Barney Daly.

The cow was rather fleet of foot, the Doctor fleeter still—
He turned her head, and off they went (2.40) up the hill ;
In front of Semmindinger's house she tried to make a bolt,
And shot toward Sam Corker's next, as frisky as a colt,

Did this cow of Dinny Daly.

Then, when he circumvented her, she slowly took her way,
But kept her eyes wide open for the chances, as they say,

Up Linwood Avenue she slipt—"I'm off, I am!" thought she;

But her four legs were slower than the two of Doctor E.—
That same cow of Larry Daly.

But the cow run of the Doctor, it came very near to be
A Bull Run at the moment, as spectators well could see;
The cow she took a sudden cut, as if she were [*blank*] bent,
And over 'twixt Mat Glaser's and the Chick's, off she went,
Did this cow of Danny Daly.

Had Glaser been at home himself, he could, if so inclined,
Have stopped her with a fence-rail, or with something of
the kind;

But Mat was off to Hackensack, enjoying like a king
The county's hospitality, and could not get a fling
At the cow of Martin Daly.

Now up the rise, then down the hill, right for the fields she
sped,

And, like a pair of compasses, the Doctor's legs they spread.
She's at the gap! She'll gain it now! She won't! The
Doctor's first,

And wins the race by half a head (of speed a wondrous
burst)

O'er the cow of Hughie Daly.

Then through the ice-house hollow, and along 'Squire
Taylor's lane,

He raced her and he chased her till they gained the road
again;

There she made for Katy Lewis's—the Doctor put on steam,
And headed her and turned her, till of hope there was no
gleam

For the cow of Barty Daly.

She hung her head, her wind was gone, she painful moved
and slow ;
He clapped his hands against his sides, and gave a mighty
crow—
Take care! beware! she's fooling you! she makes for
Jones's lane!
The Doctor gave a burst of speed, and quickly round again
Turned the cow of Archy Daly.

The gate is reached and in she goes, but goes not where
she should ;
She's through the new-mown meadow, and is heading for
the wood—
In vain! in vain! she's turned again! she's driven to the
pound!
While Caspar stares, and Aider glares, and neighbors gather
round
Near the cow of Lanty Daly.

" I'd not have triumphed in the race," the breathless Doctor
says—
" Were not her conscience weighted down with fifty cab-
bages.
But, [*blank*] your eyes! you're safe at last, you brute!
[*blank, blank*] your blood!"—
The cow she didn't answer him, but merely chewed her
cud—
Did this cow of Andy Daly.

In Daly's castle there was grief the evening of that day ;
And Daly thought his darling cow had surely gone astray ;
Be comforted, ye Dalys all! the cow will yet be found ;
She chews again those cabbages in Henry Irving's pound—
Does the cow of Corny Daly.

THE BEGGARS.

"Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark!"

THE great yellow Schlank with a cold in her throat,
The fox-like Spitz with a piercing note,
Johnny M'Cabe's little black-and-tan,
And the mangy cur of the rag-cart man;
Towser and Carlo and Ponto and Wince,
Whisker and Huon, and Brant and Prince,
Bull and Bouncer and Rollo and Spring,
Snap and Fido and Dash and Wing,
Pompey and Growler and Trusty and Carl,
Bruiser and Bingo and Dandy and Snarl;
Lap-dogs, covered with hair like flax;
China dogs, with no hair to their backs;
Dogs that have come from the stormy shore
Of rocky and ice-bound Labrador;
Collies, expert the flock to guard;
Hairy fellows from Saint Bernard;
Starveling curs that back lanes haunt;
Coach-dogs spotted, and wolf-dogs gaunt;
Greyhounds, pointers, setters, terriers,
Bulldogs, turnspits, spaniels, harriers,
Mastiffs, boarhounds, Eskemo,
Poodles, mongrels, beefhounds low;
Every dog of every kind,
Of every temper and every mind,
All engaged in the general row—
Snap, yelp, growl, ki-yi, bow-wow!

"The beggars have come to town—"

Some are low and some are high;
Some are blind in either eye;

Some are lame and some are sore ;
Some just crawl from door to door ;
Some on crutches and some with canes ;
Some from alleys and some from lanes ;
Some approach you with a whine ;
Some with a testimonial line ;
Some in a manner to make you shiver—
The style of a foot-pad—“Stand and deliver!”
Some with tales of suffering hoax you ;
Some with subtle flattery coax you ;
Some the iciest of mummies ;
Some are warm as eighteen summers ;
Some are sober ; some are bummers ;
Some with mute solicitation,
Some with loud vociferation,
Seek for your commiseration ;
Some with well-feigned hesitation,
For your dole make application ;
Some present their hats to hold
Your benefactions manifold ;
And beg for money or beg for fame,
Beg for offices, beg for name,
Beg for currency, grub to purchase,
Beg for checks, to build up churches,
Beg for attention to their capers,
Beg for a puff in the morning papers,
Beg for a show for buccaneering,
Beg for a chance for patient hearing,
Beg for anything, everything, nothing,
From a million in gold to cast-off clothing,
For a chew of tobacco, a glass of gin,
A trotting horse and a diamond pin,
A country farm and a city garden ;
And now and then they beg—your pardon.

"Some in rags, and some in tags,"

Some with darns and some with patches,
Socks not mates, and gloves not matches ;
Boots whose leather redly shows out,
Brogans ripped, and shoes with toes out,
Hats with broad brims, hats with small rims,
Hats again with not-at-all rims,
High hats, flat hats, hats with low crowns,
Hats with bell-crowns, hats with no crowns ;
Coats as varied as that of Joseph,
Coats whose color no one knows of ;
Coats with swallow-tails, coats with bob-tails,
Coats with skew-tails, coats with lob-tails,
Easy coats, greasy coats, great-coats, show-coats,
Jackets, warmuses, then again, no coats ;
Trowsers narrow and trowsers wide,
Darned and patched and pinned and tied,
Trowsers thrown on rather than put on,
With a string for brace and a skewer for button ;
Shirts with the dirt of a twelvemonth worn in,
But mostly the shirt the beggar was born in ;
Some close-capped and others with head bare ;
Ragged and rent and worn and thread-bare,
And looking as though they had joined to fill
A contract for stock with a paper-mill.

"And some in velvet gowns."

Those are the fellows who beg the first,
And beg the hardest, and beg the worst :—
Brokers who beg your cash for "a margin,"
With profit at naught, and a very huge charge in ;
Mining fellows with melting-pots ;
Speculators in water-lots ;

Smooth-faced gentlemen, high in station,
Ready to point to an "operation";
Seedy writers who have an infernal
Project of starting a daily journal;
Politicians, who beg you to run
For place in a race that can't be won;
Lawyers ready your weal to show
In a case that speedily proves your woe;
And a host of such in the begging line
Arrayed in purple and linen fine;
All worse than the locusts born to harrow
The souls of the serfs of the mighty Pharaoh;
And so persistent in striking your purse,
And begging the cost of their plans to disburse,
That you wish, losing feeling and temper and ruth,
The tale of Aktaion to-day was a truth,
And the dogs that barked when they came to town
Would tear them in pieces, and gobble them down.

THE STORY OF ARION.

NEWLY TRANSLATED FROM THE HIGH OLD GREEK.

ARION of Lesbos, who played on the banjo,
Likewise sang tenor, went off to a Saengerfest
Got up in Thrinikia by the Germans—
(Gay folk and thrifty).

There he partook of the beer of Bavaria,
Limburger fragrant, and teeth-testing pretzels;
Won all their hearts, and obtained a gold medal—
(Gold stood at 50).

Not alone that was his guerdon: of greenbacks,
Each with a C on, he hived a huge sack-full;
Presents so many, their number in speeches
 Senator S. quotes—

More than ten thousand Partajas in boxes—
Duty paid up, and no end of gold watches;
Sinister, a horse that could go in 2.20;
 Claw-hammer dress-coats;

Four brown-stone fronts in the town of Methumna;
Sewing-machines, apple-peelers and meerschaums;
Four casks of Bourbon, and two of peach-brandy—
 (Strong drinks he went on);

Ten silver tea-sets, and twenty ice-pitchers;
Four Buckeye mowers; a black-and-tan terrier;
Also a billiard-cue, tipped with a diamond
 Worth a talenton.

Having so much the great player was forced to
Charter, to carry his many possessions,
Nothes, an oyster-smack, sailed by Kratippos,
 Owner and master.

This was to take him in haste to Korinthos,
Which it could well do, since none of the yachts there,
In the Olumpian regatta contending,
 Ever sailed faster.

Captain Kratippos, he longed for that cargo,
And with his men, Parmenon and Kometes,
Made an agreement to pitch poor Arion
 Out to the fishes.

So scarce a league had they sailed on their voyage,
 Ere this vile trio informed the gay singer,
 He must depart to the dark realm of Aides,
 Mauger his wishes.

Cool as a cucumber then was the minstrel;
 All that he craved was their ke-yind permission
 One little break-down to pick on the banjo—
 (So runs the story.)

And as they listened his nimble ten fingers
 Danced on the strings till they cried in amazement—
 'Εἶσα βουλήβοι, βου σου' ἀγλάζει—
 Ω ὄναϊδορι.

When he had finished, he walked to the quarter,
 Banjo in hand, and went merrily over,
 Diving down, down, derry down, to the bottom,
 Quite disappearing.

Thinking their man gone to Aides with Hermes,
 Hurried the rogues in their greed to the cabin,
 Where they cast lots for their choice of the plunder,
 All the while jeering.

But an art-loving, benevolent dolphin,
 Sent by Poseidon to specially aid him,
 Carried the bard off to Tainoron swiftly,
 On its back mounted,

Where when he landed he first took his breakfast,
 Then took the six o'clock train for Korinthos,
 And to his crony, the king Periandros,
 All this recounted.

Wroth was his majesty at the recital:
 Swearing by Stux he would punish the varlets;

Sent for the Chief of Police in a hurry—
Dionkenedios—

Thus to him saying:—"When comes here the Nothes,
Seize on Kratippos and both of his sailors;
Bring them before us for justice, or never
Come back to see us."

So when the vessel came home in a fortnight,
Off went policeman 940,
Who with 2,750,
Caught the offenders.

They were all tried, and—the spring being over—
In a most summary manner; the seamen
Sent off to Sing-Sing—Kratippos, he hanged himself
With his suspenders.

So the musician recovered his riches,
And for a week, with his friend Periandros,
Went on a spree, for he thought the occasion
One to get high on.

As for the dolphin, it met with misfortune—
As it went back a great shark bit its tail off:
That was the tail of the dolphin; this is the
Tale of Arion.

BRANT'S TAIL.

"If Brant, our puppy, continues to grow,
What will he be in a year or so?"
That's what my little boy wanted to know.

Four months old and four feet long,
Gaunt but brawny, and broad and strong,
With a bay like the roar of a China gong.

Four months since when he came to the place,
No promise of size could any one trace—
In length six inches, and most of him face.

So the little boy, "wanted to know, you know,"
If at that rate he'd continue to grow;
And I answered, "Yes, for a year or so."

"And what is the 'so'?" "Four months, about;
And then you'll find him strong and stout,
With his power of growth quite given out."

The little fellow, before he would sup,
Took slate and pencil and ciphered it up—
The probable growth of that wonderful pup.

He worked it out by the rule of three,
And he brought the figures straight to me,
And they seemed as plain as plain could be.

"Thirty-two feet in four months more,
And eight times that in another four,
And eight times that when the year is o'er.

"And eight times when four more have past,"
The dog might be accounted vast,
Enormous, huge, and unsurpassed.

The boy, by calculation, found
That Brant, when sixteen months came round,
Would shade ten acres, or more, of ground.

And the little fellow grew scared and pale,
And vented his terror in a wail,
When he thought of three hundred yards of tail.

Then I thought to myself as I scanned the "sum,"
What a high old time, if it wasn't a hum,
In the scientific world to come.

In a thousand years the tempests pluvial,
In spite of your wondrous works may move ye all,
And cover the land with a soil alluvial.

And then some student of that day's Yale,
Blasting on mountain, or digging in dale,
May come on the bones of that buried tail.

And then he'll call some learned professor—
Agassiz, or Buckland, his successor—
And the greater 'll confab with the lesser.

And then, for the palpable reason, d'ye see,
That men of science can never agree,
They'll call another to umpire be.

He'll come, look grave, and nothing loth
He'll listen, and then he'll make them wroth
By disagreeing a little with both.

And one will say it's a lizard dead,
And one declare it's a snake instead,
And the last will ask them where's its head;

Then the men of science 'll feel go through 'em
A shock when reporters keen pursue 'em,
Twenty to each, to interview 'em.

And the scientific world will shake
With the pother the scientists all will make
As to whether these bones are eel or snake ;

And then the ink will begin to fly,
And innuendoes sharp and sly,
And each will tell the other they lie ;

And the dailies will use—it's what they are for—
'Those bitter words the weak abhor,
And they'll call the strife "The Big Bone War."

And all the naturalists will fail
To discover these osseous fragments frail
Are only the bones of our dog Brant's tail.

THE IRON-BARRED PHILOSOPHER.

WHILE rummaging on yesterday within a lumber closet,
Which for a year had been a place of general deposit,
Where various odds and ends that will accumulate in
households,
Had been together thrown to make nice vermin-dens and
mouse-holes,
Amid the heterogeneous mass whose uses once could none
bar,
I found a rusted gridiron, which had lost three legs and
one bar.

Now there is naught in such a thing, in general, to recall to
The mind the past, or furnish one a mental feast to fall to ;
But with this worn-out implement there were associations,
To wake the sense of pleasant hours and pleasanter sen-
sations ;

And memory running gaily in, without my having sought it,
Recalled the poor thing's history from the day that I had
bought it.

And then I thought of steaks it cooked, of juicy chops and
tender,

Of young spring chickens unto which all appetites sur-
render;

And deep remorse within me rose to think that this utensil,
Which oft had ministered to me had met with recompense
ill;

When to my great surprise—so much, a child could me
have knocked o'er—

It winked the eye in its handle, saying—"Listen to me,
Doctor!"

I'd heard of Balaam's ass who spoke; of swans who sang
when dying;

Of fish, in the Arabian tales, who spoke when they were
frying—

(Or, being fried, whiche'er you choose) of Memnon's vocal
statue;

Of frogs, who, pelted with a stone, would fling reproving
at you;

Of Friar Bacon's brazen head, whose words struck foes of
his dumb;

But never thought a gridiron would attempt to teach me
wisdom.

"You write, my friend, to please the mob," my interlocutor
said—

And as he spoke he shook his bars, and winked his eye
aforesaid—

"The mob is your proprietor and cooks some mental diet
Upon the bars of your intellect; but you gain nothing by it.

The mob it polishes with rubs, whene'er it wants to use you,
Then hauls you roughly o'er the coals, to burn and to abuse
you.

"You think you're honored by the use, but there you'll
change ideas—
This gridiron thought so once, but now a different notion
he has—
You'll find when you are worn so much, your bars won't
hold the juices
Which force themselves from out the food you cook for
others' uses,
Though you, perchance, have furnished it good things in
countless number,
The mob will throw you scornfully, among a heap of lumber.

"I know you have a living hope to do mankind some
service,
And think to work in spite of foes, best way to show your
nerve is;
That still you have ambition; you are proud to let each
man see
You cook the steaks of argument and mutton-chops of
fancy.
But, never mind! experience will do more than all my
speeches,
Though, like the olden pedagogues, it birches while it teaches.

"Be good and you'll be happy!" here the gridiron seemed
to stutter,
And lose the thread of argument; but next I heard him
mutter—
"One thing I must insist upon, however hot your life is,
The woes assailing out of doors, don't bring them where
your wife is.

Domestic broils are terrible things, whoever first begun
them ;

You see how they have burned me up, and therefore do
you shun them."

He didn't say another word—the reason why was puzzling ;
'Twas certainly no fear of me which utterance was muzzling ;
But, to a bottle on a shelf, half hidden with the dirt, he
Pointed ; 'twas labelled "Gin," and dated—"Eighteen
hundred and thirty ;"

'Twas nearly empty ;—more his words, if that had been
about less ;

But as it stood, some one was drunk—it was the gridiron
doubtless.

JES SO.

No worthier man in our village is found
Than Bigg Bellows, the blacksmith, and few are as sound ;
Though little he knows of the lore of the schools,
He knows and he follows good Scriptural rules ;
But he has a queer habit of saying, "Jes so!"
Which he not alone uses for yes and for no,
But the way which he brings the two syllables out
Expresses displeasure, or scorn, or a doubt.

In the smithy to-day, I observed that he stood
At the hour of high noon in a cynical mood,
Apart from the others, the anvil-block near,
The talk of the neighbors around him to hear
About an apostle of truth and reform,
Who had taken the people last evening by storm,
While Harde Stryker, who handled the sledge-hammer well,
Gave the fine pearls of thought from the stranger that fell.

Bigg Bellows, he listened a moment, then said,
"His notions, somehow, I can't get in my head."
And Stryker replied: "Well, the nub of them's this—
Society's all been created amiss,
And a number of very intelligent men
Want to take it to pieces and make it again."
"I see," said the blacksmith, his face in a glow;
"To hammer it out to their notion. Jes so!"

"There's money enough," Stryker said, "and to spare,
But the thing isn't somehow distributed fair;
One man draws his millions in interest and rent,
While ten thousand round him are not worth a cent.
So their plan is to kill all the wealthier men,
And apportion the capital fairly again."
Cried Bigg, in astonishment: "I want to know!
Right things by some cold-blooded murder! Jes so!"

"As all men are equal, the orator says,
Whatever the nature of each or his ways,
Food, clothing, and shelter are all that we need,
And none in such things should another exceed.
The Commune will see the division is fair,
And that each gets the same thing exact to a hair."
"And whether he's idle," said Bellows, "or no,
He'll get what his neighbor is getting. Jes so!"

"To see the division is equal and just,
To a special committee they'll give it in trust;
As its members are named by the general voice,
Mere agents they'll be of the people's own choice;
And no bonds be required of them funds to secure,
For each will be honest because he is poor."
"Into office," said Bellows, "right poor they may go,
But when they come out of it—boodle. Jes so!"

“The troubles of family life they will ban;
 No crotchety rules will encumber a man;
 Affection which comes as a matter of fate
 Shall never be chilled by the cold married state;
 We'll get rid of divorces and quarrels at least,
 Since no knot will be tied by the judge or the priest.”
 “Rather primitive manners,” said Bellows, “although
 I don't think the redskins would do it. Jes so!”

“And the churches,” said Stryker—“Oh, that is enough,”
 Quoth Bigg, “of your orator's pestilent stuff.
 Man fashions society; this is a plan
 To have the society fashion the man.
 From the world wipe all personal enterprise keen,
 And every one change to a servile machine;
 But every one likes his own bellows to blow
 As well as the blower you quote from. Jes so!”

“‘Man's in the community.’ Yes, that I know,
 And has duties to others around him. Jes so!
 ‘We should help the weak brother as onward we go,
 And not be too grasping and selfish.’ Jes so!
 But a man in the field, who must hoe his own row,
 Would handle his hoe as he pleases. Jes so!
 Try to limit his efforts, he'll answer you, ‘No!
 I'm a man! independent! I'll keep so.’ Jes so!”

KING DEATH'S DECISION.

KING DEATH one day, while quaffing from a chalice
 Made of a human skull, his jet-black wine,
 Quoth in a jeering tone—“In this my palace,
 I wonder who, of all these friends of mine
 Does me most service?”

Then spake out Fever, with his red eyes glaring,
And his pulse beating with a hurried throb—
“Sire, ’twere an outrage past a spirit’s bearing,
Did any one an effort make to rob
Me of that honor?”

“For I evoke the poisonous exhalations
From base to attic in the tenement den,
Lurk underneath the tropic vegetation,
And from the surface of the western fen
Scatter malaria.

“Whatever part may be to me allotted;
Whatever name they give me as they run—
Enteric, Yellow, Typhus, Dengue, or Spotted—
You always find my work so surely done
That none escape me.

“And for this service rendered, whatsoever
The rest may boast, their merits though I own,
I claim as meed of a sustained endeavor,
To stand at least the nearest to the throne
Of my great master.”

Then War arose, and, as his accents thund’red,
The other spirits shuddered in their fear—
“I have,” he cried, “in one day slain a hundred
For every one he slays within a year—
Let him be silent!”

Now Famine spake. “My liege, my work though slower
Than some has been, was surely done, and well;
And that my victims are in sense no lower
Than those of others here, let figures tell—
And figures lie not.

“ Let those who doubt seek some beleaguered city,
Or the wide fields where drought the corn-ear smites.
Where starving wretches have no fear nor pity,
Where hunger's pang all natural feeling blights,
And men grow demons.”

Then Plague exclaimed—“ I ask all boldly whether
I have not slain, and suddenly, far more
Than Fever, War, and Famine put together,
Let my name then on Honor's pinions soar,
First of your nobles.”

Murther, indignant, while the dark blood spouted,
Even as he spake, from some new victim's vein,
Cried—“ I your eldest courtier am undoubted ;
I was your servant in the days of Cain ;
I gave your empire !

“ I found grim Death a shadow, fixed the rover,
And this broad realm I gave him mastery o'er,
A sway that shall not fail till all be over,
And the world end, and time shall be no more,
And God give judgment.”

King Death, who still is just, had gone no further
To seek the chiefest of his servants there,
But given the place of honor unto Murther,
Had not arisen, with stern and solemn air,
A terrible spirit.

“ I am,” it said, “ Railway Assassination ;
All these are weakling fiends compared to me ;
I lie concealed at every railway station ;
I break up wheels, and often pleasantly
I misturn switches.

“ When through the mountain gorges swiftly sweeping
The iron horse goes rushing on his trail,
I lie in wait, and, in his pathway creeping,
I stay his progress with a broken rail,
Hurling him headlong.

“ Those who have 'scaped from Famine, War, and Fever,
Whom Murder's knife hath never reached at all,
Though life woo sweetly, they are forced to leave her,
And lay their soulless corpses at my call,
Mangled and ghastly.

“ 'Tis true that Vigilance and Care might slay me—
I have no fear of those—they cost too much ;
So let the rest a fitting homage pay me ;
And judge thou, sire, if aught too great I clutch
In grasping honor!”

Then Death arising, said—“ Not 'mid my dearest
And trusted counsellors thy place alone ;
But, to my person and my state the nearest,
Thy place is here, beside me on my throne,
Co-King and brother!”

The two embraced. Death's bony back was to me ;
But well enough I saw the other's face ;
And, as I marked its outlines hard and gloomy,
A startling likeness I could clearly trace,
To whom I say not.



THE BROKER'S STORY.

My parents held a high position,
And I of course was highly born ;
'Twas on the first floor—down the chimney,
I saw the light one winter morn.
Blankets were scarce, and coal was scarcer—
There was no fire in the room, d'ye see ;
So father's coat—his best—in tatters,
Was used to make a quilt for me.

My mother was a washerwoman—
I beg your pardon for the word—
A washer-lady (woman, quotha!
That term has grown to be absurd.)
She toiled alone—my sire a drunkard—
The rent to pay and bread to win ;
She suckled me in want and sorrow,
And fed me well on milk and gin.

A child, through streets and lanes I wandered,
And inch by inch I fought my way,
An orphan, for my worthy father,
They fished him from the docks one day.
But as a son I was a model,
To copy which no boy could err ;
A pious son who loved his mother—
Whate'er I stole I gave to her.

Escaping as I grew the Sessions,
And constables, and jails, and courts,
Soon of a gang I was the leader,
Looked up to in their fights and sports ;

To manhood grown, controlled elections.
A master of the rounder's trade,
Led to the polls my skilled repeaters,
And Congressmen and Judges made.

Soon to an office in the customs,
Lord of the ward, I found my way ;
A useful man among the merchants,
And worth the keen importer's pay ;
There of my salary every dollar
Got multiplied by ten somehow—
The guerdon of my honest labor,
It seems to me a pittance now.

Soon with my little well-earned money,
I bade the Custom House farewell ;
On Wall street turned a curbstone broker,
And stocks began to buy and sell.
There fortune followed as my servant ;
And as a bull beginning there,
Upon my horns for half a million
A score of bruins tossed in air.

Henceforward what I touched was gilded—
At puts and calls expert was I ;
The price of stocks at will I handled,
And sunk it low, or flung it high ;
Till, what with honesty and virtue
And industry and pious cares,
My life of patient toil rewarded,
I stood among the millionaires.

Now in an up-town brownstone palace,
With lackeys smug I take my ease ;
On Sundays on a velvet cushion
In church I get upon my knees.

A vestryman—I'll be a warden
Ere Easter week has floated by ;
On earth be deemed of saintly savor,
And soar to heaven when I die.

THE FATAL CUP.

EACH nerve thrills within me with sharp apprehension,
My brain-strings are drawn to their uttermost tension,
And my heart flutters painful as though it would break,
When I see some incautious teetotaller take
And recklessly swallow, apparently suited,
A huge draught of water, and that undiluted.
'Tis not but cold water is excellent when
It is kept in its place, like a bull in a pen—
Good when it comes from the heavens in rain,
Good when in mist it goes upward again,
Good for the meadows to freshen their green,
Good in the laundry where linen they clean ;
Good for all fish, and convenient to swim in ;
Good in the tea-pot of tattling old women ;
Good in the rivulet frolicking free,
Better in rivers, and best in the sea ;
Good for all purposes fitting, I think ;
But not a good liquor for people to drink ;
And, as its vile history sadly I trace,
And its evil effects as the scourge of our race,
I cry—" Ah! no water—no water for me,
It may do for the tremulous, old debauchee
Who, having got tipsy last night after supper,
Must have it this morning to cool his hot copper ;
A small glass of whiskey (old Blue Grass) for me,
And water bestow on the old debauchee!"

No particular horror of water I feel,
When placed in conjunction with soap of Castile,
For when properly used on the membrane external,
It never develops its nature infernal,
And no poison through pores to your system gets in,
If the liquid be carefully wiped from the skin ;
'Tis its getting inside that such misery brings—
From drinking the stuff* your unhappiness springs ;
Anasarca it causes and kidney disease ;
It softens the brain, and it weakens the knees ;
It makes in the frame an anæmic condition,
Which grabs the poor patient and mocks the physician ;
Gastrocnemial and cubital muscles it dwindles,
Till legs look like broomsticks and arms shrink to spindles ;
The skin wilts and wrinkles, except when the dropsy
Swells the wretch like a bladder, and death brings autopsy ;
The blood with no whiskey to keep up its color
Has its corpuscles whitened, its current made duller ;
The water pernicious the chilled stomach filling,
And poured in amount on a membrane unwilling,
Debases the gastric juice so that it loses
All power to dissolve your best food in its oozes ;
And therefore it follows, past cavil or question,
That drinking cold water creates indigestion ;
And, since indigestion breeds crime and fierce quarrels,
This tippling cold water corrupts public morals.

It might be less dangerous, that I admit,
If largely pure whiskey were mingled with it,
For in that way the force of the poison you'll foil ;
But, consider—the whiskey you'd utterly spoil ;
Besides, while the mixture tastes strangely and badly,
Water added to whiskey intoxicates sadly,
And perhaps in the end it might make you a sot,
Which the whiskey, unwatered, would certainly not.

I know there are some who, while owning the ills
 The water-sot finds from his crime ere it kills,
 Still think water harmless in moderate use—
 Ah! nature is weak, and that leads to abuse.
 It is perilous with the chained tiger to play;
 Though lightning has never yet struck you, it may;
 And he is the safer and healthier, I think,
 Who totally abstains from all water as drink,
 And is full of the thought that while making him sadder,
 It bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder.
 Neither taste, touch, nor handle the terrible thing;
 For safety to whiskey and that only cling;
 Eat the best of good victuals, and pat to the minute;
 Take your liquor bare-headed, with no water in it;
 And, to keep up your health, and promote your sobriety,
 Sign the pledge of the Anti-Coldwater Society.

 WINE.

IN WHICH THE SUBJECT IS TREATED, AND NOT THE
 READER.

WINE! wine! wine!
 Shall never be tippie of mine;
 Let the poet with fire mock-divine,
 Allured by its shimmer and shine,
 Patter stuff on the juice from the Rhine,
 On pure Verzenay,
 Port, Sauterne, St. Peray,
 Imperial Tokay,
 Amber-hued Montillado,
 Deep-tinted in shadow;

Wine from either chateau,
Of Lafitte or Margaux,
Purple Port, from the docks,
The entire tribe of Hocks,
Or any or all of these juices,
Perverting his powers to bad uses ;
But I have no liking to follow
The wine-bibbing son of Apollo,
Whose metre erratic
And wit, often Attic,
Is pressed with a very bad taste
To a service both vile and debased.

Song! beautiful Song!
Whose rhythmical syllables throng
And hurry impulsive along,
In defence of the right and defiance of wrong,
My pleasure, my pride,
My treasure, my guide,
My soother, my bride,
My darling, my friend,
I am yours to the end ;
And whatever the cares that oppress me,
Or whatever the woes that possess me,
They fly when you come to caress me.
Song, beautiful Song!
Shall I take you
And make you
A staggering, tipsy
And vacant-eye gipsy?
Shall I deaden your feeling,
And set you a-reeling,
And see you fall prone
In the kennel alone,

And lie there with mutter and hiccough,
 For scorning policemen to pick up—
 Shall I do you this terrible wrong,
 My pure and my beautiful Song?

Wine! infamous wine!
 The chariot which carries you over the line,
 Dividing man's nature from that of the swine;
 Abridger of life,
 And creator of strife,
 In whose deeps there repose
 The carbuncled nose,
 Red eyes, muddled brains,
 And a cargo of pains;
 Raining rags on your back,
 Till with scorn people note you,
 And threatening attack
 Of grim *mania a-potu*;
 Author of wailing and pleading,
 Maker of sorrow exceeding,
 Foe to our daughters and wives,
 Cause of our sons' shortened lives,
 Bring to scorn and contumely,
 Setting the mind brooding gloomily;
 To-day bringing sorrow
 And trouble and care,
 To be followed to-morrow
 By want and despair.
 Dire are the evils that grow with the vine;
 Black are the vices that flow with the wine,
 That swim in the casks,
 And sport in the flasks,
 And leap from the bottles
 Down men's thirsty throttles,

Turning manners and mind topsy-turvey,
 Till their victims grow reckless and scurvy,
 Careless of home and its quiet,
 Given to tippling and riot,
 Out-of-door swaggering
 Home-to-bed staggering,
 And, at last, when the revel is o'er,
 The grave of a drunkard—thus much and no more.

HER GRAND-AUNT JANE.

WHEN you asked for my hand, and I answered you
 "yes!"

I certainly loved you then,
 For I thought you were all that a husband should be,
 And better than most of the men;
 But since you have uttered some notions of yours,
 On the wife you expect to obtain,
 I have a half doubt if we're suited for mates—
 You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

You say that a woman should gentleness be,
 With a timid and downcast eye,
 And govern her temper and bridle her tongue,
 However much troubles may try.
 But I'm gentle alone when they're gentle with me,
 I speak with an utterance plain,
 And I look a man square in the face when I speak—
 You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

You say that a woman should close up her ears
 To the gossip that travels around,

And always remain with her duties at home,
Where a wife should forever be found.
But when visitors chatter I let them talk on,
While my thoughts in my mind I retain,
And I like the fresh air now and then for a change—
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

Eve was taken from Adam, you say—ah, yes!
From a rib she was fashioned complete ;
But you'll please to remember she came from his side,
And not from his head nor his feet.
And though in the great matrimonial state
As absolute monarch you'd reign.
I fear my rebellion might ruin the realm—
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

My kinswoman now is past fifty, they say ;
And never a petulant word
Has ever escaped from her innocent mouth,
And slander she never has heard ;
While she never goes gadding away from her home ;
And the cause of her goodness is plain—
She was deaf, she was dumb, she was lame from her
birth—
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

If you seek not a slave, nor a toy, but a wife,
With a heart that is loyal and true,
Who will bring you affection as warm as your own,
And the honor she knows is your due,
I am yours to the end, be it bitter or sweet,
A sharer in pleasure or pain ;
But if other your views about marriage, why, then,
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

THOMAS AND I.

SEATED alone on the Smyrna mat,
Washing your face with your paw, and all that,
You have little to worry your mind, my cat.

You are furred in grey, and along your back
Is a stripe of glossy, satiny black,
While trousers of white you never lack.

Your claws like sickles are curved and keen ;
Your paws are muscular, hard and lean ;
Your eyes are a beautiful yellow and green.

Your motions are filled with a lissom grace,
And you have a sober, reflective face,
Where naught of the demon within we trace.

When you've licked your fur, you have brushed
your coat ;
You have never to meet a thirty days' note,
Nor have you your purring to learn by note.

Down in the cellar are mice at need ;
You have no wife and weans to feed ;
And yours is a very good life indeed.

And yet of trouble you must have some ;
And your voice on the matter is nowise dumb :
It is eight, and the milkman hasn't come.

While you are waiting for milk a fill,
I sigh for the doctor to give me a pill—
A nasty one, as he surely will.

Some milk for you and a pill for me,
Your case much better than mine must be,
Since little relief from my pains I see.

You will bid in a moment to care farewell,
For there is the milkman's fearful yell ;
And, horror! the doctor is ringing the bell.

I hear the door on the doctor close ;
I feel disgust from lips to toes ;
For he left this pill—well, down it goes!

Oh! lucky Tom! whate'er your ills,
You never are forced to swallow pills,
And never are troubled with doctor's bills.

No! there you spread yourself on the mat,
And go to sleep there during our chat,
Luxurious, sybaritish cat!

You make reply in a sudden croon
By way of scoff; but, I tell you, soon
In a piteous way you'll change your tune.

You're growing apace—old, ten months nigh ;
You'll travel at night time, by and by ;
And then, my growler, the fur 'll fly.

From back yards deep and fences tall
On sweet Maria you'll loudly call
With a loud, melodious caterwaul.

On the concert stage you'll make your bow,
Say in about two months from now,
With your sweet—"meow—rhr! fts! spts! me-
yeow!"

But when you utter the silvery tones
Look out for bootjacks, bottles and stones
To bruise your flesh and batter your bones.

And then, as you crawl along half dead,
You'll wish you were human born and bred
And had to scribble perhaps for bread.

It is just the same with cats as men ;
They'd like to be something else, and then
They would quickly wish to be cats again.

GRANDFATHER'S TALK.

DAYS of romance have gone forever ;
Gone are the olden dreams and trances :
Love is no longer worth the endeavor ;
Nothing I care for witching glances.

Passion is now an island lonely—
Bordered the shore with dangerous breakers ;
Trees I regard for timber only ;
Value of meads I gauge by acres.

Bright is the wine and clear and ruddy—
Love is a sham, the glass is real,
Pocketbook filled, the book to study,
Plenty of cash, the true ideal.

Give me a chair both wide and easy,
'Noint me all o'er with luxury's chrism,
Now that my breath is scant and wheezy,
Now that I howl with rheumatism.

Phillis is passing by me daily—
Sharp on my ear her thick silk crinkles—
Humming her little love-song gayly,
Nothing she cares for age and wrinkles.

Idle regret, the chief of dear sins,
Closer it clings than any other;
Therefore I pine that fifty years since
Lost I the one she calls grandmother.

Phillis her head holds up as she did,
When I implored her and she chid me;
Had I been rich I had succeeded—
Gold in my rival's purse outbid me.

O, what a blow! awhile I wandered,
Talked about dying love's poor martyr;
Sighs by the quart I reckless squandered;
Treasured my Chloe's cast-off garter.

Vanished my grief in old-time fashion,
Others I met with, fair and showy;
What if I felt no ardent passion?
Helen was richer far than Chloe.

Speedily died the old love's embers;
Comfort I found in cash she brought me;
Harry his grandame well remembers;
Little he knows her money caught me.

Harry's engaged to Phillis: she is
Plighted to Harry; so, among folk
Whimsical Fate with changes free is;
Here's to their luck—the loving young folk!

Odd, is it not ; a kind of thrill is'
 Shaking my frame. When these two marry,
 Grandfather, I, to him and Phillis,
 Chloe, a grandame to her and Harry.

Pledge me again! We all die one day,
 Be it in Spring's or Winter's weather.
 When the young couple wed on Monday,
 Chloe and I will laugh together.

KING DOLLAR.

IN a land of the West, that is far, far away,
 Where the little ones toil and the older folk play,
 Where professors are made from their ignorant fools,
 And the chief of the pedagogues teaching in schools
 Is the very worst scholar,
 Where their columns with nonsense the journalists fill,
 Where the rivers and rivulets hurry up hill,
 Where reason is hot, and where passion is cold,
 Where for cash, by the pennyweight, justice is sold,
 There reigneth King Dollar.

There fondness for money is first of the lusts,
 Competition is smothered by rascally trusts,
 A day of fair toil foulest wages receives,
 And station and luxury no one achieves
 Whose neck shirks a collar.
 He is foremost who makes the most profit from sin ;
 Truth and falsehood in quarrel, then falsehood will win ;
 A long life of infamy garners no shame,
 But an honored old age, without loathing or blame,
 At the court of King Dollar.

There each in servility crooketh the knees,
And much the back bendeth the monarch to please ;
There he who works hardest in poverty dwells,
And he who lolls laziest riches compels,

With laud to the loller ;

There he who has millions, though holding them sure,
Having nothing but money forever is poor ;
There the mass crawl and grovel, none dare go erect,
For woe to the wretch who preserves self-respect
In the land of King Dollar.

Who abases his body and sullies his soul,
Who refuses the beggar his pitiful dole,
Whoever is ready with knaves to conspire
To tax the poor man on food, clothing and fire,

A greedy forestaller ;

Who gives to the church, while religion he mocks,
Keeps benevolence jailed under double strong locks,
Whose language is best, but whose actions the worst,
He comes to distinction, and stands with the first

In regard of King Dollar.

There the flimsiest paper is better than gold,
There they kick out good manners because they are old,
There virtue is rotten and wickedness sound,
And vice, in the midst of the merry-go-round,

As queen they install her.

Ah! never were slaves half so abject as they,
And never was king with such absolute sway!
He smiles, and the sun shines ; he frowns, and it rains ;
He has chains on men's bodies and locks on their brains,

This despotic King Dollar.

But ours is a land where such king could not reign,
Where avarice seeks for a victim in vain,

Where pity and truth to the people are dear,
 And trusts, deals and syndicates, should they appear,
 Would stir up our choler,
 And rouse a fierce tempest to sweep in its wrath
 Force, fraud and conspiracy far from our path.
 So let us all thank the good fortune which brings,
 Our country exemption from thralldom of kings,
 Most of all, from King Dollar.

THE BROWN JUG.

I FIND a brown jug with a hole in the bottom,
 Dropt here on the ground—what a story it tells!
 The spirits it held, though the soft earth has got 'em,
 Their nature reveals to the party who smells.
 Cider-brandy, and, doubtless, distilled since October—
 The scent of the apple still lingers around ;
 From earth it first came in a shape rather sober,
 And then, changed in form, it went back to the
 ground.

Brown jug, you're an old one ; I know by this token—
 The string 'round your neck is unsightly and frayed ;
 And I find one more fact that is just as out-spoken—
 A stopple of corn-cob some owner has made.
 Well, perhaps you have aided in giving him comfort
 While reeling along on the highway to woe ;
 Though bliss must be rare when to brandy or rum for 't
 A desperate creature will recklessly go.

Here tied to the string is a half-blotted label—
 “ Bob Salter ”—I might have known that by the cob ;

Cork fitted too firmly, and closely, and stable ;
To pull a loose cob out was easier for Bob.
How often Bob glued his dry lips to your muzzle
The shrewdest of reckoners never could tell ;
How many such jugs he has emptied would puzzle
A mathematician to calculate well.

That hole in the bottom no mischief created ;
The hole in the top is the vent whence there came
The demon who dwells in a house desolated,
And brings in his company ruin and shame.
Through the neck where the corn-cob is resting in quiet
Poor Bob's former acres have melted away ;
Through that came the fiend that with laughter and riot
Sent his manhood and nice sense of honor astray.

You'll never hold liquor again, broken vessel !
In the matter of mischief your work has been done ;
To the wretch's racked bosom you'll nevermore nestle—
Why, bless me ! that's Bob, lying prone in the sun.
Poor fellow ! face downward, in Summer heat seeth-
ing—
Let me turn him, and shade him, and pillow his head ;
What's that ? cold and pallid ! no pulse-beat ! no
breathing !
Poor Drunkard ! Heaven pardon his sins ; he is dead !

OVERCROPPING THE BRAIN.

“ How do you manage ? ” I asked of a neighbor
Who is fast growing rich by the raising of “ truck ” ;
“ What is your secret ? ” He answered—“ Hard labor ;
But mainly profusion of compost and muck.

Ground in good heart, you must plough a deep furrow,
Harrow it smoothly; let culture be thorough;
And scatter rich food for the plants in their day:
Fatten and stir it—the soil will repay."

"Very good doctrine," I said, "and worth heeding;
But can't you succeed with less muck thrown around?"
"Certainly not; 'twere a spendthrift proceeding—
All out, nothing in—you'd make barren the ground."
"Should you overcrop some?"—"Why, to do so were
shallow;
But you cure it by letting that portion lie fallow.
Let the land have a rest, for with truth you may say
That cropping is work, and that resting is play."

"From the very same spot in your garden you rifle
Each year the same crop if your muck-heaps sus-
tain?"

"By no means: the product would shrink to a trifle,
Or be too inferior fair prices to gain.
For a crop that will pay—all experience will show it—
The place must be changed every year where you
grow it,
Or the land will get sterile, and cease to return
The reward that the gardener's labor should earn."

"That smart boy of yours who one time was so ruddy,
I see he is growing quite pallid of late—
Is he sick?"—"No, I think not—kept hard at his
study—

There's a heap stored away in that little one's pate.
He's only fourteen, and I'm told by his teacher,
He'll make ere he dies a great lawyer or preacher—
Not forced, like his father, to tug and to toil,
His bread he will win without tilling the soil."

"Reads and writes, I suppose?" "Reads and writes!
I should think so;

Could do so at eight. Why, through Euclid he's gone,
Trigonometry, mental phil—what makes you wink so,
And why is your upper lip crookedly drawn?

I tell you that's so." "I don't doubt it, good neighbor;
He's been mucked, ploughed and harrowed with plenty
of labor;

But pray don't it strike you, the very same plan
For the culture of earth suits the culture of man?

"That boy wants a change in the crop you are growing

In the very same spot in his brain every day;
You keep in his mind plough and harrow a-going—
All waking-hours study—no moment for play.

The soil wearing out by unvaried production,
What follows is taught by the simplest induction:
Too much head on his shoulders for body and limb—
Don't you think, my good friend, that you overcrop *him*?"

My neighbor turned red—he was sorely offended—

Too much freedom I took with the pride of the school;
Our once-friendly intercourse suddenly ended—

For months he has deemed me a meddlesome fool;
But now that a funeral creeps through the village,
I think I may talk about high mental tillage—
Death gathers *his* crop now the summer is done,
And garners, with others, my neighbor's young son.



THE TRAMP'S DEFENCE.

YES, sir—one of the tramps. That's what they call us,
We wandering philosophers who bear
Scorn, cold and hunger, none of which appall us,
So we have freedom and our breath of air—
Having these in plenty, wherefore need we care?

A tramp, indeed! There's honor in the title;
It had been borne, if right were might, by those
Whose course of life is worthy of recital
By grave historians, and whose joys and woes
And deeds while on the tramp, the whole world knows.

Like each of them I am by choice a rover,
And wander, since this errant life of mine
Pleases me more than standing still; moreover,
Tramps ne'er become so from a fate malign,
Nor know a Nemesis *ἄ-διδραστην*.

"I know some Greek?" That is no wondrous knowl-
edge,

I can recite the Iliad by the page;
I have not lost the lore I got in college,
And could a contest with a Parson wage,
Though not so well as at an earlier age.

"How did I fall?" How did I rise were better;
I shall not fall until to tramp I stop;
If you will read with care the classic letter,
You'll see great men while tramps remain on top,
But, growing quiet, to the bottom drop.

The son of great Hamilcar Barca, greater
Than was his sire, tramped like a man of brawn
Over the Alps successful; but when later
In Capua he stopped his tramping on,
And turned respectable, his power was gone.

A tramp! why, what on earth was Genghis Khan
Who shook his pigtail in all Europe's face?
What Alexander, or what any man
Whose steady tramp by blood and groans you trace—
All tramps, and scourges of the human race.

But there be tramps, and tramps—the records teach;
Of pious ones there is your burning lamp,
Peter the Hermit, who with stirring speech,
Changed the whole Orient into one vast camp;
Leading a host of tramps, himself a tramp.

I'm of the harmless kind, you'll please to note;
No blood, no sorrow marks my patient tread;
I, in my stomach wear my broadcloth coat;
But little fills my want—some whiskey, bread,
Meat when I can, more whiskey, and a bed.

I never pocket money held in trust;
I never cheat in chattels that I vend;
I never by my cant excite disgust;
I never wound the honor of a friend;
Nor seek for cent. per cent. on what I lend.

I am the type of progress; on I go
As steady as the stream—no rest for me;
What may occur to-morrow breeds no woe
In my calm mind—what is to be, will be;
I am the genuine Child of Destiny.

THE POWER OF NUMBERS.

SAID Policeman 10,904,
As his locust he swung by the station house door,
"This robbing a grave is the worst of all tricks."
"That's so," said Policeman 9,006.

And Policeman 12,807
He said to 8,911:
"We'll combine with 6,605,
And hive the scamps as sure's you're alive."

But 6,605 made no sign,
His partner was No. 4,009;
And the others were forced, as the next best of
men,
To consult 16,710.

16,710 said that he
Only worked with 9,703;
While 2,014 remarked he was certain
He'd ferret it out with 4,013.

Policeman 9,750
Said "Money's too little—too stingy, too thrifty;
Increase the reward, and two men are a plenty,
Myself and 7,320."

4,909 said that he
Was confident—well, as a fellow could be,
That the only couple to put the thing through
Were himself and 3,102.

In spite of their wisdom they all couldn't get
The thieves or the body, and haven't them yet;
But it's clear as a fog that the thing had been done,
Had they sent for 7,801.

THE TRAMP'S FRIEND.

WHAT if he be old and poor,
With nor bread nor bed secure?
What if elbows ragged be,
Trousers fringed and patched at knee?
What if boots their age reveal,
Out at toe and down at heel?
What if hat have color dim,
Parted crown and absent rim?
What if hair be all unkempt,
Beard from razor-edge exempt?
Food unwholesome, lodging damp,
Branded bummer, spurned as scamp—
Ah, how happy is the tramp!

Near him ever is a maid,
Modest she and half-afraid,
Gentle, loving, frank and fair,
Crowned with wealth of golden hair;
Eyes whose purest azure vies
With the hue of Summer skies;
Glances filled with tenderness,
Every movement a caress;
Voice like running water clear,
Murmuring music to the ear.
Who is she who thus attends him,

To a pleasant life commends him,
Comforts, stimulates, defends him?

Who is she that bringeth back,
In his cloudy memory's track,
Visions of the scenes and ways
Of the old-time banished days,
Filling eye and brain with pleasure
Of imaginary treasure,
Giving warmth amid the snow,
Coolness in the Summer glow,
And by magic power attended,
Changing rags to raiment splendid?
Is she fairy? Is she woman?
Mortal form or superhuman?
Neither. Let your fancy topple.
'Tis a jug with corn-cob stopple.

THE COAL BARON.

ON the bank of the Rhine, the bold baron of old,
Like a spider enwebbed, sat alert in his hold;
And when burgher in tunic, or clerk in his gown,
Jogged along on the highway to abbey or town,
Impartial to all who were able to pay,
Down he swoopt with his stout men-at-arms on his
prey;
Some parted with silver, some parted with gold.
But all paid their toll to the baron of old.

To the Emperor Conrad who sat on the throne
Came burgher and priest with a pitiful moan.

Conrad heard with knit brows and with evident ire,
And cried—"The foul robber is playing with fire.
Good knights and brave vassals, the felon shall know
That law bears alike on the high and the low."
And widely the justice of Conrad was praised
When the baron was hanged and his castle was razed.

Now we have a baron who plays the same game,
His methods may differ, his ends are the same;
Poor pay to the swart, toiling miner he deals;
With high prices the store of consumers he steals;
The fetters of law are mere cobwebs to him,
He rends them asunder at will or in whim;
The beggar and bondholder both must pay toll
To swell the fat purse of the Baron of Coal.

Is justice a farce, and are laws but a jest,
And courts only act at the Baron's behest,
And have we no Conrad, no monarch, whose sword
Can reach in his stronghold this baron abhorred?
Ah, yes! in the People. Once roused for the right,
They are potent these cogging forestallers to smite,
And woe to the wretches who waken their ire—
Coal Baron, beware! you are playing with fire.

THE SPIDER.

I SAT here at my table
And watched a spider grim
Who wove a web on the window pane,
And much I studied him—
A grey and speckled spider
Who from himself had spun

An octagonal net with filmy threads
Between me and the sun.

Two strong though slender cables
At corners four were tied,
And one from top to bottom drawn,
And one from side to side ;
With finer film he crossed them
With others here and there,
The lines and angles glistening
And quivering in the air.

There, in the centre sitting,
In wait the spider lay
And watched the flies that buzzed and flew
Around him all the day—
With covetous eyes and cruel,
That glittered with flash of steel
With every nerve to tension drawn
The slightest touch to feel.

And every day I watched him
While never a victim came,
No blood to draw, no limb to tear,
Expectant all the same ;
But on this very morning
A victim came at last,
When a great blue-bottle struck the web
And he tied him firm and fast.

Now I am a sort of spider,
And in my office here,
A counsellor-at-law I've been
For two months over a year ;

And still within my network
I sit with hungry eyes,
Awaiting clients in the web—
And clients are but flies.

I've grown weary, waiting
For the filaments to shake,
That on some testy litigant
My thirst for blood I'd slake ;
And hopeless and despairing,
I thought, with inward moans,
That a man might earn a dollar a day
On the roadway breaking stones.

My soul accepts the lesson
Thus from the spider drawn,
And still within this dreary place
I'll bravely struggle on.
The patient are the gainers,
They lose who win too fast ;
The vacant network may enmesh
The biggest fly at last.

Who raps so loud? "Come in!" I say ;
"A peddler by his din."
But no! a well-dressed countryman
Asks if "the lawyer's in."
Farewell, my friend, the spider,
I'll see you bye and bye ;
This is a client, sure as fate ;
At last I've caught my fly.



PESTS.

THE Italian Count in his velvet jacket,
Who grinds the organ before my door,
What does he care that the wheezy racket
Is making me long for a cup of gore?
On a mental rack my ears he stretches;
He harrows my soul with his dreary drone,
And grins when his funny old monkey fetches
The dime that I give to be let alone.

A rap at the door and a peddler asking
His stock to diminish of pins and thread—
A shallow device with the aim of masking
The begging of money to gain him bread.
I rid me of him by a small disbursement;
He pockets a profit of nine in ten:
And then, with a scowl for a silent curse meant,
Sit down and return to my book again.

I settle me down with intent to labor,
But a thundering knock, and I open the door;
My visitor says, "You'll excuse me, neighbor,
I very much hate to implore or bore;
But I have no money and have not swallowed
Of victuals a meal for a week, I think."
Another small coin has its fellows followed;
'Twill get him a schooner of beer to drink.

A tap and I rise with a frowning forehead,
A d, with a dash, is upon my tongue;
I feel like an ogre, as grim and horrid;
But, lo! 'tis a woman both fair and young,

I smoothen my wrinkles and bow politely,
 And "how can I serve her" I ask to know;
 She enters and says in a manner sprightly,
 "I have a desirable book to show."

I may not snub and I must not kiss her,
 I cannot be rude to a girl well-bred,
 So the easiest method to quick dismiss her
 Is buying a book that will ne'er be read.
 I bow her away and again am seated,
 Around me the office is hushed and still—
 A knock and my work for the day defeated,
 For here is a dun with a tailor's bill.

I'll get me some paper a foot square nearly;
 I'll nail it up at the entrance here;
 And write on it boldly as well as clearly:
 "Has gone to Alaska to stay a year."
 Or else, on their sympathy kind imposing,
 Write on it whatever despair suggests,
 A border of mourning the words inclosing:
 "Dead and was buried because of pests."

THE TWO TREATS.

MISTER and Mistress Stevens "gave a treat"
 At Newport to their friends, the other day;
 And there four hundred guests from the élite
 Enjoyed themselves much in the usual way,
 In swallow-tailed and silken-robed propriety,
 After the manner of the best society.

They sent accounts abroad by telegraph,
To raise the wonder of the gaping millions,
How, as their mansion was too small by half,
They raised in the back yard two huge pavilions,
Reminding one in style and decoration
Of some grand hippodromic combination.

And one was hung with gauze, to represent
Sunset—"how's that for high?"—an iceberg
bared ;
At one extremity of the mammoth tent,
The electric light in frozen moonlight glared ;
Long sprays of smilax from the ice-lumps fell,
And sea-gulls played there—geese, perhaps, as well.

And round the pole that held the canvas taut,
There stood a gilded cage for captive fowls,
And that was filled with birds all newly caught—
Wrens, turkey-buzzards, mocking-birds, crows,
owls,
Peacocks, and other songsters rare and choice,
To please with plumage and to charm by voice.

It was, as well the circus posters say,
"A gorgeous scene of grand magnificence,"
A tropic night combined with boreal day ;
Immense result of lavishest expense,
To which extravagance and taste gave birth,
Making "the greatest show on all the earth!"

And there the fiddlers fiddled all the night,
And the guests ate and danced, and danced and
ate,
And swilled champagne (but nobody got "tight,")
And kept the revel up till morning late,

And then departed, when with aching head,
Mister and Mistress Stevens went to bed.

Now Missus Dennis also gave a treat,
Here in New York, at Essex Market Court,
Brought from her tenement-den in Willet Street,
To make reporters and spectators sport,
And bring the pleasant jest from those whose quick
wit is
Stirred to its froth by common folk's iniquities.

'Twas not a lady of high social rank,
Whose husband gave her prominence because
He stole the money of some savings-bank,
Or fled to Europe to escape the laws
Whose lashings "sometimes," rich rogues can't en-
dure ;
But a lone widow, friendless, sad and poor.

She had two children, and they cried for bread ;
And, reckless through their hunger-pangs, she stole—
Money? Why, no! "a wash-tub"—I grow red
With shame at such a petty theft ; the whole
Worth of the thing but forty cents—good gracious!
So low she sank to fill those maws voracious.

No wonder 'twas that fell the arm of law,
And magisterial duty smote her there ;
How could a Justice, sworn all crime to awe,
Heed the deep pathos of that culprit's prayer?
Not his to blame ; he held the wretch to bail,
And, failing that to find, she went to jail.

"My children! at the house they wait for me!"
Such the wild words evoked from her despair—

“ Alone and starving! help their misery!
 Did Christ for this the cross of suffering bear?
 If I did wrong, so be it! Judge, condemn;
 But lend at least a helping hand to them!”

Absurd appeal! What? generous to those?
 If they were savages at Nyassa Lake,
 Or two car-horses, suffering cruel blows,
 Bergh would relieve the twain for pity's sake:
 But two jail-orphaned waifs of Willet Street—
 Let's read again about that Stevens treat.

THE BALLAD OF BILL MAGEE.

HE was a skillful mariner,
 A weather-beaten man,
 The master of the oyster sloop
 They call the Sally Ann.

Not rendered vile by oysters, nor
 Demoralized by clams,
 He was a strictly moral man,
 And sang no songs but psalms.

And, if he used hard words at times,
 His language, it is plain,
 Was garnished then with expletives,
 And not at all profane.

I asked of this old mariner,
 Whose name was Bill Magee,
 To tell me some adventure strange,
 That happened him at sea.

This hardy seaman stood him up,
Close by the ship's caboose,
And laid his quid upon its roof,
To serve for further use.

He hitched his trowsers right and left,
Glanced upward at the sail,
And hawked and spat and pucked his lips,
And then began his tale.

"'Twas on the twenty-fourth of June,
In the year of seventy-one,
About two hours, or thereabouts,
Before the set of sun.

"Our stately vessel spread her sail,
Down Hudson making way,
To stem the dangers of the Kill,
And venture Newark Bay.

"We kept her off the Palisades
That we a breeze might find,
And partly that as moral men
Fort Lee we'd leave behind.

"For oh! that is a wicked place,
And given to beer and sin—
They slew St. Mary Parish there
By pi'sonin' her gin.

"Sow-west by sow from Castle P'int,
At seven knots we ran,
When White, the black, our cook came up
With lobscouse in a pan.

" Its smell upon our noses smote,
The Mate he smacked his lips ;
But White grew blacker as he cried—
' What's that among them ships ? '

" A snort, a roar, a flood of foam,
The fretted water's gleam
As though some huge torpedo boat
Were comin' up the stream.

" And as it came I felt my heart
Within my body quake ;
There from Nahant, on a Summer jaunt,
I saw the great sea-snake.

" It raised its head, its crimson mouth
It opened good and wide ;
You might have driven within the gap
Seven clam-carts side by side.

" Two eyes as big as oyster-kegs
Glared at us in the beast ;
And under these a pair of jaws
Four rods in width at least.

" We could not scream, we could not stir,
For help we could not call ;
And the sarpent opened wide his mouth,
And swallowed us, mast and all.

" Round keel and topmost choked his jaws,
We felt the muscles draw,
As he sucked us down his slimy throat,
And lodged us in his maw."

Bill shuddered at the memory,
His face grew deadly pale;
He hitched his trowsers dreamily,
And so he closed his tale.

“How got you out of the serpent’s maw?”
I asked the mariner then;
He took up his quid, and sadly said—
“We never got out again!”





MISCELLANEOUS.



THE THREE KINGS.

THREE kings there are to rule the world, and mightier
none could be ;

Howe'er he strive, no man alive from their control is free.
And one is yellow, and one is black, and one is white as
snow :

The yellow one is the elder one, but not the stronger though.
By these and theirs the world's affairs are rigorously con-
trolled ;

And the names these mighty monarchs bear are Cotton,
Coal, and Gold.

Cotton, the white, and Gold, the bright, and Coal, the
sooty-grim—

Each sways a potent sceptre o'er the many who bow to him.
They are not rival sovereigns, but close allies and friends ;
And each controls the other, and each to the other bends ;
And each is kin to the other, and strangely, by my troth,
For Gold is the son of Cotton and Coal, though born be-
fore them both.

King COTTON in the Southland dwells, far in the South
alone ;

The heavy hoe his sceptre is, the dented gin his throne :
King Cotton in the Southland dwells, and there his court
he holds,

And there his servants gather the fleece from a hundred
thousand folds :

King Cotton in the Southland dwells, but roams as suits
his whim ;
And he is free on every sea—no port is closed to him.

Though like a cowed and corded friar in rope and sack-
cloth drest,
The nations clap their hands for joy when comes their wel-
come guest ;
To build him stately ships they rob the forest of its trees ;
They rend the solid rock to rear his hives of human bees ;
And from their toiling peasantry they send in every land
A countless host of servitors to wait at his command.

Wherever in our Northern clime his smile of favor beams,
Arise the castles of his peers on the banks of pleasant
streams.

Ay! peers are they whom serfs obey in many a crowded
room—

The barons of the spindles and the nobles of the loom.
One time good Gold was got by arms, but now our Cotton
lords
By spinning-jennies win their wealth, and not by knightly
swords.

King Cotton is a kindly king—through him, in autumn time,
Green fields grow white in the morning light, with the snow
of the Southern clime ;
Through him the loaded barges go, drawn on their many
trips ;
Through him the beryl seas are flecked with stout and
gallant ships ;
Through him a myriad shuttles click, and countless spindles
whirr ;
Through him the smoky towns arise, with all their din and
stir.

A rain of woe would pour around were Cotton cold and
dead ;
Then were not countless millions clad, then were not mill-
ions fed.
A blight upon his flowery fields, the world with fear would
pale ;
From quivering lips in crowded streets break famine's
feeble wail ;
But while he flourishes in pride, then woe and want are
banned,
Swarth labor laughs and sings at toil, and plenty fills the
land.

King COAL dwells ever underground, surrounded by his
gnomes,
Who carve him chambers in the earth, and scoop out rocky
domes.
Ever they work by torch-light there—the clear sun never
shines
To glad the heart of the pygmies toiling, moiling in the
mines ;
But still they burrow like patient moles, they work and
gayly sing,
Their voices ringing through the vaults in praise of their
grimy king.

Black are the diamonds of his crown, and black his robes
also,
Yet though Cotton and Gold may reign above, this Coal
is king below—
Down in the bowels of England, where first his rule began
The torrid Chiriqui region, the strange land of Japan,
Ohio's river-riven plains, Virginia's ridges tall,
And the hills of Pennsylvania, these own him one and
all.

Yet his a sway on upper earth—a sway it may not shun—
He spreads o'er crowded cities a murky cloud and dun ;
His is the roar of furnaces, the rattling noise of mills,
The scream of the river steamer, flung back from banks
and hills ;
His, are the one-eyed Kuklopes that speed on the iron rails,
Through echoing clefts in riven hills, and down the pleasant
vales.

He comes from his home in the rock profound, to wake the
busy din,
With the voice of his steam-serf, roaring like the sound of a
culverin ;
He goes to the broad green prairies, to the desert plains of
sand,
And one is peopled with thousands, and the other is fertile land.
Where yesterday the wild-deer roved, and the hunter's rifle
rang,
The sunburst fierce of the forges glows, and the ponderous
hammers clang.

Gods! what a sight, those forges bright, and what a steady
roar—
The voice of the nor'west tempest on the lone and rocky
shore!
The stithy of Hephaistos grim, the halting son of Zeus,
Glowed not so fierce what time he forged the shield of
Achilleus ;
And never the giants sweaty and huge, in Ætna's fiery hall,
More terrible seemed than these appear, as the hammers
rise and fall.

King Coal beheld the swarming towns, in the silent hours
of night,
A refuge for assassins in the dim and faint lamplight ;

Then pity filled his royal heart ; the blood from out his veins,
And the spirit within him he gave to light the darksome
streets and lanes.

The craven murderer at the glare shrank baffled to his den,
And Coal another blessing gave to glad the souls of men.

King GOLD was once of low estate ; he rose from out the
earth ;

A base-born carle he was at first—he knew not whence his
birth.

Man found him lying in the sands, a friendless outcast there,
And took the yellow foundling home, and gave him treat-
ment fair.

So base of mind, so vile of heart, and so forgetful he.
That o'er his friend he rules as though he were of high degree.

King Gold was once of low estate, but now in palaces,
Whereof he has in every land, he dwells in royal ease—
Palaces rare and splendid, he owns them everywhere ;
Their walls of lapis-lazuli, and studded with rubies rare,
Propped with pillars of Parian marble, lined with malachite,
And hung with silken curtains, that temper the noonday light.

He feeds upon the choicest meats—upon his board must be
The *patés* brought from Strasburg, and turtle from the sea ;
And in his cups of amethyst that glitter there and glow,
The wines of oldest vintages in amber currents flow,
Madeira, Xeres, Chambertin, Champagne, and Montrachet,
Johannisberg, Château Lafitte, Catawba, and Tokai.

King Gold one time was meanly clad in dusky-yellow vest,
But now in purple velvet robes and silken hose is drest ;
On satin cushions takes repose, with vases in the room,
To hold rare flowers that fill the air with delicate scent's
perfume ;

Around him are his ready knaves, to serve, or to defend ;
Around him are his parasites in homage low to bend.

When human kings array their hosts, he says, "'Tis not my
will!"

He calms the tempest ere it bursts, and whispers, "Peace!
be still!"

War hushes at his steady glance, and at his potent word,
To a ploughshare turns the keen-edged lance, a sickle is
the sword.

The battle comes not now from kings; for leave to fight
they call

On the cabinets of the Juden-Strasse, Lombard Street, and
Wall.

There never was in Pagan lands idolatry profound
As that which now in Christendom bows millions to the
ground.

King Gold goes forth like Juggernaut, the earth beneath
him reels ;

Down fall the blinded worshippers before his chariot wheels ;
The zealot slaves are blissful all, crushed, writhing on the sod—
The dogs made friends with Cotton and Coal, but worshipped
Gold as God.

These are the kings whose thrones we serve, and much we
praise them when

They feed the hopes, and shape the course, and aid the
will of men.

Without the three but poor we be, the world were sad and
drear,

And man a savage churl indeed, if neither king were here.
So laud to Gold, who bears our purse, to Coal, whose toil
is sore,

And greater laud to Cotton, who feeds ten million men or more.

King Coal a mighty monarch is, but nathless is controlled
To do the work of Cotton, and swell the pride of Gold ;
King Gold has empire widest far, yet, though it chafe his
soul,
He tribute pays to Cotton, and a heavy tax to Coal ;
But Cotton he is king of kings, and Coal, the black and grim,
And Gold, the yellow and smiling, are vassals both to him.

SONG OF FIRE.

SOMETIME prisoned at the centre, with my throes I shake
the sphere ;
Through the snowy-topped volcanoes, at the surface I ap-
pear.
Then I burst through chains that bind me, startle mortals
with my power ;
Over prairies wide I scurry, feed on forests, towns devour.
Strike the ships midway in ocean, and the teeming towns
devour.

Fire they call me. I am father of the granite rocks that lie
Ages deep beneath the mountains, unperceived of mortal
eye ;
At my breath they sprang to being, at my touch their crystals
came,
That were merely shapeless atoms ere I kissed them with
my flame,
Ere with ardor I embraced them, ere I kissed them with
my flame.

Rarest gems of countless value, nuggets of the yellow gold
That through all the time historic, men and empires have
controlled ;

And the grim and swarthy iron, conqueror on land and sea,
With the many meaner metals, owe their birth and shape
to me.

Gleaming ores and dazzling crystals owe their birth and
shape to me.

When the rolling of the thunder strikes the trembling
wretches dumb,

When the vision-blinding lightning rends the murky clouds,
I come.

Fear attends me, horror after, ruin round me wide I cast.
Men my name with bated breathing mutter when my steps
have passed;

Gazing voiceless on the ashes where my terrible steps have
passed.

Rear they palaces of beauty, fair without and rare within,
Stores of hand-work, filled with fabrics, wealth and profits
hard to win;

Temples grand, with costly altars, where the wretch for sin
atones.

I appear and they are ruins, shapeless heaps of blackened
stones—

Molten metal, crumbled columns, timbers charred, and
blackened stones.

Not alone on land I smite them, but with red, devouring
lips

On the ocean sate my hunger with their richly freighted
ships.

Swarthy sailors, pallid women, pray in vain for mercy there,
While my crackling and my roaring swell their chorus of
despair—

While I dance from deck to mast-head to their chorus of
despair.

In the densely crowded city, without pity, I affright
Startled wretches roused from slumber, in the still and
sombre night.

Tenement-house or brown-stone palace, either is the same
to me ;

If they manage to subdue me, gloomy will their triumph be—
Toppled walls upon my foeman tokens of my vengeance be.

Yet malign I am not always ; witness for me truly when
I become the humble servant of the toiling sons of men.
Drive the engine, heat the furnace, melt the ore, and soften
steel ;

Like the monarch in the story, aid the wife to cook a meal—
Monarch, wandering from earth's centre, aid the wife to
cook a meal.

Though they see me when the lightning strikes in wrath the
lofty domes,

Yet I love to cheer the dwellers in the humble cottage homes.
From the hearth my flickering shadows on the wall I cast
at night,

While I crackle—that's my laughter—at the children's wild
delight ;

As to see those tossing shadows they display their wild
delight.

Foe of life have mortals called me—foe to all that breathes
or stirs ;

Hence the terror-stricken pagans are my abject worshippers.
Life! there were no life without me ; and what time I shall
expire,

All things growing, all things living, all shall pass away with
fire.

Air, heat, motion, breath, existence—all shall pass away
with fire.

In the solemn Day of Judgment, at the awful time of doom,
When all quick and dead are parted, these to light and
those to gloom,
Then the earth that one time bore me, wrapped within my
wild embrace,
Shall behold my final splendor as I bear her out of space ;
And we twain shall pass together, pass forever out of space.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

THEY call me a mass of iron and brass ; they say that a
spirit I lack ;
That my real soul is the grimy man in the wooden pen on
my back ;
That the flame I devour and the steam I breathe are from
wood and from water alone,
And I have no mind but what men bestow, those beings of
flesh and bone.

Let them say if they will whatever they will, though had
they observed me when
I was scurrying over the iron rails, the wonder and pride of
men—
Had they watched as they might, they had seen a will, as
I sped on my iron path,
And a purpose of terror when once I awoke, and aroused
to a terrible wrath.

I have borne their yoke in a patient way for many a weary
hour—
The pity that filled my massive breast forbade me to use
my power ;

But I am not always a passive thing, nor forever with joy
I scream,
As I rumble and clatter and speed me along, with my nostrils
breathing steam.

For when they believe me their thrall and drudge, my
patience a moment fails,
And then, with a thousand wretches behind, I leap the
limiting rails,
Over the lofty embankment spring, and plunge to the depths
below,
While the careless laugh of the people I drag is changed to
a shriek of woe.

And so to-night on the stroke of twelve with my burning
eye I peer
Into the darkness that gathers before, and I startle the
engineer ;
For I whirl from side to side, and I pant, and I struggle
and scream with delight—
Down brakes! there's a tree on the track ahead, and Death
rides aboard to-night.

Some are asleep in their seats, and dream ; and others, in
accents gay,
Are telling light stories of what they have seen, or discuss-
ing the news of the day ;
And some are thinking of things long past ; and others again
there be
Who are longing to meet their children and wives in the
homes they never may see.

A jar and a crash! I yell as I leap, and feel my stout ribs bend,
While the cars they crush like houses of card, and their
strong beams splinter and rend ;

And here is a head, and there is a limb; and mark, when
the lights are brought,
The mangled mass that once was alive, and walked and
talked and thought.

You say that I am an inanimate thing; that I neither know
nor feel;
That merely steam with an iron bar is moving my driving-
wheel.
Why, I planned this thing, and brooded alone, and thought
of it day by day,
And waited my chance, and bided my time, as I sped on
my tiresome way.

You builded a monster of iron and brass, and fed it with
water and flame,
And you thought it a creature your finger-touch, whenever
you would, could tame;
Had you known its temper, or studied its mood, you never
had felt its might,
And the mangled dead on the cold earth spread were living
and merry to-night.

THE BALLAD OF THE COLORS.

A GENTLEMAN of courtly air,
Of old Virginia he;
A damsel from New Jersey State,
Of matchless beauty she;
They met as fierce antagonists—
The reason why, they say,
Her eyes were of the Federal blue,
And his, Confederate grey.

They entered on a fierce campaign,
And when the fight began,
It seemed as though the strategy
Had no determinate plan.
Each watched the other's movements well
While standing there at bay—
One struggling for the Federal blue,
One for Confederate grey.

We all looked on with anxious eyes
To see their forces move,
And none could tell which combatant
At last would victor prove.
They marched and countermarched with skill,
Avoiding well the fray ;
Here, lines were seen of Federal blue,
And there, Confederate grey.

At last he moved his force in mass,
And sent her summons there
That she should straight capitulate
Upon conditions fair.
"As you march forth the flags may fly,
The drums and bugles play ;
But yield those eyes of Federal blue
To the Confederate grey."

"You are the foe," she answer sent,
"To maiden such as I ;
I'll face you with a dauntless heart,
And conquer you, or die.
A token of the sure result
The vaulted skies display ;
For there above is Federal blue,
Below, Confederate grey."

Sharp-shooting on each flank began,
And 'mid manœuvres free
The rattle of the small-talk with
Big guns of repartee,
Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes
Amid the proud array,
There met in arms the Federal blue
And the Confederate grey.

Exhausted by the fight at length,
They called a truce to rest ;
When lo! another force appeared
Upon a mountain's crest.
And as it came the mountain down
Amid the trumpet's bray,
Uncertain stood the Federal blue
And the Confederate grey.

A corps of stout free lances these
Who poured upon the field,
Field-Marshal Cupid in command,
Who swore they both must yield ;
They both should conquer ; both divide
The honors of the day ;
And proudly with the Federal blue
March the Confederate grey.

His troops were fresh, and theirs were worn ;
What could they but agree
That both should be the conquerors,
And both should captives be?
So they presented arms, because
Dan Cupid held the sway,
And joined in peace the Federal blue
With the Confederate grey.

Twelve years have fled. I passed to-day
The fort they built, and saw
A sight to strike a bachelor
With spirit-thrilling awe.
Deployed a corps of infantry,
But less for drill than play ;
And some had eyes of Federal blue,
And some Confederate grey.

MY PLACE IN DREAM-LAND.

I HAVE a farm in Dream-land—
I've owned it many a year,
Although with want and hunger
I struggle often here.
There are the greenest meadows,
Where sunlight ever plays,
And there are fertile orchards,
And fields of waving maize ;
And there are lowing cattle,
And views of distant hills,
And paths through wood and coppice
By sweetly singing rills.
Oh! pleasant farm in Dream-land!

I have a house in Dream-land,
A mansion new and gay,
Though lodging in the garret
Of a tenement-house to-day ;
A house with forty chambers,
Each with a downy bed,
Where curtains deck the casements,
And carpets hush the tread ;

A table spread with silver,
 A gallery filled with books,
 And in the spacious kitchen
 At least a dozen cooks
(Oh! mansion built in Dream-land!)

I have a ship in Dream-land,
 That sails the Mystic Sea,
 With pearls and spices laden,
 Brought from the East for me;
 All fine things in its cargo
 That man could wish to own,
 The spoils of every nation,
 And these are mine alone.
 Its sails are azure satin,
 Its masts are ivory white,
 And all time it is sailing,
 Sailing by day and night.
(Oh! stately ship in Dream-land!)

I have a friend in Dream-land,
 He left me long ago;
 Amid the roar of battle
 He fell before the foe.
 He took with him the tokens
 Of many a pleasant time,
 When we were friends together,
 And both in manhood's prime.
 And there he dwells in Dream-land,
 And plainly I can see
 He tarries with impatience,
 Waiting so long for me.
(Oh! absent friend in Dream-land!)

Some of these days to Dream-land
 In that good ship I'll sail.

To see that farm in Dream-land
 I'll journey without fail;
 And in that house in Dream-land
 I'll sit the live long day,
 And with my friend in Dream-land
 Pass all the time away.
 Fill, winds, those sails of satin
 Now on the Mystic Sea,
 That to the port of Dream-land
 The ship may carry me!
Oh! days to come in Dream-land!

THE RIVER.

By sloping mountains crowned with gold and azure,
 By greenest meadows where the violets be,
 By cliffs with many a turret and embrasure,
 Rushes the roaring river to the sea.

Yonder a gilded pinnace, and beside it
 A ruder boat, whose look does not agree
 With its companion's splendor—good betide it!
 Rough though it seem it yet shall reach the sea.

A poor wretch yonder floats on flags and rushes,
 Ruled from yonder swamp, yet full of glee,
 Even as he floats, a flood of music gushes
 From his bare throat—he too shall reach the sea.

And some on rafts, and some to rough logs clinging,
 And some on corks, or bladders, floating free;
 Some calmly drift, and some, the water flinging,
 Spatter their fellow-travellers to the sea.

My barque is on the river swiftly sailing,
Caught by the current it goes rapidly;
At either side the oars in water trailing,
Stop not my certain voyage to the sea.

Around me voyagers who strive to sink me;
Some heed me not, and others friendly be;
I heed not either, care not what they think me;
'Twill matter not when once I reach the sea.

Roar, rushing river! bear me on your waters,
Past vale and mountain, cliff and mead and tree;
The first and last of Adam's sons and daughters
Must sail this river, and must reach that sea.

We sail by day—the sun, with grey dawn blending,
Rises when we embark, and soars as we
Sail on, and sinks as we approach our ending,
Then sets forever when we reach the sea.

Whither beyond? Shall we forever wander
Upon that ocean? Shall we shipwrecked be,
Or reach some port beyond? In vain to ponder;
None have returned who entered on that sea.

OBLIVION.

THERE is a region dark and dun,
Whereto we slide but never run;
Which early was from chaos won,
Yet marks nor metes nor bounds has none—
They call that land, Oblivion.

No bells are there with clanging ring,
No birds are there to twitter and sing;
To reach its borders you must bring
Yourself to the edge of everything,
And then drop off—poor scatterling.

In rusted quiet are the vanes
Upon its spires; the window-panes
The spiders' workshops; naught complains
Of fears or throbs or aches or pains,
While wandering o'er its foggy plains.

It is the realm of Nowhere, where
The listless dwellers have no care,
No bitter past, nor future fair;
Memory and hope are useless there—
Hence from their eyes that vacant stare.

The ghosts—for dwellers there are those—
Have long time since, with many throes,
Stripped from themselves both flesh and woes,
That to the air, which coldly blows,
Their naked souls they might expose.

As in a dream they go and come,
Their voices ever hushed and dumb—
(Bees, straying there forget to hum)
They need not senses to benumb,
Hemp-juice nor wine of opium.

For reading they have little knack,
Although of books there is no lack,
All bound in suits of dullest black,
On which the worms have left their track—
The whole world's literary wrack.

Monarchs who ruled o'er kingdoms vast,
In olden ages dead and past,
By later monarchs overcast,
As shall Napoleon be at last,
Stalk those dominions grim and ghastr.

Poets, who deemed their idle song,
Had perfect rhythm, amply strong
To shield it from the critic's thong,
There, with their lays forgotten long,
Silent and sallow, ever throng.

There struts the votary of the stage,
Who from the old poetic page,
Portrayed the grief and fear and rage,
Meant by the bard as lessons sage,
To gazers in a former age.

The sage and stern philosopher,
Dull gravity's prime minister,
Who let no passion pulses stir—
(Deeming who felt had stooped to err)
Moves aimless there, a wanderer.

Old thoughts, with proud and stately air,
Old projects, wonderful and rare,
Old promises, well-meant and fair,
Old grand designs, beyond compare—
Forevermore are floating there.

It is a land of fogs and mist
Which sunlight never yet has kist;
And that is why to it, I wist,
Move slowly the somnambulist,
The dreamer and the rhapsodist.

THE OLD FARM GATE.

In gilded saloons, where the fairest of belles
Fling around me their subtlest of glamour and spells,
I broke through their magic, I mocked at their art,
Unmoved in my fancy, untouched in my heart ;
But yielded a captive, well pleased at my fate,
When Dora I met at the old farm gate.

When Dora I met,

When Dora I met,

When Dora I met at the old farm gate.

I passed, rod in hand, on my way to the brook,
And planned as I went little fishes to hook.
She stood there in silence, half smiling, half shy,
And moved from the pathway to let me go by.
Ah! who would not bite when such charms were the
bait?

So Dora caught me at the old farm gate—

So Dora caught me,

So Dora caught me,

So Dora caught me at the old farm gate.

We had met and had parted full often before,
But we met on that morn to be parted no more ;
The light in her eye and the flush on her cheek
Emboldened my tongue of my loving to speak.
What cared I for trout? They might lie there and
wait,

Now Dora said "yes" at the old farm gate—

Now Dora said "yes,"

Now Dora said "yes,"

Now Dora said "yes" at the old farm gate.

LULLABY.

So tired on this bright day of summer,
So faint with the fragrance of flowers,
Her tongue than the green grass is dumber,
Her senses the heat overpowers ;
And what, now all these overcome her,
Shall we do for this darling of ours?

A mantle of velvet we give her,
And jewels that star-like shall gleam,
And a crown of red poppies to quiver
And nod as she crosses the stream—
As she crosses the still Slumber River,
And enters the broad land of Dream.

In that land let her wander at pleasure,
And visit the people of Sleep,
Who are lavish of glittering treasure
They rather would give her than keep,
And share in their joy beyond measure,
Till her heart in an ecstasy leap.

No black, frightful vision pursue her,
No trouble her senses affright ;
But bright shapes and beautiful woo her,
Each clad in a vesture of light ;
And exquisite pleasure thrill through her
The whole of the sweet summer night.

And if of her bliss she should weary,
As weary she possibly may,

Let the soul of our golden-haired dearie
Come back to its dwelling of clay,
To make our existence less dreary,
And add a new light to the day.

THE ISLAND OF THE SOUL.

FAR in a distant ocean,
Hid from all mortal eyes,
Where the sea has no sound nor motion
And there are always azure skies,
An island lies.

There rise the lilac mountains ;
There palms their leaves unfold ;
There bubble life-renewing fountains,
Pellucid, crystalline, and cold,
Through sands of gold.

There show their hues the rarest
Blossoms of fragrance sweet ;
There fruits are grown, the very fairest,
So rich and luscious, of their meat
A king might eat.

In cold grey ether swimming
The ruling stars at night,
The yellow crescent moon bedimming,
Throw o'er that isle a faintly bright,
Uncertain light.

The sun at dawn arising,
Through orange-golden skies
A flood of glory sheds, surprising,
That in its many colors vies
With rainbow dyes.

Ah! dazzling past all telling,
In all its wondrous sheen,
Fit for a king's or poet's dwelling,
This island, which no man has seen,
Is, and has been.

But on that marvellous island
Nothing that breathes is found,
Neither on lowland nor on highland,
Nor in the air, nor on the ground,
Moving around.

No bird, at spring-time coming,
Flits there on tireless wing ;
No leaping brutes nor insects humming
Leap there nor hum—no frolicking
Of living thing.

Yet through its valleys fertile
Go forms of vapor pale ;
Phantoms in hosts each other hurtle ;
Yet wherefore, or to what avail,
To find we fail.

And there are voices heard there,
And whispers, sobs, and sighs,
And its recesses often stirred there
By sounds from forms no mortal eyes
May recognize.

At times a peal of laughter,
As from a joyous throng ;
Then low and anguished wailing after,
As though some weakling from the strong
Were suffering wrong.

And now and then there passes
O'er all a dark brown shade,
Deepening the green of trees and grasses,
And darkening, ere its presence fade,
Meadow and glade.

One instant ; then new brightness
Burst forth, the gloom to chase,
And rainbow-tints and golden lightness,
In which no shade the senses trace,
Illume the place.

Soon, though we may not know it,
That isle shall be no more ;
'Twill sink, forgot, save by the poet,
And the waves swallow up its shore,
Closing all o'er.

Then voyagers shall wonder,
Sailing past dreamily,
Where and how many fathoms under
The surface of the silent sea
That isle may be.



AT THE GRAVE OF ALICE.

WHILE yet the leafy June was here,
And fresh in loveliness the year,
And skies were bright and pure at noon,
And brooklets sang in slumberous tune,
And purple bathed the eventide,
My young life's darling, Alice, died.

The passing world shows no surprise
Nor sorrow, when a maiden dies ;
Avarice puts forth his grasp the same ;
Fraud shows his usual lack of shame ;
Capped Folly, grinning, shakes his bells,
And Ignorance to crime impels.

They cannot mourn—with such as they
Hers was no sympathetic way.
Hers were the grand old woods, whose shade
Sweet calm within her bosom made ;
Hers were the birds, the flowers, the rills,
The mist-crowned, everlasting hills.

Nursling of nature, who could see
Naught dull or wrong around, was she ;
But something found of new and good
In noisy street or silent wood ;
And from all things the lessons drew
That made her good, and kept her true.

Amid the solemn solitude
Where chastened sorrow comes to brood,

Where granite shaft and marble tomb,
And plants and flowers relieve the gloom,
And song-birds haunt the leafy shade,
Lowly in earth her form we laid.

Full forty years have passed away
Since passed that unforgotten day,
And thoughts of her have grown to be
A dreamy, tender memory,
As I, long exiled from the land,
Have come beside her grave to stand.

How vividly before my eyes
All things of early days arise ;
The meadows green, the fields of corn,
The schoolhouse where we went at morn,
The chestnut trees upon the hill,
The long, deep pond at Sinker's mill,

The husking in the later days,
Where, all unskilled in lovers' ways,
I won the red ear's precious right,
Yet claimed it not in others' sight,
Too timid in my bashfulness
To touch the lips I longed to press.

The long walk homeward through the lane
Comes freshly to my mind again,
Where, in the white moon's silvery shine,
I won her promise to be mine—
No pledge in words, but sweeter still,
The glance that made each fibre thrill.

Let all these vanish! why should I
Bring them from where they quiet lie?

I may not gain my youth once more ;
I may not her to life restore ;
I may not hope by these to win
From its deep grave, the might-have-been.

MY FARM.

I BOUGHT myself a little farm to-day :
It lies upon a sunny slope and green,
And from the bustle of mankind away ;
No fairer homestead e'er was seen.

I had an earnest purpose in my life,
Which was to own some acres, and a cot
Where I could shun the town's incessant strife,
And live contented with my lot.

I did not hope for much : enough for me
A hundred acres set in pasture, where
A drove of blooded horses I might see
Grazing in groups, or singly there ;

In fertile fields three hundred acres more,
Where golden wheat and emerald maize might
grow ;
A hundred more of orchard, with a store
Of luscious fruit in every row ;

A hundred more in woodland, where the trees
Should temper summer heat with shadows brown,
Their limbs in autumn wrestling with the breeze,
And flinging rattling nut-showers down ;

A hundred acres for the meek-eyed kine ;
Just twice as much where sheep might rove and feed ;
And twice that number, hedged by eglantine,
Where blossoms blossoms should succeed ;

A hundred acres round my cot in lawn—
My modest cot, three stories in its height,
And flanked by towers whose roofs should light with
dawn,
And redden with the dawn of night.

Nothing around should tell of luxury ;
Some easy chairs for comfort ; lofty halls ;
Soft rugs to hush the tread ; simplicity
Even in the satin on the walls.

A few good books—ten thousand at the most—
In a snug library ; some porcelain rare,
And silver plate, that I might play the host
To some poor beggar wandering there.

A coach to take my wife to church or town ;
A grand piano, and a harp or two ;
And then, as contrast to her silken gown,
Jewels the dame would need—a few.

Of course my cot upon a rise would stand,
Beside a river, near it brooks and rills ;
And in the distance should a view command
Of misty vales and purple hills.

There when my daily toil at eve was done,
I hoped to sit and take my well-won ease,
And watch the glory of the setting sun
Flaming the water, rocks, and trees.

THE THREE SISTERS.

HERE in the garden Rose rambles with me,
Here where the flowers are all blossoming free ;
Modest white candytufts, flaunting sword lilies,
Low-growing pinks and sweet-scented stock-gillies ;
Queen of them all is the rose—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it bourgeons and blows.

Bearing before us their bright spikes of fire,
Salvias ask us to gaze and admire :
Here in our pathway the pansies are spreading
Purple and gold—a gay road to a wedding ;
Over them all towers the rose—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it bourgeons and blows.

Rose listens timidly here as I speak,
Eyelids low drooping, a flush on her cheek ;
Flashes a moment the shyest of glances—
Glance that tells much while my soul it entrances ;
Trembling, a rosebud she plucks—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it bourgeons and blows.

Two of the sisters to meet us have come,
Both of them greet us, but Rose has grown dumb.
Lily, as always, is gracious and stately ;
Pansy is curious, but stands there sedately ;
Rose deeply blushes—ah! she is the rose
In my heart's garden that bourgeons and blows.

TOM SAXON.

TOM SAXON, of Fluvanna,
Here seated at the board,
Where humor mates with sentiment
And wit with wine is poured,—
Here, while this honest bowl I drain,
The past comes over me again,
And fondness, in a gentle rain,
Bedews my soul, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
To see your eyes on mine
Bent with such noble confidence,
More joys me than the wine—
Yet this is of a vintage which
Has lain within the dusky niche •
Wherein it slumbered and grew rich
For many years, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
On yon piano's keys,
My daughter's fingers often rain
The sweetest melodies,
But never fair musician brought
From those by art and genius taught,
Such tones, with dainty rhythm fraught,
As leave your lips, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
I press your manly hand,
And many pleasant thoughts arise
As face to face we stand.

For we have shared both smiles and tears,
Have halved each other's hopes and fears,
And side by side, for thirty years,
 Have fought the world, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
 Just fifteen years ago,
The schooner passed through Norfolk bay
 And flecked its way with snow.
I fell while gazing on the wave,
And would have found an ocean grave,
Had not your courage come to save
 My life that day, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
 When evil tongues assailed,
And evil hearts bred evil words,
 Your friendship never failed.
You bade me scorn to flee or cower,
You raised me in that bitter hour,
You made me well assert the power,
 Which else had sunk, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
 When want around me fell,
Your purse was mine, your counsel mine,
 Your sympathy as well.
Yours was the gold redeemed my land,
Yours was the voice that bade me stand,
Yours was the pressure of the hand
 That soothed my pride, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
 Your foes would crush you now,
The tongue of slander wound the soul,
 That force had failed to bow ;

The reptile want is at your door,
It soils your hearth and slimes your floor—
May Fate do thus to me, and more,
If I prove false, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
God bless you from his throne,
And give you kindly ripening
As you have nobly grown.
Your hand in mine—one goblet more!
The sky may frown, the tempest roar.
Woe flies from out the open door
Of our one heart, Tom Saxon.

Tom Saxon, of Fluvanna,
Think not abroad to roam
To seek for gold in other climes,
But bide with us at home.
Beneath this roof, beside this hearth.
With those who know and prize your worth,
Rest, till we both shall pass from earth,
My dear old friend, Tom Saxon.

THE RAILWAY RIDE.

IN their yachts on ocean gliding,
On their steeds Arabian riding,
Whirled o'er snows on tinkling sledges,
Men forget their woe and pain ;
What the pleasure then should fill them—
What the ecstasy should thrill them—
Borne with ponderous speed, and thunderous.
O'er the narrow iron plain.

Restless as a dream of vengeance,
Mark you there the iron engines
Blowing steam from snorting nostrils,
 Moving each upon its track ;
Sighing, panting, anxious, eager,
Not with purpose mean or meagre,
But intense intent for motion,
 For the liberty they lack.

Now one screams in triumph, for the
Engine-driver, grimed and swarthy,
Lays his hand upon the lever,
 And the steed is loose once more ;
Off it moves, and fast and faster,
With no urging from the master,
Till the awed earth shakes in terror
 At the rumbling and the roar.

Crossing long and thread-like bridges,
Spanning streams and cleaving ridges,
Sweeping over broad green meadows,
 That in starless darkness lay,
How the engine rocks and clatters!
Showers of fire around it scatters,
While its blazing eye outpeering
 Looks for perils in the way.

To yon tunnel-drift careering,
In its brown mouth disappearing,
Passed from sight and passed from hearing,
 Silence follows like a spell ;
Then a sudden sound-burst surges,
As the train from earth emerges
With a scream of exultation,
 With a wild and joyous yell.

What the chariot swift of Ares
Which a god to battle carries?
What the steeds the rash boy handled
 Harnesses to the sun-god's wain?
Those are mystic, this is real;
Born not of the past ideal,
But of craft and strength and purpose,
 Love of speed and thirst of gain.

Oh, what wildness! oh, what gladness!
Oh, what joy akin to madness!
Oh, what reckless feeling raises
 Us to-day beyond the stars!
What to us all human ant-hills,
Fame fools sigh for, land that man tills,
In the swinging and the clattering
 And the rattling of the cars?

OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

Sit down at the table, good comrade of mine;
Here is cheer, and some flasks of the vintage of Rhine;
Here is warmth, here is comfort, and smiles that betray
But a part of the welcome that greets you to-day;
And here in the centre, enthroned on a plate,
Superb in surroundings and royal in state,
You behold (why, what cynic could give him a scowl?),
With his cranberry courtiers, our national fowl.

Folk call him a Turkey—the name is absurd;
This fowl is a purely American bird.

His strut and his gobble, his arrogant air,
His plumage of bronze, speak my countryman there.
But no! he's a coward—ah! well, that depends!
He can fight for his hen and his chicks and his friends;
And in one thing he shows an American soul,
You never can force him to crawl through a hole.

There's an edge to the carving-knife polished and bright;
The plates are all warm and the napkins all white;
Before us the celery gleams through its vase,
And the cranberry-jelly is set in its place.
Thrust the sharp fork astraddle our beauty's breastbone;
From his side cut thin slices, the whitest e'er known,
For the ladies, God bless them! but my ruder sense
Takes the thigh, and the last part that gets o'er the fence.

Ah! white meat or brown meat, it matters not much;
'Tis taste we must please, not our seeing nor touch;
And with either for dinner we're not at a loss,
If we've celery in plenty and cranberry-sauce;
For, then, with a flask of good Rudesheimer wine,
We can manage, I fancy, in comfort to dine.
Nay, more; with a turkey like this at command,
Who'd not be a patriot, proud of his land?

They had figs in Judea, and fatlings so fine,
Young kids dressed with olives, and what they called wine;
They had palm-trees and date-trees, and odors as rare
As the sweetest of roses could fling on the air.
What their fruits and their flowers to these cranberries red,
And their palm and their date trees this celery instead?
While as for their kids and their lambs and their quails,
One turkey—let's eat, for comparison fails.

TWILIGHT.

IN Summer even,
When day is done,
And crimson curtains
Obscure the sun,
The many voices
Of night begin,
With notes discordant
And tremulous din;
But through them faintly
The quick ear hears
A strain of music
From former years.

My guardian spirit,
On noiseless wings,
Comes to my chamber
And sweetly sings.
He sings of feelings
That long have gone,
Of love and fondness
At manhood's dawn;
The words repeating
That once I said,
When she was living
Who now is dead.

From years long faded,
Through woe and wrack,
The time long-buried
Comes sudden back,

When all was colored
 With rosy hue—
Each man trustworthy,
 Each woman true;
When Hope was urging
 Her witching schemes,
The days romances,
 The nights sweet dreams.

I hear the breezes
 From coppiced hills;
I hear the murmurs
 Of pebbled rills;
I hear the rustling
 Of birchen trees;
I hear the droning
 Of wandering bees;
I hear the sighing
 Of fir and pine;
I hear the lowing
 Of plodding kine.

My lost, sweet Alice,
 The young and fair,
Once more is standing
 Beside my chair.
I feel her fingers
 My temples press—
A soft, low whisper,
 A fond caress.
I turn to clasp her,
 As once before—
Ah! white-haired dreamer!
 No more! no more!

For now the twilight
 Away has passed,
 And deeper darkness
 Is gathering fast.
 The sounds that thrilled me
 Are heard no more,
 And barren silence
 Falls down and o'er.
 My guardian spirit
 No longer sings;
 His harp has broken
 Its silver strings.

"PSYCHE LOVES ME."

I HAVE no gold, no lands, no robes of splendor,
 No crowd of sycophants to siege my door;
 But fortune in one thing at least is tender—
 For Psyche loves me! Could I ask for more?

I have no fame, nor to the height of honor
 Will my poor name on tireless pinions soar;
 Yet Fate has never drawn my hate upon her—
 For Psyche loves me! Could I ask for more?

I have no station, know no high position,
 And never yet the robes of office wore;
 Yet I can well afford to scorn ambition—
 For Psyche loves me! Could I ask for more?

I have no beauty—beauty has forsworn me,
 On others wasting all her charming store;

Yet I lack nothing now which could adorn me—
For Psyche loves me! Could I ask for more?

I have no learning—in nor school nor college
Could I abide o'er quaint old tomes to pore;
But this I know, which passeth all your knowledge—
That Psyche loves me! Could I ask for more?

Now come what may, or loss or shame or sorrow,
Sickness, ingratitude, or treachery sore,
I laugh to-day and heed not for the morrow—
For Psyche loves me—and I ask no more.

PALINGENESIA.

A LOCK of sunlight hair
In this old volume, and it seems as soft
And silken as when first I placed it there—
Tress gazed at fond and oft.

Upon the embers—thus!
The flame devours the thing before my eyes;
So ends the past. What phantom vaporous
Do I see slowly rise?

It sits in yonder chair—
The graceful figure in the kittle blue,
The eyes of tempered steel, the golden hair,
That once so well I knew.

Has she arisen then,
Spurning her cerements, from her narrow bed,
With all her arts to be admired of men—
Is not the sorceress dead?

And with her rises now
The spirit-pangs and madness of my youth,
The throbbing heart, stirred soul, and aching brow,
And doubt of woman's truth.

Smile not as once you smiled ;
Put off the beauty that in death was drowned ;
Beguile me not as one time you beguiled,
Ere I your falsehood found.

Go! get you to your tomb!
Lie down amid your fellows' mouldering bones—
Your beauty born again fills me with gloom :
Silence those siren tones!

The figure fades in air ;
Dies on my ear a sweet, remorseful moan ;
Before me I behold an empty chair—
I am once more alone.

TWO DAYS.

I. YESTERDAY.

HER skin is white as cold moonlight,
The lids her blue eyes cover ;
And beats her heart with throb and start,
With a tremulous thrill as a maiden's will,
Before her own true lover.
She cannot speak, but on her cheek
The tear-drop downward starting,
Too well reveals how much she feels,
In that sad hour of parting.

Her skin is white as cold moonlight,
 The lids her blue eyes cover ;
 Her arms are wound his neck around,
 With languid sighs she reads his eyes,
 The fond eyes of her lover.
 Look thou elsewhere. This mournful pair,
 Who show for love such fitness,
 Should have no spies with soulless eyes,
 But heaven alone for witness.

II. TO-MORROW.

Her skin is white as cold moonlight,
 The lids her blue eyes cover ;
 No more her heart will throb and start
 With a natural start devoid of art,
 When meeting her true lover.
 She cannot speak, nor on her cheek
 Henceforth will tear-drops glisten ;
 Nor ever again, to wooing strain
 Her willing spirit listen.

Shade skin so white, hide hair so bright,
 Those blue eyes gently cover—
 Shield her ever from earth's alarms ;
 Enshroud her charms and cross her arms,
 Then sprinkle blossoms over,
 Nail down the lid—the guests are bid
 To see these nuptials sombre ;
 And gently take, lest she awake,
 My darling to her slumber.

GOOD-NIGHT.

My dear, good-night! the moon is down,
The stars have brighter grown above,
There's quiet in the dusky town,
And all things slumber, save my love.
Good-night! good-night! and in thy dreams
Go wander in a pleasant clime,
By greenest meadows, singing streams,
And seasons all one summer time—
Good-night, my dear, good-night!

My love, good-night! let slumber steep
In poppy-juice those melting eyes,
Till morn shall wake thee from thy sleep,
And bid my spirit's dawn arise.
Good-night! good-night! and as to rest
Upon thy couch thou liest down,
One throb for me pervade thy breast,
And then let sleep thy senses drown.
Good-night, my love—good-night!

HER SINGING.

AFAR I stand and listen
To hear my darling sing;
With every note that thrills her throat
Her eyes of violet glisten—
Pretty thing!

The breeze, with will capricious,
Blows fitful through the trees,

It drives away the ditty gay,
 Whose notes were so delicious—
 Wicked breeze!

To still the maiden's singing,
 It acts a fruitless part ;
 I hear no words ; but, like a bird's,
 The notes she makes are ringing
 Through my heart!

THE KING'S VISIT.

“ A Pordenone si fa festa ; a Napoli si muorte ; Vado Napoli.”—
Reply of the King.

KING HUMBERT in his palace sat secure,
 When came two messages : the first one said
 The cholera at Naples slew the poor,
 For rich and noble from the place had fled.

The second came from Pordenone, where
 They had the races and festivity—
 Something to drive away a sovereign's care—
 And so they begged the King their guest might be.

Quick through the electric wire the monarch spake—
 Moved in his spirit by the city's woe :
 “ At Pordenone merriment they make ;
 They die at Naples ; I to Naples go.”

Through stricken Naples soon a whisper spread
 That, shaped to language, leapt from tongue to ear—
 “ Not left alone with misery and our dead ;
 One heart has sympathy—the King is here !”

The helpless widow with her babe at breast,
Mourning her husband lost, took heart again,
And said—"God in the end will stay the pest;
The King has come who loves his fellowmen."

The loathsome beggar in his rags arrayed,
Waiting his hour to feel disease and die,
Plucked heart of grace, and thankful utterance made—
"Afar our nobles; but the King is nigh."

In hut and hovel, in the noisome lanes
Where pestilence its shafts malignant sped,
The sick a moment terrors lost and pains—
"The King will come!" each to the other said.

And turning on their pallets when they heard
The King was there, within each sore-racked frame
A thrill of gratitude the spirit stirred,
And prayers ascended coupled with his name.

He came, with gracious mien and kindly tread,
Made all alike the object of his care;
He cheered the living, and he mourned the dead,
And hope inspired where all had been despair.

And when his voice's sympathetic tone
Fell musical upon the people's ears,
In joy to some his face transfigured shone,
In some a deeper feeling loosened tears.

On rich men who had left the poor to die,
On nobles who their order had disgraced,
Fell sudden shame; taught by example high,
Their new-born kindness cold neglect replaced.

It was not much, perhaps; a little thing,
With more of courage than a battle needs;

But it conferred upon the kindly King
More fame than could a thousand martial deeds.

And when in future ages men shall write
Of those few monarchs whom "Beloved" they call,
If more or less be there in letters bright,
Be sure King Humbert's name shall lead them all.

What man makes is but ill made at the best ;
What God makes lacks no jot of perfect plan ;
Man's will, a claim of birth-right, and the rest,
Here made a sovereign ; God had made the man.

HIS IDEAL.

HE has waited so long—for a thousand of years,
If we count by the heartbeats—to see her,
His soul big with hope and his eyes filled with tears,
And though he was bound by the fetters of fears,
He never had yearned to be freer.

He remembers her well as she came to his mind,
In her young maiden beauty and glory ;
Her blush and her smile and her sympathy kind,
To his merits keen-sighted, to weaknesses blind,
And listening well pleased to his story.

He said she would come—how hope genders a lie,
And deceives itself thus—and caress him !
Some day in the May of the sweet by and by,
When youth rose to manhood and passion ran high,
To yield to his wooing and bless him.

Years passed, seasons followed each other, and time
Dropped its snows on the head growing older ;
She came not for prose and she came not for rhyme,
She came not in age as she came not at prime ;
In the flesh he may never behold her.

Ah! delicate creature, with tresses of gold,
So supreme in her grace and her beauty,
He longs in his arms her lithe form to enfold,
He longs her bright raiment to truly behold,
Perfection from head-dress to shoe-tie.

But still she eludes him. Another, perchance,
Has won one he thought his own only ;
And there he remains, half in waking, half trance,
Shivering over the embers of dying romance,
A bachelor, withered and lonely.

MY SHIP AT SEA.

I WAITED long with wistful sighing
For that good ship afar at sea
With sails all set and ensign flying,
And laden deep with wealth for me.
And oft amid my weary labor
And fading hopes and prospects drear,
I said to kinsman, friend, or neighbor—
“ Ah! would my ship were only here!”

With courage that the present seizes,
And makes its confidence a fort,
I waited till the favoring breezes
Should bring my vessel into port.

I knew the ship was merely drifting
Upon some current, distant far,
Where winds uncertain are and shifting,
As winds upon the ocean are.

It came at last, and richly freighted ;
It brought the treasure of my life—
'Twas not in vain so long I waited—
It brought my young and gentle wife.
Then life was filled with placid pleasure
I had not dreamed on earth could be—
Ah! noble barque, that brought such treasure
From lands before unknown to me.

Again my ship to sea went sailing,
While I stood waiting on the shore,
Where clouds were black and winds were wailing,
And breakers stunned me with their roar ;
The clouds dispersed ; the storm subsiding
Fell to a gentle breeze and free ;
The trusty vessel homeward gliding
Brought home a darling boy to me.

Long time my ship was idle lying
At anchor in the harbor here ;
Nor sails were set, nor ensign flying,
And so it lay for many a year,
No farther far-off venture making,
But rocking on the sluggish tide,
While I, my quiet comfort taking,
Saw happy years before me glide.

Once more, without my wish or order,
The time-worn vessel sailed again

Past yon breakwater's green-edged border,
Out to the dark and misty main.
The treasures it had carried to me
It carried back one evil day ;
And to a distant land and gloomy
It bore my wife and son away.

Since then with signal light a-burning,
I sit here at the window pane,
And anxious look for their returning ;
But look and watch and wait in vain.
The ship will come with steady motion,
And Death will guide her to the shore,
To bear me o'er the boundless ocean,
Hither returning nevermore.

NOMANSLAND.

I HAVE been out to Nomansland,
Which lies beyond the sea,
From whence some day will come a ship
To bring rare things to me.

And whom did you meet in Nomansland ?
I met King Arthur there,
The nut-brown maid and Scheherezade,
And Bess with golden hair.

How did they treat you in Nomansland ?
They scarcely opened their eyes ;
But Robinson Crusoe stared awhile,
In a very faint surprise.

And what do they do in Nomansland ?
They do not even play,
But lie and dream the whole night long,
And sit and dream all day.

Do they ever die in Nomansland ?
Alive they always stay,
And there they will remain until
Shall dawn the Judgment Day.

A lovely place is Nomansland ;
The skies are always clear,
The hills are blue, the valleys green,
And spring-time all the year.

They do not eat in Nomansland ;
They drink no water there ;
They feed on fancy all the time—
No banquet half so rare.

O carry me back to Nomansland,
Which lies beyond the sea ;
There, with the bards and knights of old,
Forever let me be.



ROBIN AND ROBIN.

O ROBIN, you sit on your perch and sing,
Or the water about from the dish you fling,
Or scatter the berries, you frolicsome thing,
 And the saucer turn tilting over.

O robin, you darling, I love you much ;
But there is another whose slightest touch
And faintest whisper my heart can thrill,
And whose eyes can flutter me at his will,
 And, robin, that's Robin my lover.

Your cage is gilded and builded fine ;
There strength and an airy grace combine ;
But 'tis not so rare as the cage of mine
 Which Robin is building to hold me.
And soon I shall sit with a folded wing,
And my very soul to its depths will sing ;
And though it may rain, or though it may snow,
What shall I care if it do, or no,
 While his loving arms enfold me?

Of all the birds on the tree or in nest
The robin's the one that I love the best,
With his homely plumage and ochrey breast ;
 But Robin my lover was dearer.
When he told of his love to my thirsty ear,
With only the listening angels near,
And his soul sought mine with a long, long kiss,
And my heart beat quick in my speechless bliss,
 And heaven somehow seemed nearer.

The lush grass grows of an emerald hue,
The river is tinged with a beautiful blue,

And the sunbeams print with a rainbow tint
The sky that is spreading above me ;
The rivulet laughs as it onward trips,
The diamonds flash where the water drips ;
And never a storm and never a cloud
May sweep the vale, or the sky enshroud,
While Robin is here to love me.

O Robin, my Robin, your steps I hear,
With a silvery sound they are drawing near,
And the music they make to my ravished ear
The portal of joy uncloses.
I long for your glances my life to bless ;
I yearn for your tender and fond caress—
Oh, the very ground that your footsteps press
Is covered with lilies and roses!

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

WITHIN my lonely chamber
I sit at daylight's close,
Beneath the stream of radiance
The shaded gaslight throws,
A heap of half-worn letters
Upon the table spread—
Less tokens they than fetters
To bind me to the dead.
And one by one I burn them,
For they revive again
The thoughts of early manhood
At threescore years and ten.
Burnt offerings to oblivion
I make without a tear ;

In flame and smoke they vanish—
But stay! what have we here?
An ebon casket olden;
I open it with care
To find a wavy ringlet
Of soft and silvery hair.

Ah! long time hidden relic!
This silken lock was hers;
And to its deeps my spirit
With tender feeling stirs,
Back to the days of childhood
My mind returns and brings
A bright and vivid picture
Of long-forgotten things.
I hear the tone of music,
All hearts around that won;
I see the loving glances
That fell upon her son;
I feel the sweet caresses
That gave my heart such joy,
When that dear hair was auburn,
And I was but a boy;
I feel the yearning tender
That followed me for years,
The blessing when we parted
She gave me through her tears.

The fond beliefs of childhood,
The earnest faith in dreams,
The nymphs that haunt the wildwood,
The nixes of the streams,
The fairies of the meadows,
The witches lean and grey—

Mere unsubstantial shadows—
 All these may pass away,
 But though the baseless fancies
 Of early days depart,
 And with them the romances
 That thrilled the childish heart ;
 Though time, with iron fingers,
 All else may check or chill,
 One master feeling lingers
 Within the bosom still—
 Nor age, nor death can smother
 That purest love and best
 The true man bears the mother
 Who nursed him at her breast.

WANTED.

“WANTED—As porter in a store, an honest, steady man, who knows his duty, and will do it. Apply,” etc.—*Advertisement in Daily Paper.*

WHY, after all, a common want ;
 'Tis felt in every place and station,
 In every corner of the land,
 In this—I fear in every nation.
 'Twas in the journal yesterday—
 I call your close attention to it—
 “Wanted, an honest, steady man,
 Who knows his duty, and will do it.”

When lawyers lend themselves to fraud,
 And give their brains for highest hiring ;
 When judges buy and sell the law,
 Truckling to mobs, with knaves conspiring—

Dikè exclaims, her altar stained,
As she, and good men round her, view it—
“Wanted, an honest, steady man,
Who knows his duty, and will do it.”

When learned physicians soil their art
By fawning ways and cozening speeches,
By secret shares in nostrums vile,
By stabbing at their brother leeches—
At conduct base and mean as this,
Aisklepios cries, as they pursue it—
“Wanted, an honest, steady man,
Who knows his duty, and will do it.”

When certain clergymen are found
To wink at sins of rich church-members ;
To smother out the Christian fire,
Rather than blow to flame the embers,
St. Peter shakes his keys, and says—
I can't with half his scorn imbue it—
“Wanted, an honest, steady man,
Who knows his duty, and will do it.”

When in all parties fellows rule
Whose place it is to serve in prison ;
When all the veriest scum of earth
Upon the surface has arisen ;
When politics has grown a trade,
And ruffians base alone pursue it—
“Wanted, an honest, steady man,
Who knows his duty, and will do it.”

When honest purpose surely fails ;
When honor meets with sneers and jeering ;

When fanes to gold as God are built ;
 When patient merit has no hearing ;
 When sense of right is buried deep,
 Since fraud and wrong and avarice slew it—
 "Wanted, an honest, steady man,
 Who knows his duty, and will do it."

Oh! for a leader of the mass
 Which fain would bear these things no longer!
 Oh! for a hand to rend the chain
 That every moment grows the stronger!
 We die beneath the upas tree—
 Is there no axe at hand to hew it?—
 "Wanted, an honest, steady man,
 Who knows his duty, and will do it."

CROSSING THE RIVER.

MURMURS the soldier in dying,
 As the death-pang the tired spirit frees,
 "Let us all cross over the river,
 And rest in the shade of the trees."

Ah! could we cross o'er that river,
 And rest in the shadows, and then,
 Refreshed by repose and grown stronger,
 Come back to our struggle again!

Over that free-flowing river,
 Beyond where its dark waters roar,
 Are the trees of the balsam or upas,
 That grow on its farthestmost shore?

What is the destiny waiting
Thither side of that shadowy deep—
Sweet ease and repose for the spirit,
Or the gloom of eternal sleep?

None who have passed that river,
And rested beneath the trees,
Have ever come back to tell us
If the shadows brought slumber or ease.

Nevertheless and forever
Across the deep river they go,
The basest and purest together—
Together the high and the low.

There in their rags go the beggars,
And there in their robes go the rich ;
The few who expire in the palace,
And the many who die in the ditch ;

Those who have graven their story
On high in the temple of Fame,
And those who have lived without glory,
And left us not even a name ;

Those whom we loved for their goodness,
And those whom we hated for crime,
All passing from life's dreary struggle,
Out of light, out of mind, out of time ;

Plunging in mist and in darkness,
Where doubting with terror agrees,
They cross the mysterious river,
And seek for the shade of the trees.

“KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.”

YOU ventured your wealth without counting the cost,
And, tempted by avarice, risked it, and lost ;
And now, in chagrin that the blow has been struck,
You rail at misfortune and prattle of luck,
Nor recall, as you sit there dull, nerveless, and sad,
'Twas possibly judgment, not luck, that was bad.
Lie the fault where it may ; give your troubles the slip ;
Keep courage, keep heart, “ keep a stiff upper lip.”

All hope for the future you tell me has fled
Since the maiden you loved to another is wed ;
Your heart to its depths with her glances she stirred ;
She was fair, she was false, she has broken her word ;
She has left you the wretchedest man among men,
And your frame cannot thrill with affection again.
Take a full draught of love ; that was only a sip ;
Find another more true, “ keep a stiff upper lip.”

The serpent called Slander no kindness can tame ;
It gnaws at your honor and slimes o'er your name ;
Why moan over that ? You're in no wise the first
Whose deeds were distorted, whose motives aspersed.
They must all bear the cross who aspire to the crown ;
Let calumny go—live it down, live it down !
Walk straight in your pathway, though others may trip—
Untruth slays itself—“ keep a stiff upper lip.”

In the fever called typhus the skilfullest leech,
Whom signs that are trifles to others can teach,
Notes the lip of his patient far more than the eye—
If the upper one droop, all is over ; he'll die.

When the muscles relax that were active before,
No skill then can save him—the struggle is o'er;
Life's voyage is ended, and foundered the ship;
To recover he *must* “keep a stiff upper lip.”

'Tis a well-worn expression—I grant that, of course;
But it bristles with point; it has meaning and force;
'Tis the keynote of triumph: who goes to a fight
With downcast demeanor imperils his right;
Who would win must have courage, and show it beside,
With a confident manner that borders on pride;
Where once he has grasped must not loosen his grip,
And, whatever confront, “keep a stiff upper lip.”

“DON'T LOOK FOR THE BRIDGE TILL YOU
COME TO THE STREAM.”

WHY anticipate possible trouble to-day
For a morrow whose dawn has not risen before you?
Why darken the sunlight that falls in your way
By the cloud of a sorrow which has not come o'er you?
Let the quaint, homely saying but enter your mind,
(In the backwoods they hold it in highest esteem),
And good common sense in its teaching you'll find—
Don't look for the bridge till you come to the stream.

Our life is a journey; the road may be rough;
Ruts, boulders, and quicksands the pathway may
cumber;
We shall find all these obstacles quickly enough,
And a map made by gloom will not lessen their number.

The trouble we fight with before it appears,
At the time of its coming much harder will seem ;
And the eyes worn with watching fill quickly with tears—
Don't look for the bridge till you come to the stream.

With gratitude deep for what good you enjoy,
All needless anxiety speedily bury ;
When foreboding of crosses appears to annoy,
Fling it off as a burthen, eat, drink, and be merry.
Attend to your duty ; be cheerful and strong ;
Where sunshine is brightest, there bask in its beam ;
Keep your courage alive for your battle with wrong—
Don't look for the bridge till you come to the stream.

You may say 'tis your forethought that darkens the air ;
That your brain bids you look for the ills of to-morrow ;
To provide for your needs shows your prudence and care,
But wait till its need to provide for your sorrow.
Look out, if you will, but look out for the best ;
Who knows but the future with triumph may teem ?
Meet what comes when it comes ; leave to Heaven the
rest—
Don't look for the bridge till you come to the stream.

Who broods over trouble before it is here,
Finds endurance to bear it grow less with the brooding ;
To magnify danger will magnify fear,
And doubt is a dastard wherever intruding.
Content with the joy that the present inspires,
No more on the wo that may come to you dream ;
Meet Fate, when it strikes, with the force it requires—
Don't look for the bridge till you come to the stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

No drum-beat rolls
In dismal cadence, as they sadly bear
To his last rest the king who reigned o'er souls ;
 No pageant there
Such as men see when sceptred princes die ;
 No funeral of state ; but, moving slow,
All heads uncovered as the dead goes by,
 Mute, awe-struck, sorrowing, the mourners go
Through the hushed streets. In that more praise
 behold
Than in the laurel crown and harp of gold.

Honor and age!
Death takes his harvest of the ripened sheaves,
But takes not all ; whatever be his rage,
 Three things he leaves :
A memory that shall live for countless years,
 And greener grow' as lengthens out the time ;
The sorrow of good men, too deep for tears
 That rise from shallow fountains ; flowing rhyme,
Part of our language, to be said or sung
Wherever wanders forth our native tongue.

Death keeps no clutch
On one whose lyre rang loud when those around
Essayed the strings with imitative touch
 And faintest sound.
The man may die, the poet still survives ;
 Lives in his verse his soul forevermore,
For works, not years, are measures of men's lives.
 The years he had may be fourscore and four,

And yet the poet's age eternal be—
All time can co-exist with such as he.

So let him rest ;
Give him a quiet grave in some lone spot.
He needs no shaft of sombre granite, lest
He be forgot.
His mob is builded high and founded deep ;
His epitaph is in the verse he gave
For all men's comfort. Let none living weep
For one who steps to glory from the grave ;
But rather joy that at fourscore and four,
The poet dies to live forevermore.

WRECKED.

BEAUTY in meter,
Not a song sweeter in movement than she,
Moving sedately,
Every step stately and graceful and free,
Form lithe and slender,
Heart warm and tender—
Fearful her fate to be wrecked here with me.

Born far above me,
Stooping to love me so fondly and well,
Piteous that for her
Loomed the black horror of final farewell,
Which on the fleeting
Joy of our meeting
Fell in its darkness to slay as it fell.

Gay at the wassail
Sat in the castle each baron and knight ;
At the words spoken

Revel was broken, alarm was at height ;
Torches were flashing,
Hoofs wildly dashing
Over the drawbridge and out from the light.

Horsemen pursuing
For our undoing rode fiercely and fast,
Following after
Till with loud laughter, delirious, aghast,
At their vain gallop,
In a frail shallop,
Fled we on linen wings out in the blast—

Hither and thither,
Knowing not whither our vessel might sail ;
Here a plank started,
There a mast parted as the shrouds fail ;
Sails rent and riven,
Dreadfully driven,
Helmless and aimless and dazed in the gale.

White foam before us,
Lightning flashed o'er us its terrible glare ;
Through the sea surging,
Swift currents urging—urging from where?
Terror around us,
Chaos to bound us.
With us rode danger and woe and despair.

By the wave landed,
On this rock stranded past succor are we ;
Hope has forsaken,
Doom overtaken my darling and me ;
Yet is no sorrow
That on the morrow,
Clasped heart to heart, we shall float on the sea.

A HEART-BURST.

FILL me no cup of Xeres wine to her my heart holds dear;
If you insist to pledge with me, then drop a single tear.
For she I love is far away, and months must pass before
Her heart shall leap to hear again my foot-tramp at the
door;
And thus apart, my weary heart, torn both with hopes and
fears,
Gives to my spirit wretchedness, and to my eyelids tears.

You laugh and quaff your Xeres wine, around the festive
board,
And jest with names of those who love, which secret you
should hoard;
But I conceal how much I feel, for words could not express
The sorrow weeping in my heart, the abject wretchedness,
Illumined by a single hope—which may be all in vain!—
That foes will cease to part our hearts, and we will meet
again.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

I WOULD not care to see thee—thou
Art changed, they tell me—so am I;
More bronzed my visage, somewhat tamed
The spirit once so high.
And if of beauty, less
Than once thou hadst, thou hast,
Let me alone behold
Thy features in the past—
Be as I saw thee last.

For as within that past they were,
Thy charms by memory here are limned—
The tremulous nostril, rounded chin,
Bright eye that never dimmed,
And snooded, waving hair
Which ripple-marked a shore
Whose beach was ivory—
Unhappy me forlore,
My barque rides there no more!

What time we walked by Avon's side,
Our spirits twain combined in one,
And dreamed of lands with Spring eterne,
And never setting sun—
This is no longer ours ;
I wander to and fro,
Dejected, blind, and shorn ;
The sunlight will not glow ;
Hope ever answers—" No !"

For I am poor. Within that word
How many grievous faults there lay ;
Such has been since old Babylon,
And such shall be for aye.
Yet not thy acres broad,
Thy vassals nor thy gold,
Me in such strong control,
Had ever power to hold
As thy charms manifold.

Thou art the daughter of an earl,
Whose ancestor, at Azincourt,
Fell, fighting by his monarch's side,
When mine was but a boor.

Since then a host of lords,
And dames of high degree,
Gave lustre to thy line,
Till birth and dignity
Rose to their height in thee.

Yet azure-blooded as thou art,
Whilst I am come of lowlier race,
I did not once thy lineage
Within thy beauty trace.
I scanned no pedigree,
Thy loveliness to prize ;
I read no Domesday-Book,
In love to make me wise ;
High rank fanned not my sighs.

But thou, whilst sitting in the shade
Of thine old, famous family-tree,
Will scarcely to thy mind recall
One, once so much to thee.
So high thy station now,
Thy vision's careless sweep
Falls not below, to strike
That vastly lower deep,
Wherein I ever creep.

Thou wert one time all tenderness,
With passion glowing like a spark—
Sole ember in those ashes grey—
Which flashed, and all grew dark.
The coolness of thy pride
Forbade to rise to fire,
What should have been a flame,
And swelled and mounted higher ;—
But *I* did not expire.

I lived—I live, if that be life,
To drag these weary moments thus,
Doomed to a lack of loving, when
Of love most covetous.
I am that which I was,
But thou art different grown,
Chilled, petrified by rank,
Thyself a thing of stone,
Emotionless, alone.

They wonder at thy scorn of men,
The trembling vassals of thy nod,
They see not as thy pinions sweep,
Where once thy footsteps trod.
And thou midst flattering peers,
May well, perhaps, forget
How dearer once I was
Than all the jewels set
Thick on thy coronet.

But *I* remember—'tis to me
Fixed as a Median edict; would
The past might verily pass, and I
Forget thee as I should.
Still for thy love I yearn,
Although 'tis not for me;
As well the pond expect
To mingle with the sea,
As I to mate with thee.

These are my final words to thee—
Years part me from the timid first—
They gushed when came this flood of tears,
Or else this heart had burst.

These uttered, none shall know
Save Him, who knows all things,
How driven to my heart
On barbed arrow's wings,
This hopeless passion stings.

“HE SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN.”

WHEN roses bloomed in leafy June,
And bluebirds trilled their liveliest tune,
When genial glowed the sun at noon,
And all was pleasant weather,
Through greenwood where the beeches flung
Their shadows ferns and flowers among,
Sweet Bonnibel, the fair and young,
And I, walked out together.

Along the river's heights we strayed,
Till, tired at length, the little maid
Took seat beneath an oak-tree's shade,
The branches bending o'er her ;
While I, who felt my heart that day
To fears far more than hopes a prey,
Threw down myself in careless way
Upon the ground before her.

I knew not if my love she shared ;
I knew not if for me she cared ;
I would have told her, had I dared,
How deep was my devotion ;

But felt my courage sadly fail ;
So strove to woo her by a tale
Wherein the words would scarcely veil
 My passionate emotion.

There, as she sat inclined to hear,
Her head on hand, in accents clear,
I told the tale of Aldover
 Out of the old romances :
How he, a peasant lowly-born,
Loved the proud Isabel of Lorne,
But showed it not for fear of scorn,
 Save in his sighs and glances—

How spite of low estate he rose,
Won lands and rank by knightly blows,
Still hiding well the mental throes
 That ever racked and thrilled him ;
And never to the lady told
(Awed by her graces manifold)
The feeling that his life controlled,
 The ardent love that filled him—

And thus he passed his life away,
A noble with a far-wide sway,
And even when flesh had turned to clay,
 His silence kept unbroken ;
Ere they bore him to his rest,
By king and vassals mourned and blest,
They found her picture on his breast,
 Of love a life-long token.

Up rose my Bonnibel. Said she :
"The man was weak, it seems to me ;
He should have spoken frank and free,
 And not his love dissembled."

“And may I speak?” I eager said;
At which my darling drooped her head,
Her face and neck grew rosy red,
And every fibre trembled.

Ah! forty years have passed away,
And she and I are old and grey;
But memory of that summer day
Still to my heart is clinging;
Again I see the earth and sky,
The quiet river moving by,
And hear, among the branches high,
The bluebirds tuneful singing.

THE CITY IN THE CLOUDS.

A WONDROUS city stands in yonder skies,
Where domes and minarets and spires arise;
Whose walls of opal fierily enfold
Its palaces, with roofs of burnished gold;
Surrounded by the fairest gardens, where
Eternal-blooming roses scent the air;
Where lilies pure and stainless asphodels
Shake ravishing sweetness from their waxen bells,
Within a space where neutral-tinted mist,
Wedded to sunlight, warms to amethyst—
A city marvellous, supremely grand,
By Fancy builded in that airy land.

What beings in that bright confine are found?
What creatures dwell in such enchanted ground?
Who are the happy they whose tireless feet
At will may wander through each pearlen street?

What nobles those in velvet triple-piled,
Their robes white samite, pure and undefiled,
Who ride with courtly grace and lordly mien
Through spacious highways, laced with living green,
Each on his steed, caparisoned superb,
Controlled by silken rein and golden curb?
Who be the guests that pass their happy hours
Within the shelter of those silvern towers?
What white-haired peers, what knights of high de-
gree—

High from their birth or through their chivalry?
What lovely dames, of manner debonair,
Smile pleasantly on rapt adorers there?

No beings of a mortal essence those
Who in the place find pleasure or repose.
Perceptibly the noblest forms they wear,
But, nevertheless, intangible as air.
They are the eager hopes of early years;
Each baffled purpose which dissolved in tears;
The many high-aimed aspirations which
Made dreamy beings for the moment rich;
The ardent love and exquisite tenderness
That, born in youth, died of their own excess;
The labor with an object spent in vain;
Intensest pleasure self-transformed to pain;
The projects fair, devised for others' good,
By those we would have served misunderstood;
The chance for fame, obtained at heavy cost,
But grasped not at the moment, therefore lost;
Each fleeting notion, each delusive thought
By restless minds from frail material wrought—
All these, as things too airy for our day,
Passed one time thither by a golden way;
And where that city in the cloudland stands,
In dwellings builded not by fleshly hands,

In palpable forms they move or take their ease,
Themselves unfathomable mysteries.

O city which no mortal man may win,
Seen only by such eyes as gaze within,
It matters not what name they give to thee—
Romance, or Revery, or Poetry.
What were this dull and tiresome life of ours,
Did not thy cloud-embattlemented towers,
Whose glory mortal pencil may not paint,
Rise for our comfort when our souls grow faint?
And, while thy airy outlines fill our skies,
And all thy beauties feed our inner eyes,
The sweet nepenthe which the mind distills
Blunts sharpest griefs and drowns the fiercest ills;
And utter rapture shape and sense enshrouds
While gazing on that City in the Clouds.

PHILIP KEARNY.

THOUGH they summon forth the people
By the bells in spire and steeple—
Though their guardsmen proudly come,
Timing tread to beat of drum—
Though in sunlight flashes steel,
And the brazen cannon peal—
Though are uttered in his praise
Sounding words and polished phrase—
Though his form in bronze they bare
To the sunlight and the air—
Fitter is the tribute when
Some one of his former men,
Dwelling on the hero's fame,

Slow and reverent breathes his name—
Kearny! At the well-known word
All around are thrilled and stirred:
Then, in silence absolute,
Voice through depth of feeling mute,
To the soul these tokens speak,
Flash in eye and flush on cheek,
Volumes of their loving pride
In the hero grand who died
 On thy fatal field, Chantilly.

When with laurels we adorn him,
Dead, our hero, who shall mourn him?
Who for Kearny drops a tear
Let his footsteps come not here.
Tears are only shed for those
Who their lives ignobly close;
But for one who undismayed
Drew within a cause his blade,
And, at Honor's potent call,
Fell when duty bade him fall,
Loudly let your voices ring,
Garlands for his statue bring,
Keep his memory green for years;
But for him no tears—no tears!
So we honor Kearny now—
Kearny of the open brow,
Peer of Roland and the Cid
In the daring deeds he did;
Who the battle carried through
Single arm, but heart of two,
And, on that immortal day,
Like a meteor flashed his way
 O'er thy bloody field, Chantilly.

For this soldier, cool and fearless,
In the storm of battle peerless,
Honor, loving such as he,
Shaped his glorious destiny,
Gave him in her beams to bask,
Gave him all that brave men ask,
Favors never ceased to pour
Till his cup of fame ran o'er,
Then, with nothing more to give,
Bade her favorite cease to live.
Though in mould the soldier sleep,
Earth may well his body keep ;
Bury his faults there too ; on those
Let the ground forever close ;
But his nobler qualities,
Death has naught to do with these.
Heart attuned to any fate,
Should it come through love or hate ;
Soul disdaining all things mean ;
Sense of honor sharp and keen,
Lofty spirit, courage high—
These at least could never die
 On thy storied field, Chantilly.

THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

THROUGH the wide window, from my easy chair,
I see the telegraph wires beyond the trees,
Like spider-threads suspended in the air,
 Played on at will by every passing breeze ;
Sounding to quickening ears their cadenced song,
Now faint and tremulous, now bold and strong.

Wind-smitten, strange the secret tales they tell,
Harp-strings of iron, resounding day and night;
Their music rises in harmonious swell,
Or sinks in ecstasy of deep delight;
And I who listen to them here to-day,
Know well what songs they sing, what words they say.

When battles raged, along these wires there rang
The victors' cheers, the victims' wild despair;
The crash of musketry, the sabres' clang,
The boom of cannon, pulsed themselves in air;
But these have gone, and in these peaceful days,
Their melodies befit our duller ways.

Listen! strange tune for an electric harp,
Which voices there in tame, monotonous tones—
"Come down to dinner, Joe, at seven sharp;
You'll meet with Spenser, Livingston and Jones."
So—"fools make feasts, and wise men eat them."
Well,
Many find music in a dinner-bell.

Here comes a purer song, a longing strain
To carry comfort to a weary heart,
And calm remorse, and soothe the aching brain—
"Come back, my son, and nevermore depart.
Stretch not your mother's heart-strings on the rack;
All is forgiven now—come back! come back!"

A jubilant melody dances on the strings,
Light, gay and lively, though the air be brief;
Were 't in the sender's power, the lightning wings
Would move much faster. Of all men the chief,
Hear him proclaim it: "Brothers, give us joy;
Mother and child are doing well—a boy!"

Our life to-day begins, to-morrow ends :
Here is a plaintive strain in minor key ;
A wailing dirge the cabined lightning sends,
Mourning a spirit from its fetters free—
" Our father died to-day at eighty-five "—
Died! 'twas his clay ; the soul is yet alive.

And now, not music, but discordant notes
That shake at first with mirth, then thrill with pain ;
Exultant laughter, mixed with mothers' moans,
And wails of children, starved through greed of
gain—
" Hold on to every grain ; wheat jumped to-day ;
To-morrow brings a famine price—hurray ! "

And as to many tunes their songs are sung,
With varying words that change from sad to gay,
Never remaining mute, nor one unstrung,
The electric harp-strings musically play ;
And joy and grief and pain and vulgar thought
To audible music by the winds are wrought.

Harp-strings of iron, whose notes the bearer thrill,
Track of the lightning-courier's constant flight,
Obedient servant of the human will,
Sound your weird melodies by day and night.
You feel not, hear not, as the wild notes ring,
The words you utter, nor the songs you sing.



THE NEIGHBORS.

BESIDE the deep, green river,
Here in the lower lands,
My house, low-roofed and humble,
In modest quiet stands.
A moss-grown, rude log cabin,
Close by a brawling rill ;
A rood of ground around it—
I have no time to till.

Across the deep, green river,
Whose waters flow so free,
A proud and stately mansion
Begirt with trees I see ;
And through the leafy branches,
At day's departing rays,
Catching the crimson sunlight,
Its many windows blaze.

The owner of that palace
Boasts of his lineage high ;
My father was a woodman,
A woodman, too, am I.
I earn by constant labor
My plain and scanty fare ;
My neighbor over yonder
Is called a millionaire.

When toil at night is over,
Tired with the axe's stroke,
I sit here at the doorstep,
My corn-cob pipe to smoke,

I watch him slowly pacing
Before his house of pride,
Beneath the clustering vine-leaves
On yon veranda wide.

At times, this side the river,
He canters slowly by ;
Absorbed in thought, he never
Upon me casts an eye.
He is not old, but wrinkles
His pallid features seam ;
He looks as though existence
Were but a troubled dream.

If he, with gold and acres,
Could have my rugged health,
Or I, with happy slumbers,
Had only half his wealth,
Then life were better balanced
For both of us to-day,
And each, perhaps, more cheerly
Would travel on his way.

But, as it is, no envy
Within my breast can be :
With all his state and riches,
'Tis his to envy me.
Pale face and care-worn spirit,
Eyes sunken, shrunken limbs—
With these to burden riches,
What man would share with him?

Deep green is yonder river,
Its waters faintly gleam :

For us in time fast coming
There is another stream.
We both will lose our burdens,
My toiling and his dross ;
When over the mystic river
Our spirits freed shall cross.

“THE GAY YOUNG MAN FROM TOWN.”

With fork in hand, one summer day,
Making a feint of tossing hay,
The gay young man who came from town
Talked with a maiden small and brown,
With hazel eyes and chestnut hair,
And quiet way and modest air ;
Nor did he seem to care or know
That her blush was quick and voice was low,
For merely to flirt with the maiden brown
Was the aim of the gay young man from town.

At nooning next the young man sat
Beneath an apple tree—sour at that—
And chatted with Susy (such her name)
About the city from whence he came,
Its long, wide avenues, buildings vast,
Its ease and luxury unsurpassed ;
While she, with a bashful air and shy,
Drooped low each eyelid over its eye,
A deep flush reddening features brown
At words of the gay young man from town.

Some days he had spent in this rural spot,
Where health was plenty, and style was not ;

Had left his club and his friends behind
For life that was true and unconfined,
With study (the latest novel) worn,
With loss of his hunting-dog forlorn,
And because of a sad dispute he had
With his "governor"—thus he styled his dad.
All this he explained to the maiden brown,
With a sigh, this gay young man from town.

First days, then weeks, and where Susy went
The steps of the gay young man were bent,
And sentiment followed flirting then,
As chanced to many a man of men;
For he found his pulses quicken and stir,
Whenever he saw or thought of her,
And learned alone to dream and sigh,
Or stammer and blush when she was nigh;
The eyes and blush of the maiden brown
Had captured the gay young man from town.

So he told his love, and as he bent
In hope and fear to ask consent,
He told her the real reason why
He had cast his home and kinsfolk by.
His father had bade him settle in life,
And had chosen for him a proper wife,
"Who did not stand on her worth alone,
With a rich old father, and cash of her own,"
But he fled from her and his father's frown,
And found his fate afar from town.

The maiden listened well the while,
And over her features came a smile.
Her father, she told him, had a plan
To make her wife to a gay young man

"Who did not stand on his worth alone,
With a rich old father and cash of his own ;"
Reputed he was a handsome catch ;
But she objected to such a match,
And, afraid to face her father's frown,
Had fled to her old nurse here from town.

He stared ; she smiled. Around her waist
His arm in loving way he placed.
"In spite of will we must confess
The old folk triumph, nevertheless ;
It seems we ran from love away,
And lived to love another day ;
And, plighted, going back again,
Our sires will laugh at us—what then ?
'Tis better far to laugh than frown"—
Were the words of the gay young man from town.



THE RESCUE OF SEVIER.

The name of John Sevier is held in honor to this day by the mountaineers of Eastern Tennessee, who insist that their favorite, and not Shelby, Campbell or Cleveland, was the hero of King's Mountain. The claim is too large; but there is no doubt that his skill, promptness and courage did much to aid in the victory over Ferguson and his loyalists. Sevier was a man of note. He was the leading spirit in the settlement of Eastern Tennessee; and after the State was organized became its first and most popular governor. The attempt to try him for treason against North Carolina, and especially the mode of his arrest, excited the indignation of the mountain hunters, and a thousand of them, arms in hand, spontaneously assembled, threatening fight. Had civil war been begun, whatever might have been its immediate result, the bad blood and the consequent feuds following it, would have retarded progress. One of Sevier's friends, James Cosby, aided by Evans, and the two Sevier boys, effected his rescue, or, as an old Holston settler said: "Snaked him outen the court." His neighbors welcomed him back with acclamations, and stood ready to resist his re-capture. The trial was wisely dropped. Sevier was at once elected to the Senate of the State, and President Washington appointed him to the command of the district around him with the rank of Major-General. After that he led a campaign against the Cherokees, whom he signally chastised. He was elected governor for six successive terms, and his administration was marked by tact and firmness.

RAN the news along the Holston by each path and cattle-track,
How they kidnaped from his cabin, glorious Nolichucky Jack;
How with iron chains they fettered him who fought against the crown,
And the hero of King's Mountain bore away to Morgantown.
Came the men from every cabin on the bottom-land and hill,
With their trusty Deckard rifles, sure at forty rods to kill—
Sturdy hunters, true and ready, not a fibre thrilled with fear,
Swarming eager to the rescue of the gallant John Sevier.

Brave James Cosby—no one truer, none more stout of heart than Jim—
Was a leading man among them; Major Evans stood with him:

And the two together counselled to avoid a civil war,
And its train of many evils, which all honest men abhor.

“Now the people have arisen,” spake out Cosby to his friend,
“Fierce their wrath in its beginning, what may be the bitter
end?

Let us temper rage with cunning, the result may be the
same,
And by peaceful method striving we shall reach our real aim.

“Let our leaguers all be ready, lest we chance to need their
aid;
But if once Sevier be mounted on his swift and matchless
jade,
Safely she to Nolichucky will our gallant chieftain bear—
Not a steed they have among them that can overtake the
mare.”

In the court-house were the lawyers; on the bench the
judge was seen;
Doors wide open, and the people packed the place with
faces keen;
John Sevier sat by his counsel; when there came outside
a din,
And the crowd in twain was parted as Jim Cosby hurried
in.

Frowned the judge and stared the jury, as the bold in-
truder spake—
“Aren't you fellows through your fooling with the man,
for goodness' sake?”
And he pointed o'er his shoulder to the street behind,
where,
Ready saddled, ready bridled, stood the pawing, prancing
mare.

John Sevier flung back his guardsmen, as the people's
cheering rang ;
Through the parting crowd he darted ; on the blooded
mare he sprang ;
She was off ! In vain the sheriff mounted quickly with his
men ;
For he never caught the bonny mare nor John Sevier again.

Galloped Jack to Nolichucky, over hillside, through the
glen ;
Not pursuers, but defenders, rode behind a thousand men,
Who had sworn the man who led them in the fight that
made them free
Ne'er should captive, gyved and shackled, in the hands of
foemen be.

Do not call those hunters rebels. Never people had more
awe
Of the stern demand of justice, or more reverence for law ;
But they meant no vile conspirators should wrest the law
to wrong,
While from Holston hills and valleys friends of right could
muster strong.

Well the love the people bore him was in after days repaid,
When he led them forth in triumph, beating back the In-
dian raid ;
And to-day throughout that country in the cabins you shall
hear
Blessings, when the name is uttered, on the memory of
Sevier.

THE RAID ON RAMAPO.

AMID the ridges of Ramapo
The Garrabrant homestead stands,
And ever and ever it overlooks
The rolling and lower lands.
Though peaceful now, there was turmoil then,
And hurrying to and fro,
When Jack the Regular's men came there
A hundred years ago.

Jan Garrabrant owned the acres 'round,
And Jan had a pair of sons
Who were ready to wield the scythe or flail,
Or handle at need their guns.
They called them rebels, perchance they were,
Who hated the Tories much;
And the Tory leader swore the three
Should feel his royal clutch.

Rode hastily there Pete Huyler's girl,
And to Betty, the wife, she said:
"The Tories have ridden from Paulus Hoeck,
And Jack is at their head;
They are firing houses and slaying kine
In the country far and near!
They swear they'll burn the Garrabrants out,
And they're not three miles from here."

Then she laid her whip on her horse's flank,
And was off with a leap and bound,
For her father had sent the maiden out
To rouse the country around;

While Betty ran out to where she'd see
Jan and her sons in the corn,
And she blew a blast with right good will
On the battered dinner-horn.

Home in a hurry came sons and sire,
And when the tidings they heard,
Rip stabled the horses, Dick herded the kine,
And neither one uttered a word.
Jan loaded the guns—he had seven in all—
“We have three for defence!” said he;
“One more,” said Betty; “you’ll not forget
To count in a fight on me.”

They barred the windows and bolted the doors,
And waited the coming foe,
Till they heard the clatter of iron hoofs
Afar in the valley below.
It nearer came, and suddenly stopped,
And the air around was still;
And they knew Jack’s men had tethered each horse,
And were climbing on foot the hill.

Then up came a scout to summon the house—
“We offer you quarter,” said he;
“So make no fight against order and law;
The king’s loyal subjects are we.
He offers through us his mercy to show;
You’d better throw open the door,
For we’re twenty-five, and you are but three.”
“Oh, no!” replied Betty; “we’re four!”

Betty Garrabrant levelled her firelock and drew
A bead on the Tory’s head;
The bullet leapt out with whistle and whirr,
And down dropped the partisan dead.

Cried Jack, when he saw it: "We'll have revenge!
Come, hurry there, some of you men!
Pile fagots and torch at the side of the house;
We'll burn the she-wolf in her den!"

They had better have stayed with the rest of the band,
For the three whom he sent were slain,
And Jack felt a ball bore a hole in his arm—
Said Betty: "'Twas meant for your brain!"
So the Tories drew back behind out-house and trees,
And fired without order or plan;
But when those in the house found a foeman exposed,
The bullet ne'er failed of its man.

They kept up the siege till the hour of four,
But they never the leaguered stirred;
Then suddenly in the distance far
A dull, low patter they heard.
'Twas the steady thud of galloping horse,
With the riders eager for fight;
And the Tories scattered, and backed their steeds,
And were off in a headlong flight.

But the farmers who came from house and field,
With firelocks ready and sure,
They followed the knaves till twilight fell
O'er valley and hill and moor.
Seven Tories were left on the Garrabrant farm,
And seventeen by the way;
And Jack the Regular rode alone
To the Hoeck from the bloody fray.

THE OFFICERS' CALL.

BALLAD OF THE UTE WAR, 1879.

THEY may talk of the tremulous music that steals o'er the
water at night,
How the waltz thrills the frame of the dancers who float
through a downpour of light,
Or the magical stir of the drum-beat that pulses the echo-
ing feet,
More yet of the voice of a mother when crooning a lullaby
sweet ;
Ah! sweeter by far was the music I heard in the lone
trumpet sound,
Sharply piercing the dawn of the morning while redskins
were prowling around.

Destruction awaiting, we lay there, cooped up in that hor-
rible place,
Undaunted and waiting whatever fate fortune might give
us to face.
Narrow there was the bound of our fortress, our riflepit
hastily made,
Nigh hopeless seemed pluck and endeavor, yet never a
man was afraid.
Even though in a twenty-fold number their host dared not
venture too near,
Nor charge or in darkness or sunlight, lest boldness might
cost them too dear.

Grew gloomy at moments the outlook, though not from the
force of the foe,
Less our rations were growing and hunger might force to
a desperate blow.

If Merritt came not with his forces to aid us ere famine
begun,
Starvation might weaken our bodies and thus would their
triumph be won.
Hasting off to Fort Trumbull for succor, five days had our
messenger gone,
Our food shrinking smaller and smaller—and so it wore
steadily on.

Thus wearily watching and waiting, at bay we lay there in
a ring,
The Utes swarming round us like hornets and now and
then showing a sting.
Once they fired the dead grass there to windward and
charged under cloak of the smoke,
But they hurriedly scurried to distance when our rifle
mouths angrily spoke ;
And they, having hope in their numbers, in groups past our
bullets they lay,
As a panther in wait in the forest, secure in the end of his
prey.

Though keenly they watched our encampment, they dared
not risk life by attack—
Made feints now and then of assaulting, but kept from our
sure rifles back ;
But they held not their leaguer in quiet, harassing by day
and by night,
And waylaid us when going for water—we won every drink
through a fight.
Their thought was to worry and weary, our strength and
our courage to drain ;
Our thought was our messenger absent and if he were cap-
tive or slain.

We posted, the last day we lay there, a trumpeter early at dawn
To answer the signal of Merritt, if Merritt should ever
come on,
When sweetly we heard in the distance, in musical cadence
and fall,
Like the voice of the Comforting Angel, the notes of the
Officers' Call,
Telling truly relief was approaching, all ready with bullet
and blade.
And our trumpet's reply and our cheering a rare flood of
harmony made.

We rose to our feet and we shouted, and louder and louder
in camp
The cheers that we gave as their horses came on with a dull,
steady tramp ;
But the Utes did not linger to hear it ; they mounted and
galloped away
At the very first blast of that trumpet, nor did we implore
them to stay ;
And nothing we asked of our comrades, but there, in the
hearing of all,
To sound once again on the trumpet the notes of the
Officers' Call.

NANCY HART.

HERE, under a tree in the meadow, I loll in my hammock
and read
Of deeds that were done by our women, when service was
matter of need ;

When we fought with the State of Great Britain, and
wrested our rights from its thrall,
And hunted its loyal defenders, and gave them to bayonet
and ball.

Of the dames and the damosels stately, who graces and
courtesy had,
Bedecked with their jewels and laces, in lustring or taffeta
clad,
Few scared at the terrible fever, or shrank from the fester-
ing wound,
And the patriot soldier in dying both comfort and tender-
ness found.

There were matrons and maidens more humble, in modest
log-cabins they dwelt,
Who, dressed in their gingham or linseys, as earnest a
sympathy felt ;
Who were ready as scouts, or as helpers, whenever the
need of them came ;
Who could skilfully handle the firelock, and draw a fine
bead on the game.

Among all these women of mettle, well-known to the
country-side then,
Whose quick-witted action in peril threw shame on the
dullness of men,
I single the Georgian Nancy, tall, supple, and iron of limb,
Called Hart from the name of her husband—but little they
tell us of him.

Hart sat in his cabin at noon-time, when one of his children
ran in,
And said: " Ther's six Tories a comin' ; an', daddy, you
git while you kin ! "

Nancy hurried him off to the cane-brake, his trusty old
rifle in hand—

“Have ready the men when I want 'em; I'll deal with this
pestilent band.”

With his men came the partisan leader; and “Howdy,
Mis' Hart,” was his speech;

“Yer man isn't home? I allowed not. I jedged he'd be
outen our reach.

The nex' time our luck mought be better.” Then added,
with sarcasm grim—

“I allow we'll take some of his victuals, so long as we
mayn't take him.”

“You're more free than welcome,” quoth Nancy; “but
better to beg than to steal;

And I never denied bread an' bacon to any one wantin' a
meal.”

So she went in a hurry to cooking, and then, when the
board had been spread—

“You men draw yer cheers to the table—the bait is all
ready,” she said.

A bountiful table was Nancy's; the bacon was done to a turn,
The biscuits the whitest and lightest, the butter just fresh
from the churn;

A pile, in the comb, of new honey, fried eggs, golden balls
in white rings,

And the juiciest venison collops—they thought it a banquet
for kings.

Their muskets they stacked at the entrance, and seated
themselves at the board,

While the hostess, attentive and silent, their rye-coffee care-
fully poured;

But, ere they had swallowed a morsel, away from the table
she sprang,
And, seizing a gun from the doorway, its butt brought to
the floor with a clang.

Cried the dame—"You are masterful soldiers, to camp the
wrong side of the door;
There's five of yer muskets behind me, but here is one mus-
ket before!"
"O come now, Mis' Hart!" whined the leader, "that's
loaded; so please put it down;
Don't you know that we're friends to the Congress? We've
all left the side of the Crown."

Nancy smiled, and she spake to her eldest—"Give dad
an' the neighbors a call;
The rats came for bait to the rat-trap, and here they are
caught, one and all."
Then sternly the musket she levelled—"Be silent, and tell
me no lies!
My forefinger rests on the trigger; the man who moves
for'ard, he dies!"

Plucky woman! rough-spoken and fearless, prompt, ear-
nest, with love of the land,
With hatred of those who'd enslave it, and bearing her life
in her hand—
She is dead; but her name paints a picture; an Amazon,
straight as a sword,
With six pallid Tories before her, doomed, shriftless, to die
by the cord.

THE LOVING THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

You think as she sits by the fire in her chair,
 To wrinkles her face is a prey ;
That lustre has fled from her beautiful eyes
 And her locks have grown soberly grey ;
That the footstep is feeble that once was so strong,
 And the fingers are shrunken and cold ;
There is nothing of youth but the sweet, sunny smile,
 And the loving that never grows old.

But here as I sit on the opposite side,
 Before me there come as I gaze,
The beauty and grace that enraptured my soul
 In the vigor of earlier days.
For the wrinkles and pallor are only a mask,
 And beneath it I readily see
The grace and the truth and the wonderful charms
 That made a fond captive of me.

I see the dear lips that were curved like a bow,
 The cheeks that were tinted with rose,
The eyes that grew dark when her spirit awoke,
 And lightened to blue in repose ;
And the long, silken lashes that modestly drooped,
 Concealing her happiness, when
I told her the tale that so oft has been told
 By the sons to the daughters of men.

Ah, me! through each change that our fortune has
 brought,
 How faithful she stood by my side!
In health or in sickness, in gladness or grief,
 The wife kept the vow of the bride.

And the branches that grew on the family tree,
Our children, and children of those,
Call her blessed and pray that her life may be long,
And with happiness filled to its close.

Though Time in his envy her beauty would mar,
Small changes his efforts have made,
For my heart and my memory look through my eyes
On a picture that never can fade.
The Present rolls off like the clouds from the sky,
The Past in bright colors appears,
And I see all the charms that attracted me first,
Clear and strong through the mask of the years.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

NEVER in the forest dun
Struggling hard to meet the sun,
Never standing prim and stark
In some old and royal park,
Never in the valley deep,
Never on the rocky steep,
Never on the grassy plain—
Speck upon the broad champaign—
Such a sight the eye might see
As our last year's Christmas-tree.

What its kind had bred debate—
'Twas a point of serious weight :
Some preferred the feathery pine,
Some the arbor vitæ fine,
Some the hemlock, some the fir,
Some the fragrant juniper,

Some the cedar melancholy ;
But at length we chose the holly,
Bringing that along to be
Nucleus of our Christmas-tree.

From the copse in triumph brought,
Into shape with patience wrought,
Here a straggling branch was lopped,
There a leaf decaying dropped,
Here a pendant twig was severed—
Well-considered, well-endeavored
Every alteration there—
Till it proudly stood and fair,
As all praised the symmetry
Of that well-formed Christmas-tree.

In the great hall next we placed it,
In a frame of wood we braced it ;
'Round its base the moss was strown,
Cunningly as there 't had grown ;
Flowers were there, too, not like Spring's,
Mere weak, artificial things,
Mocks of violet and rose ;
Yet no blooms could please like those,
As we set them, in our glee,
At the foot of the Christmas-tree.

Yet our tree kept growing there ;
Fruit its twigs were made to bear—
Oranges from La Habana,
From the isles the sweet banana.
Pears from California, limes
From the inter-tropic climes,
And, in all their red and gold,
Lady-apples of waxy mould,

Hung wherever one could be
Pendant from that Christmas-tree.

There were stranger things than these
On this wonderful of trees—
Skates for Rupert, furs for Milly,
Key of a chest of tools for Willy—
Chest that some time snugly lay
In the library hidden away—
Knitted hood for mamma, and
Smoking-cap for papa—grand!
Trimmed with gold braid gorgeously—
These and more on the Christmas-tree.

Tapers many, and all was done ;
But we lit them one by one
Just to see the effect, and then
Every light put out again ;
Then, with lingering glance and action,
Showing voiceless satisfaction,
Doors we locked, and slowly crept
Past where sound the children slept,
Though 'twas chance if they or we
Dreamed the most of the Christmas-tree.

When the Christmas eve had come,
Through the hall, to Willy's drum,
Marched we all with silent tongue,
And the door wide open flung ;
Screams of laughter, shouts of joy ;
Clapped their hands each girl and boy,
First a noise, then sudden pause,
For before us Santa Claus
Stood in well-furred jollity,
Guardian of his Christmas-tree.

Silent, laughing much within,
Handing gifts amid the din,
Stood the queer and odd and quaint
Jolly, red-nosed, bright-eyed saint.
White as snow his hair and beard,
And the youngsters, half-afear'd,
Would not go to him alone,
Until Willy, bolder grown—
Then a shout! Aunt Sybil! she
Is the saint of the Christmas-tree!

Oh, what laughter! Oh, what fun!
Off goes beard! disguise is done.
"Tought it was Aunt Sib, betause—"
To that speech we gave applause,
And, without a non-content,
Voted Willy eloquent;
And we shouted, and we chattered,
What each talked on little mattered,
But we all averred with glee,
'Twas a wondrous Christmas-tree.

DEAD.

THE golden sunflower droops to-day:
There shines no sun to which she may
Look up, and from the garden bed
Lift her rayed and stately head—
My love, my love is dead.

Though leaves be green, and brooks in tune,
And roses mark the month of June,

The brooks by bitter springs are fed,
The roses withered, leaves all shed—
My love, my love is dead.

The blue has vanished from the sky ;
The clouds are far, the clouds are nigh ;
No shadows fall—all dark instead ;
I wearily walk, with heavy tread—
My love, my love is dead.

My beard is white, my hair is grey ;
December takes the place of May ;
I grope along, a blind man, led
By memories sad ; my life is sped—
My love, my love is dead.

Blow out the light, and leave me here,
Pallid and cold upon the bier ;
A damsel fair to-day was wed ;
When that you say all else is said—
My love, my love is dead.

AT SEVENTY-TWO.

THE night is drawing near—the night of life ;
A tinge of green is o'er the arching blue ;
Passes both storm and sunshine, peace and strife ;
Deepen the shadows now of seventy-two.

Bright was the dawning of my early days ;
Tinted the skies by orange hues and red ;
Up rose the sun and with its brilliant rays
A glorious splendor on my pathway shed.

O'er hills, through valleys, was my destined way,
Now rising easily to the summits where
Hope showed my sight the goal that forward lay,
Now downward to some Valley of Despair.

Not always lonely. Came ere lifetime's noon
Another with me, and some others came ;
I thought kind Fortune gave her choicest boon ;
Now none remain at hand to bear my name.

Long ere the shadows lengthened from the west,
They at the wayside fell, and there they lay ;
I mourned, but stayed not ; steadily on I pressed—
'Twas mine to journey through my little day.

'Tis nearly over ; in this darkening hour,
While gloom and sorrow pierce the spirit through,
The limbs grow weak and lose their olden power ;
Weakness and darkness come at seventy-two.

Yet, though I lack the strength of morning time,
The pride of noon, here, in the evening still,
I hold as much as in my manhood's prime,
Unflinching purpose and unconquered will.

To pierce the dim beyond the power I lack ;
I turn to see behind a fitful light ;
The future, vague, uncertain—looking back,
By memory's glow the past of life grows bright.

There lie dead follies in the path I took ;
There lie dead joys that struggled long for life ;
There lie grand purposes which hope forsook ;
There lie the fragments of a noble strife.

And there—the one part living of my aim—
The good I did to others, ere I grew
To be heart-chilled by lust of gold and fame—
These meet my backward gaze at seventy-two.

McMANUS' COW.

I HAD roses a score an' pinks go leor,
An' daisies with goolden eyes,
An' hollyhocks tall an' violets small,
To my neighbor's great surprise.
My garden gate was stout as a wall;
It's nothin' but brish just now:
An' my beautiful garden's a howlin' waste,
Because of McManus' cow.
My roses an' pinks destroyed by the minx—
Bad luck to McManus' cow!

The four-legged brute has the mildest eyes,
An', augh! but she's innocent quite;
She chews her cud for the livelong day,
To choose something else at night.
When the day goes out, thin out goes she,
An' the neighbors all allow
No fince can howld an' no gate can bar
That same McManus' cow.
Without any fail she'd break out of jail—
Bad luck to McManus' cow!

You talk of a huntin' horse, bedad,
The hunter niver was born,
Though he had six legs instead of four,
That she wouldn't put to scorn.

You build up a wall that is six feet high
An' say, "I have barred her now;"
Whoop! she cocks her tail an' over she goes,
The vilyan, McManus' cow.
An' some night soon she'll go over the moon—
Bad luck to McManus' cow!

I bought in the shop a safety latch,
An' I fastened it on my gate;
Says I, "My lady, you're smart, I know,
But I'll bother you, sure as fate."
But she handles her horns as a gentleman does
His blackthorn in a row;
Be jabbers, she'd pick your pocket, I think,
This cute McManus' cow.
She's a murderin' baste, to say the laste—
Bad luck to McManus' cow!

Last night at tin I wint to my bed,
An' I purposed, or all were gone,
To gather some posies to pleasure my friends
Next mornin' at peep of dawn.
So early this mornin' out I wint;
An' you may believe me now,
The only posies that met my eye
Were tracks of McManus' cow.
All crushed were they, an' kilt they lay—
Bad luck to McManus' cow.

It's meself that was always a peaceful man,
An' niver disposed to strife,
An' Larry McManus an' I are friends,
An' his Bridget's the friend of my wife;
But I'll have that baste in the bars of the pound
Or I'm a day owlder, I vow;

An' a tax they'll lay of a dollar to pay
On the hide of McManus' cow.
That coorse I'll pursue, an' that's what I'll do—
Bad luck to McManus' cow!

OUR FIRST BABY.

DROP from a fountain unfailing!
Into the world here with wailing,
Come at the time of a crisis—
Flickering the light in his eyes is;
Flesh, of a putty consistence;
Eyebrows, of faintest existence;
Nose, just the slightest suspicion;
Body in limpest condition—
This is my boy, and a dear one:
Possibly so, but a queer one.
Had he been larger I'd rather;
Nevertheless, I'm a father.
Pride my whole spirit is filling;
Rapture my body is thrilling—
What makes him wiggle so? Stop him!
Look how he twists! You might drop him.

Gown, of the longest and whitest;
Lace, of the airiest and lightest;
Cap, which they tell me just suits his
Features, and socks on his "footsies";
Ribbons of blue tie his sleeves up—
Bless us! see here how he heaves up!
Surely the terrible glutton
Hasn't a paunch worth a button.

Nurse, take the fellow! he's drowned me!
Odor of fresh milk around me—
See! he has deluged my waistcoat,
Utterly ruined my best coat.
Yiouck! once again—goodness gracious!
That comes of being voracious.
Carry him off to his mother,
Tell her I don't want another.

Stay for a moment, for maybe
I may have been such a baby—
New-comer just such as this is,
Smothered by virginal kisses,
Full as admiringly dandled,
Fully as tenderly handled.
Wonder if he will—it might be—
Six feet and one in his height be;
Wonder if he there will marry—
Wonder if to him they'll carry,
Just such a baby as this is,
Smothered by young women's kisses,
Baby admiringly dandled,
Manikin tenderly handled;
Wonder—oh, stuff! let the thing go!
I am a father, by Jingo!

SASSIETY.

Who hasn't heard
The noisy word
And fight absurd
Which has occurred,
To shock this little town from its propriety;

The troubled way,
 Of Mesdames A,
 And B and J,
 And C and K,
Etcetera, all leaders in our best sassiety?

The question which
 The newly rich
 (Shoddy and "sich")
 So highly pitch,
It causes some of them a deep anxiety;
 How they may drop
 The former shop,
 And therefrom flop
 Unto the top—
The summit of the heaven of sassiety.

There's Mrs. Q,
 All angel through,
 And Mrs. M,
 Whom some condemn
As secretly a slave of inebriety;
 The ladies all
 At M's will call,
 But loudly bawl—
 "Q's! not at all;
They have not been admitted in sassiety."

The journals fill,
 As journals will,
 The scandal-mill
 With zeal until
Its product causes language of impiety,
 By Mrs. B,
 And Mrs. C,

And Mrs. D,
 And Mrs. Z—
 Each dame a foremost leader in sassiety.

If Mrs. X
 Our feelings vex,
 And souls perplex
 By nods and becks,
 About this violation of propriety,
 Shall writers then
 As pitying men
 Be censured when
 They sling a pen
 To soften down the trouble in sassiety?

What she may say,
 Sweet Mrs. A,
 How it may weigh
 With Mrs. J,
 Are questions after all that cause dubiety;
 Yet boldly I
 The theme will try,
 For Mrs. Y
 Says by and by
 She'll give me the *entree* to good sassiety.

How shall I deal
 So as to heal
 The woes I feel
 Affect the weal
 Of high-bred dames with dresses in variety;
 And how define,
 By words of mine,
 The rigid line
 That should confine—
 A broken-glass topped wall around sassiety?

What this obtains?
Good blood, or brains,
Or hard-won gains,
Or flattering trains,
Of sycophants who slaver to satiety?
A gentle birth,
Wide lands on earth,
Purse of huge girth,
Or honest worth,
Which should command the key to good sassiety?

The question great
Which here I state,
Needs no debate ;
For from this date,
My answer stops their donkeydernfooliety ;*
Let Mesdames B,
And C, and D,
And G, and P,
All come with me—
Where Avery Drycuss goes is good sassiety.

THE DEAD HAND.

I WAS a boy, a beardless stripling, then ;
And all odd men were heroes to my notion ;
So toward old Hamet, as the man of men,
I nursed a feeling bordering on devotion ;
The mystery hanging round him, in my eyes,
Served like a mist to magnify his size.

* It is not needed to explain this expressive word to the leaders of sassiety, who have all been suckled on liquid languages, and fed with etymological pap.

That he was rich was nothing ; at that age
Wealth does not captivate and dull the fancy ;
Nor did the fact he was reputed sage
Act on me with the power of necromancy ;
But 'twas the mystery of his origin
That served my worship of the man to win.

Among us he had come, and none knew why,
From some far home, perhaps, whence none discovered ;
Gaunt, pallid, silent, and with bearing high,
And over him that nameless something hovered,
That cloud impenetrable, dense, and dark,
Which baffles inquiry, and checks remark.

He bought the Beardsley place when Beardsley died,
Enlarged and beautified the stately dwelling,
Laid out a lawn in front, and on each side,
With lofty trees the noonday shade compelling,
And, with a troop of serfs to wait on him,
Lived there alone, stern, smileless, sad, and grim.

How he first came, or why, to notice me,
Who, socially, moved in another station,
Was hard to fathom, save it were that he
Was flattered by the earnest admiration
I showed at all he said, the few times when,
Scarce once a month, he deigned to mix with men.

So we two came to speaking terms at last,
And even to be companions in a fashion ;
And when the Rubicon between was passed,
And he had found my most controlling passion
Was love of books, he let me win my Rome,
And in his library find sway and home.

And then that grim and silent man unbent,
And told me tales of travel and of wonder,
Of life within the Bedouin's leathern tent,
The yellow, heated sky Arabian under,
Rides on the pampas, and beneath the trees
Of the great forests in the Indian seas.

But now and then amid the rushing flow
Of vivid words, he'd pause in the narration,
And sinking in his chair, would shrink as though
Of weight of woe some long accumulation,
Borne with a smiling face, but heart forlorn,
Had grown at length too grievous to be borne.

Reckless, boy-like, I asked him why he shrank,
What pulled him down so terribly and quickly;
A flash of pain passed o'er his features blank,
And came the answer huskily and thickly—
"No luxury, no wealth, remorse can drown;
There is a dead hand, boy, that pulls me down.

"There is a dead hand ever grasping me,
The dead hand of my early aspirations;
The ghost of what is not, yet was to be,
Dizzies my brain with meaningless gyrations;
To seek, not find; to win, not woo; all these
Make up the wine of life; I drink the lees."

He quickly rose, and sudden left the room,
And sought his chamber, while I sat there stunned;
We met no more in life; he nursed his gloom
Henceforth alone; companionship he shunned;
My words had bared some scar he fain would hide,
And ere a week the solitary died.

I was his heir, but why he made me so,
 I cannot fathom; 'tis to me a mystery;
 Whose was that "dead hand," who of us may know?
 Who learn the dark lines of his former history?
 None knew if it were lunacy, or sin,
 None knew his origin; none found his kin.

None knew if crime had marked his early days,
 Or if some faithless friend his trust deluded;
 If woman's falsehood which so surely slays
 Had with his love, his happiness concluded;
 Only in this the curious world grew wise—
 A dead hand dragged him down who hoped to rise.

THE QUARREL OF THE WHEELS.

I SAT within my wagon on a heated summer day,
 And watched my horse's flinging feet devour the dusty way,
 When suddenly a voice below shrieked out, it seemed to me—
 "You're bigger, but you cannot go one half so fast as we!"

I looked around, but no one there my straining vision
 caught;
 We were alone upon the road; I must have dreamed, I
 thought:
 Then almost at my feet I heard, distinct, a voice's sound—
 "You'll never overtake us, though you twice go o'er the
 ground!"

It puzzled me at first, but soon the fact upon me broke—
 The fore-wheels of the wagon had thus to the hind-wheels
 spoke.

I listened for the answer, and it came in accents low—
“You’re no farther now before us than you were an hour ago!”

I waited the rejoinder, but no farther answer came ;
The fore-wheels were too busy, and the hind-wheels were
the same ;
And though I strained my hearing much, depressing well
my head,
By fore-wheels or by hind-wheels not another word was
said.

The matter set me thinking how in life one often knows
Of bitter controversies with the words absurd as those ;
How many claim as merit what is after all but fate,
With success that others make for them exultingly elate.

Your wise and mighty statesman just before his fellow set,
Strives, as fore-wheel in the wagon, farther from the hind
to get ;
Rolls along in his complacence, as he thinks, to name and
fame,
To find, the journey ended, his position just the same.

The patient toiler struggles, but no inch beyond is gained ;
And he grumbles that, despite him, one position is main-
tained—
Not reflecting that the Owner who can everything control,
Bade him ever as the hindmost for a fitting purpose roll.

Still speeds along the wagon by the steady roadster drawn,
Till ends the weary journey, and the light of day has gone ;
And all the rivalries of men, the quiet thinker feels,
Are idle as the quarrels of the fore and hinder wheels.

HAUNTED.

OLD Martin Vail, the lord of many acres,
Fertile and rich, the country's wonder round,
A man who prospered in all undertakings,
Yet little comfort found—

He was not native to the place; a stranger;
And we know nothing of him, save his name;
But certain he was rich, the man had money,
And money's worth the same.

But with it all, there came at times a tremor
Over his neighbors, when his name they spoke;
For thirty years or more, one thing mysterious
Puzzled our country folk.

Where'er he walked, in forest, field, or highway,
At times he'd stop, and backward sudden look;
And then, as though some foeman were pursuing,
His form in terror shook.

What shape it was of memory or fancy
Which chased him thus, he ne'er to mortal told;
He gave no confidence, and brooked no question,
But passed on, stern and cold.

A good old man, they said, for all his coldness;
Stern in his manner. Who of that took heed,
When sick, or poor, or wretched ever found him
Their readiest friend at need?

Riches rained on him, howsoe'er he lavished,
That moved him not, the gaunt old man and grim ;
And, when at last he died, whate'er his secret,
That also died with him.

Some thought him mad, and others deemed him guilty
Of one sad error, or perchance a crime ;
And held some spectre of a wrong pursued him,
Done in his early time.

The good he did was speedily forgotten,
Even by those who felt his bounty most ;
And now the memory of his backward glances
Haunts all men, like a ghost.

A kindness shown seems written in the water ;
A fault of manner carved in solid rock ;
Our better deeds die out and quickly moulder ;
Our worst survive to shock.

But, ah! how many of us, poor, frail mortals,
Whate'er our state, are haunted, day by day,
By the grim ghost of some old wrong, or error,
We may not scare away!

How we would fain atone, and in repentance,
With earnest effort work some little good,
Yet cannot shun the phantom born of conscience,
However much we would.

With pallid face it dogs our weary footsteps,
With outstretched finger points whene'er we turn ;
And deep remorse lights torturing fire within us
To burn and burn and burn.

Ah! did we look before and not behind us,
And only on the future cast our gaze,
We might forget the phantoms vague that follow
Forever on our ways.

The Past is dead. There let it lie forever.
The Future lives. Let that be aim of ours.
The weeds behind us—let them fall and wither.
Before us grow the flowers.

THE CASTLE IN AIR.

THERE'S a ladder of ropes which some lovers ascend
When parents object to the wooing,
And a ladder of hopes, having no upper end,
Which we oftentimes mount to undoing.

There's a ladder of fame, which the bold love to climb,
Casting down looks of scorn on the humble;
And a ladder of life, with its base upon Time,
From whose top every mortal must tumble.

There's a ladder of wealth, and we have it in proof
That sometimes it is longer or shorter;
And a ladder that goes to a four-story roof,
By which laborers carry up mortar.

Now, I have a ladder with foot on the ground,
Whose top hid by clouds in the sky is;
My spirit, which frequently mounts the first round,
Not a step farther up ever rises.

I meant it to lead to my castle in air,
One of those called Chateaux en Espagne;
For I boasted—if ever I get a seat there,
Want, woe, and calumny, I ban ye!

There once was a ladder to heaven arose
For a patriarch; but I must make ob-
-ervation that angels climbed on it, which shows
Mine is not the Original Jacob's.

For mine has but imps perched upon it—a crew
That are not calculated to raise your
Good thoughts—they are spirits that some folks call blue,
But their color is darker than azure.

Ah, were it a ladder to heaven indeed,
Were its rounds made of true Christian virtues,
Hope, Charity, Faith would all stand me in need,
And my own time to mount I could there choose.

But humility aids me not here in my strait,
And sorrow my spirit so crushes,
That down by the foot of my ladder I wait,
Till my lost courage back to me rushes.

It is here! It is here! I am up! I am up!
Black clouds and white mists, I go by ye!
Fair Hebe the nectar presents in her cup!
Ye base carles of earth, I defy ye!

I am Count of Air Castle, of Fancy grandee;
My proud robe of state I have that on;
The chiefest of nobles doff bonnet to me,
As I stand by the king with my hat on.

Let down the portcullis! vile warder, keep out
 Old friends, who would bring me disaster;
 I ask not the visits of base rabble rout;
 Of the Castle in Air I am master.

VAMOS, JOHN!

JOHN CHINAMAN, my jo, John,
 You patient, pig-tailed cuss,
 Why did you come across the sea
 To interfere with us?
 Why did you leave the flowery land
 Where rice and tea plants grow,
 To vex the pious hoodlums' hearts,
 John Chinaman, my jo?

John Chinaman, my jo, John,
 It fairly curls my hair
 When I am told that you by Joss,
 And not by Jingo swear.
 And thus you are no Christian, John—
 The hoodlums tell us so—
 And much you shock their piety,
 John Chinaman, my jo.

John Chinaman, my jo, John,
 You still to Buddha cling,
 While the hoodlums go to church and pray,
 Which is a better thing.
 The sand-lot civilization, John,
 'Tis not your lot to know,
 Hence you're a poor barbarian,
 John Chinaman, my jo.

John Chinaman, my jo, John,
On our Pacific slope
They speak of you as most unclean—
The less they know of soap.
And they whose faces fertile crops
Of rare grog-blossoms grow,
Are shocked at such a leprous wretch,
John Chinaman, my jo.

John Chinaman, my jo, John,
When we a treaty made,
You should have known 'twas only done
For profit on your trade.
'Twas heads I win, and tails you lose,
With right to come and go,
But not to give such rights to you,
John Chinaman, my jo.

John Chinaman, my jo, John,
'Tis plain enough to me,
If dirtier you than hoodlums are,
Unclean you sure must be.
Your morals must be low, indeed,
If hoodlums think them so,
And therefore you git up and git,
John Chinaman, my jo.

THE MONEY-KING'S CHORUS.

BRING out a vise of iron strong,
With a screw of fraud and a lever of wrong
For the people suffering much and long,
As slaves to every faction ;

We'll squeeze the fools in spite of their shrieks
Till the tears roll down their pallid cheeks,
And their agony every fibre speaks,
And we'll call the thing—"Contraction."

Put down the lever! turn the screw!
Do they owe us a dollar? Put them through
A scheme to make that dollar two,
Nor let their struggles save 'em;
Rag money is a thing accurst—
We made the bubble—we'll make it burst;
But we'll get 'em in hot water first,
And then, by Jove! we'll shave 'em.

What matter if the grimy slaves
For the profit of money-getting knaves
Are daily hurried to wretched graves
By woe and need and famine—
What matter if wages shrink each day
While flour and beef at the old price stay,
So long as the rich their pockets may
Additional plunder cram in?

To live on what they do not earn
Is the wisdom bankers and brokers learn;
So give the screw another turn,
And squeeze the people thorough;
If the famished toiler lack for bread,
We'll give him a stone or two instead;
If he have no roof to cover his head,
Confound him! let him borrow.

His loud complaint is paltry fuss—
What are his woes and pains to us,
So long as feeling covetous
All love and pity smothers?

To kindness we bid farewell,
 Although our golden beads we tell,
 And pray—" Our Father who art in Hell,
 Give us the bread of others."

Screw long! Screw hard! and in the days
 The people, wakened from amaze,
 Our palaces to earth shall raze,
 And hunt us down like vermin;
 The wealth that from the mass we stole
 Abroad shall pleasant life control,
 At Botany Bay, or Symmes's Hole,
 As Satan shall determine.

THE IRON-CLAD.

MARK the molten metal roaring, in a lava-torrent pouring,
 From the outlet of the furnace to the sandy moulds below,
 And the gates that seem infernal, opening on a fire eternal,
 Where a thousand souls in anguish writhe and suffer in its
 glow;

See with faces hot and glowing, hither coming, thither going,
 Into firelight, into darkness, toilers hurrying to and fro:
 Those you see—a shallow gazing; nothing more before
 your eyes
 Than the dense heat and the toilers; there your vision lives
 —and dies.

These you see, and ends your seeing; but with me there
 spring to being
 Sights of doing, sounds material, in the blue and orange blaze.
 I behold the ships of war, the partly builded vessels swarthy,
 With their naked ribs of metal, resting grimly on the ways:

Hear each half-built frigate give its sound of hammer-
stroke on rivets,
Springing from the corded muscles of our modern Kuklopes,
Where the broad and busy ship-yards stretch along the
river-side,
On the sloping banks of Schuylkill, on the Hudson, and
the Clyde.

Now one frigate dons her armor—plates of steel, that none
may harm her ;
Now they launch her in the water, now they fit her for the
sea ;
Now they place her engines ponderous, in her centre, fash-
ioned wondrous ;
Now the screw, whose blades propel her wheresoe'er she
wills to be ;
Now her guns are ranged in order on her iron-guarded
border—
Thunder-toned to speak her anger when her wrath is flow-
ing free—
Thunder-toned to speak her anger, as from sea to sea she
sails,
Moving terror of the nations, mocker of the waves and
gales.

Looking in the depths cavernous of the fiercely raging fur-
nace,
I behold her as she cruises on the ocean far and wide,
Where the tempest howling round her, vainly striving to
confound her,
In its failure pays a tribute to her stoutness and her pride,
Where the waves that rise before her, soaring wrathful top-
ple o'er her,
Crushed to foam, to spray-drift scattered, impotently leave
her side ;

While the wooden navies nigh her shrink in terror at the ire
Of this daughter of the furnace, of this child of ore and
fire.

Then the foe, depending wrongly on the fortress builded
strongly,
Strive to stay the sable monster by the balls from cannons
vast—
From her iron side rebounding, with a clangor loud re-
sounding,
Merely pebbles at a giant by a babe in anger cast ;
But through water grimly speeding, balls and bursting shells
unheeding,
Moves the iron kraken proudly till the cannon-range is past ;
Then between the town and fortress she her terrible wrath
delivers
Till the stones to fragments crumble and the mighty bastion
shivers.

Now the vision changes quickly ; now the storm-clouds
gather thickly ;
Through the darkness of the tempest, on the iron-clad
careers ;
Neither waves to heaven aspiring, nor the raging wind
untiring,
Nor the huge swell of the ocean, nor the lightning-stroke
she fears.
Ha! a joint has sprung! She lurches! through the seam
the water searches!
In the white-fringed, seething billows, lo! the monster dis-
appears!
She has passed from sight forever, from the eager-straining
gaze ;
And my sight grows dimmer, dimmer, at the vision-blind-
ing blaze.

ALL DEAD.

THE room is cheerless, chill, and dark ;
One candle on the mantel placed,
Within the grate a smouldering spark—
Coal costs too much—want comes from waste.
Yonder the pallet woos my frame ;
But slumber from my eyes has fled,
And Peter Garnett—that's my name—
Sits, breathes, and yet the man is dead.

I'm ninety-two—but that's not old—
My hundredth year I yet might see ;
They say I only love my gold—
Why not? What else is left for me?
I had a wife and children twain,
Born ere my manhood had been sped :
I had a friend—ah, never again!
Wife, children, friend, they all are dead.

There was my wife—ah, let me see—
I married Mary Bond, you know ;
She died when I was thirty-three—
That's nearly sixty years ago.
Mary—a blessed name they say—
The Magdalen had it—we were wed—
How can one's self, one's self betray?
And yet she left me—she is dead.

A friend—I thought I had one gained,
In manner frank, in language fair ;
I learned that friendship might be feigned,
That words were only stricken air.

He was my idol—I had trust
In everything he did or said;
The idol shivered into dust
One day—he did it—he is dead.

And children—Nelly, at my knee,
So fair, so loving—could I fear
She might be ever lost to me,
Think on me less, be held less dear?
Her husband was a boor—a wretch;
The love she sought grew hate instead;
No child of hers survives to fetch
Her features back—and she is dead.

My son—a proper boy was John—
Made money—he was born to thrive;
Keen as his father—he is gone;
He died last year at sixty-five.
Riches were born of thrift and care;
My long life was his only dread;
And yet his father was his heir—
He never married; he is dead.

A wife! why, that's my store of gold;
A friend! long rows of houses tall;
My children! they're the lands I hold—
My riches have outlived them all.
I hoard—I have no heirs who'd strive
To clip the old man's slender thread;
The wealth around me is alive,
But he who scraped it up is dead.

Hark! what's that noise? I surely dozed.
Ah! there's some bonds not put away—

Palsied my limbs—yon chest not closed—
Some thief by chance this way might stray.
The fire is out, my hand is numb ;
The candle flickers—is that a tread?
Who's there? Speak, stranger! are you dumb?
Nothing. I cannot stir. All dead.

THE END OF IT ALL.

ALONE in this chamber, this low, naked room
Where the lamplight, low flickering, deepens the gloom,
This pallet of straw, and yon rickety chair,
This squalor that matches the wretch's despair,
Are things nicely fitted to want and disease—
My once vast possessions have shrunk into these.

And this is the end of a lifetime—yet, see!
A part of the past floats in shadow to me ;
The shadow takes form—metamorphosis strange!
The wretchedness round finds a marvellous change!
Boon comrades come back, and they bring as I lie
Sweet sounds to my ear, and bright lights to my eye.

Light, music, and flowers! How it sounds! how they glare!
Long-parted companions sit here and sit there.
Welcome each to his place! Fill each glass to the brim,
Hold it up to the light, and then drain it to him
Who started before me new paths to essay,
And died, just a twelvemonth ago to a day.

The best of good fellows, true, manly, and just,
Whose name is a memory, whose body is dust,

To the duty of friendship he ever was true,
He never fawned on me, nor flattered like you ;
He could censure my faults, at my vices could frown—
When he died, my last ship on life's ocean went down.

His birthday—ah, no! 'Tis the day a man dies,
Not the day of his birth, that is kept by the wise ;
For life is a prison with fetters and gloom,
And the doorway to freedom is found in the Tomb ;
And 'tis pleasant to know of the friends that we love,
That their death-hour below is their birth-hour above.

Fill again! fill again! while my voice chokes a sigh,
And the smile on my lip mocks the tear in my eye ;
Sweet the memory and sad, for the past years are seven
Since my Bonnibel left me one morning for heaven.
Sweet wife of my bosom, whose shape I recall—
Tears fall in the cup—'tis from rapture they fall.

Who says that I killed her? Alas, it is true—
Or was it my madness my comforter slew?
Though conscience still scourges with fetters and whips,
No word of reproach éver fell from her lips ;
But in that last moment, she lay on my breast,
Gave a smile, and forgave me, then passed to her rest.

How sparkles the wine in its amber-hued light! —
What folly! what madness! no revel to-night ;
In this bare, squalid chamber no banquet is spread,
No ribald oblation is poured for the dead ;
Around me lie scattered the wrecks of my years,
And I am alone with remorse, and these tears.

The death-throe that racked me my memory stirred ;
Fever-born were the songs and the laughter I heard ;

Those who fawned and who flattered and fed at my cost,
Left to never return when my fortune was lost ;
The penniless spendthrift lies here with no friend,
His life passed in revel—and this is the end.

MATTY RAINES.

ON that corner you look at a pawnbroker's sign,
On this at a palace of gin ;
Convenient conjunction, though somewhat malign—
Want and Sin.

And both do a fine, thriving business there,
And each helps the other to gains,
And she is a customer good to the pair—
Matty Raines.

'Tis Poverty avenue this, though it bears
Another less terrible name ;
But penury suffers and misery glares
All the same.

Looking there where the tumble-down tenements lean,
As though they intended to fall,
Where the children in rags, and unkempt and unclean,
Fight and squall ;

Where men, or those made in the image of man,
Though the pattern be somewhat awry,
Having lowered their manhood as much as they can,
Stagger by ;

Yon slatternly dame, with an ill-natured scowl,
And elbows akimbo, stands there,
Using words of abuse that will suit with the foul,
Murky air.

Some hastily pass her ; some stand there and scoff
At the passion that thrills her ; and one
Indignantly tells the old crone to be off,
Or be done.

Poor old Matty! her voice sinks in rage to a hiss—
Who, forty years since, would have thought
The gay-hearted girl to a thing vile as this
Could be brought?

She was pet of the village when I was a boy,
And so I remember her well ;
Her frowns would bring woe, and her smiles scatter joy
Where they fell.

Eyes of sapphire, long ringlets of gold, pearly skin,
Cheeks flushed with a delicate red—
The proudest such beauty might glory to win,
So they said.

All idle each thread of her story to seek ;
'Tis the same wretched tale that of old,
Where man had no scruple and woman was weak,
Has been told.

Few know of her now in the place of her birth ;
A mere dim tradition remains
That once in rare beauty there lived upon earth
Matty Raines.

And he who betrayed her? Respected by all,
Almost worshipped by kinsman and friend,
He placidly waits for the heavenly call
To his end.

A good man? Of course, for if language could paint
A picture with coloring free
Of a husband, a father, a patriot, a saint,
'Twould be he.

There is Matty; and there is the pawnbroker's sign,
And there is the palace of gin;
But he has escaped from those demons malign,
Want and Sin.

He waits for his rest from a duty well done;
He forgets about Matty, and yet
I feel in some doubt if the Pitying One
Will forget.

STORY OF THE MOUND.

FAR in the West, where the great rivers run,
Evermore crossing the path of the sun—
Far in the West, on the low, level lands,
Silent a mound in the solitude stands.

What is its history? Who can unfold,
Fathom its mystery, cloudy, untold?
No one has answered the problem of years—
Listen the story that fell on my ears.

Once in that region, long centuries since,
Dwelt there a people and reigned there a prince;

Sunk were that people in thraldom abhorred ;
Cruel that ruler as ever wore sword.

Gloomy in peace-time and joyous in strife,
Born lacking pity, and reckless of life,
Nothing whatever it mattered to him
What his thralls suffered to pleasure his whim.

Much he repined that his dwelling should stand
Scarcely above the mean cabins at hand—
Chafed that his palace no higher should be
Than the poor huts of the low in degree.

Therefore he summoned his serfs to the toil—
Emmets, an ant-hill to raise on the soil :
Quick they obeyed him in spite of their tears,
Heaping this mound by the labor of years.

When in his eyes of right size it appeared,
High on its summit a palace was reared—
Timbers unhewn, of adobe the wall ;
Yet 'twas a palace, and stately and tall.

“ Here,” he exclaimed, “ shall my greatness have room,
Palace while living, and after, my tomb ;
Monument this of my power and my pride,
Record of me and my glory beside.

“ Here when at last I have ended my reign
Evermore glorious this will remain ;
Here when my people have all passed away,
Firmly will stand this, my structure of clay.

“ When in the future they come to the place,
Seeking to learn of a long-perished race,

Though all tradition to teach them should fail,
Symbols here carven shall tell them the tale.

“Then will they wonder to know of my fame,
Silent and awe-struck will gaze at my name,
Speak of me humbly and reverent then,
As of the greatest of rulers of men.”

They, when he died (even princes expire),
Built him no tomb, and they raised him no pyre;
But, as he ordered, they buried him there
In this clay palace, and honored his heir.

Centuries passed, and some travellers came,
Gazed on the mound, but they knew not the name—
Name of its founder; the palace of clay
Time and the rain-storm had carried away.

Naught but the earth-mound remained, and they said:
“Break through the soil; 'tis some home for the dead;
Let us discover what there may be found—”
So with their mattocks they opened the mound.

Slabs of red sandstone they found; under those
Beads and stone hammers their labors disclose,
Fillet of copper, and sword, green with rust,
Bones that on meeting the air fell to dust.

As for the prince, of his name or his fame
Nothing was known by the strangers who came;
Little they marvelled at relics they found;
Only their wonder arose at the mound.

NOW I AM OLD.

THE silver threads are in my locks,
The wrinkles deepen in my face ;
Time deals me here its hardest knocks,
And three-score years come on apace.
I wonder much at Flitroffe's stride—
Two miles upon my muscles tell ;
A fact to mortify the pride
Of one who one time walked so well.
Feeble and friendless, lacking gold,
I wander dreamily and sad,
And yet I should be rather glad
That I am old.

For many troubles now I miss,
And many dangerous pleasures, too ;
No longer now delusive bliss
In youthful pleasures I pursue.
No longer now do fond mammas
To me their daughters' merits show ;
To ocean beaches, mountain spas,
No longer I am forced to go.
By sudden feeling rendered bold,
Maidens no more make eyes at me,
For well the laughing darlings see
That I am old.

No longer now with purpose rash
New enterprises I essay,
That merely end in loss of cash—
Those follies of a former day.
And now Nevada's silver mines,
Or Erie's fall and Central's rise,

Or lots upon improvement lines,
Have no attraction in my eyes.
My growing years have made me cold ;
I ponder long ere I engage ;
For caution best comports with age,
And I am old.

No more they ask me out, the boys,
To frolics lasting half the night,
Where drinking deeply breeds a noise,
And maudlin friendship ends in fight.
At home I take my quiet glass,
My wife and children sitting near ;
I let all fiery liquors pass,
Contented with my simple beer.
Oft of the revels I am told,
But not of headaches that remain ;
I care not for their joy and pain,
For I am old.

The politicians of the place
The gaping crowd electioneer,
And scatter, with unblushing face,
Smiles, bribes, and falsehood far and near.
I care not who are in or out,
If one shall win, another lose ;
Let knaves intrigue and noodles shout,
The devil will some day get his dues.
No plans to me they need unfold—
'Tis hard to teach old dogs new tricks,
And so I laugh at politics,
Now I am old.

Welcome the wrinkles ; hail the grey
That streaks the hair and tints the beard ;

To death these indicate the way—
 Death to be neither shunned nor feared.
 I've lived a rather stormy life,
 Have fought my way for many years,
 And welcome respite from the strife
 That shook me oft with hopes and fears.
 He rests in peace who sleeps in mould;
 And glad am I that to such rest
 My tottering footsteps are addressed,
 Now I am old.

 TAKING IT EASY.

I LAUGHED when Dora said she'd have me—
 My star of life seemed mounting high;
 My heart with joy ecstatic bounded—
 Why what a precious fool was I!
 And when she left me for another
 I heaved a most heart-breaking sigh,
 And tear-drops fell as big as bullets—
 Why what a precious fool was I
 To laugh when ill was hanging o'er
 And cry when fortune smiled once more.

I smiled when I was nominated
 For Congress, politicians by
 Who thought my pocket needed bleeding—
 Why what a precious fool was I!
 I frowned when after the election
 I found our party high and dry,
 And glared upon the other fellows—
 Why what a precious fool was I

To smile when frowns should scorn attest,
And frown when smiles became me best.

I sang aloud when wealth came pouring
Without sufficient reason why,
And spent it as I got it quickly—
Why what a precious fool was I!
I moaned when all my riches vanished,
And left me toil again to try,
And fretted much at my reverses—
Why what a precious fool was I
To sing when moans were just the thing,
And moan when I had cause to sing.

Now, white-haired bachelor and merry,
I laugh at hearing others sigh;
To sigh when sighs are useless only,
Why not that precious fool am I.
I smoke my pipe and sip my toddy,
My spirits neither low nor high;
Nor pain nor pleasure much excites me—
Not such a precious fool am I!
Wealth, women, politics—all these
I let alone, and take my ease.

THE RAGPICKER.

CROSSING the busy thoroughfare, to-day,
Picking my way along the muddy flags,
A wretched crone one moment barred my way—
Stooping to gather there some scattered rags
That in the kennel lay.

I was not moved just then by kindly grace,
And, angered at the stop, I curtly said :
"Come, come, good woman! Give us passers place!
Don't block the way!" At that she raised her head
And looked me in the face.

Her visage wan, with age and trouble seamed ;
Her form was doubled by the weight she bore ;
And strange impression o'er me faintly gleamed
That somewhere during life those eyes before
Had on me terribly beamed.

With trembling finger raised, she said aloud :
"You're rich and honored greatly, Hubert Leigh ;
And yet, for all you are so high and proud,
You once were ready to give place to me,
Head bent and body bowed."

Then from the darkness of her eyes there leapt
A light indignant, as her form she drew
To its full height and from me angry swept ;
While I, thrilled by the baleful glance she threw,
My way unsteady kept.

What story was there in those strange, wild eyes?
Where had I met them in some former state?
They brought the sight of tears, the sound of sighs,
A pang of woe, the shipwreck of a fate
Unhappy and unwise.

What time, if ever, was it that I knew
That wretched hag, in this life or the last?
Was pre-existence, as some tell us, true?
In some metempsychosis of the past
Had those eyes crossed my view?

Then woke my memory with a sudden start ;
The past unrolled before me like a scroll.
This was the weird of her who held my heart
In days gone by ; who was my other soul,
From which 'twas death to part.

Her frown was torture and her smile was bliss ;
I would have pledged existence on her truth ;
'Twas rapture even her garment's hem to kiss,
The idol worshipped in my earnest youth.
And had she fallen to this?

She spurned my humble suit, since I was poor—
I could not promise luxury with her life ;
So, crushing love, position to insure,
She sold herself to be a rich man's wife
And thought her state secure.

We parted, as we thought, forevermore ;
I found my love in gain, and wooed it well ;
Year after year I added to my store—
On my side of the fence each apple fell
The tree of Fortune bore.

Whate'er my fingers touched was turned to gold ;
Success became my lackey ; but success,
Though generating for me wealth untold,
Is not enough my desolate life to bless—
Now I am alone and old.

It comforts not, as here I walk along,
That she who stabbed my soul has sunk so low ;
I would I had not met her in the throng,
Reviving memories buried long ago,
Bringing to life my wrong.

A crowd out yonder. What the words they say?
"An old ragpicker, stooping, struck and killed
By a runaway horse." Still keeps the world its way;
Since last her glance my heart with anguish thrilled
'Tis forty years to-day.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

A SIMPLE TALE IN RHYME.

I.—WANT.

THAT Christmas Eve the wild storm wind smote hard the
window-panes,
Drew, pointing to the nor'-nor'east, the tips of weather-
vanes,
And tossed the snow in heaps and drifts through city
streets and lanes.

Then—when at length the tempest ceased and moonlight
came to crown
The roofs and chimney—wild with joy went people of the
town,
Save one, who from a casement high looked sadly, wearily
down.

The lights blazed in the crowded shops where all went
buzz and whirr;
With eager women and hurrying men the streets were all
astir;
For them the joy of coming joy, but want and woe for
her.

A dim light from a flickering lamp, in the stove a feeble
blaze ;
Neither could gloom from out the room, nor from her spirit
raise,
As thought went back on dreary track to past and better
days.

“ Ah, weary poverty ! ” she cried, “ with life continual
Lent ;
But little gained by constant toil, that little quickly spent
On scanty food and scantier clothes, and to feed the dragon
—Rent!

“ Just now the fatherless Barbara, my darling child and
sweet,
Robed in her little cotton gown, knelt praying at my feet—
It pierced my heart to hear her voice for a Christmas gift
entreat.

“ How hard the prattle of the child smote both on heart
and ear!
Her trustful hope that Santa Claus a doll would bring her
here—
And I to know no doll, no gift, her little heart would cheer!

“ The poorest child to-morrow morn will find some toy to
please ;
And she who in yon closet sleeps, when praying on her
knees,
Had faith. Ah, me! her Santa Claus sleeps far beneath the
seas.

“ How vivid rises memory of the year when she was born,
And how, as in her crib she lay one happy Christmas morn,
Her doting father trinkets brought the darling to adorn.

“ Three weary years have gone since he—the father—sailed
away ;
Two years ago the ship they spoke, somewhere in Baffin’s
Bay ;
That was the last e’er seen or heard of the whaler Ellen Grey.

“ And no one knows if the fierce pack-ice have crushed her
ribs of oak,
If her bones lie on some rocky reef, by battering billows
broke,
Or if she foundered in the sea, or burned with lightning
stroke.

“ ’Tis many a hundred years since He, the Son of Man,
was born,
Who wrapped Him in a form of flesh, and suffered hate
and scorn
To raise the lowly from the dust and comfort those forlorn.

“ Yet, spite of that, how many who for bread receive a stone ;
And some there be, both poor and proud, who hug their
want alone,
And die with pangs of hunger fierce, nor let their need be
known,

“ Who will not point to gaping wounds Samaritans pass by ;
And so it is in this world of ours, where most things go awry,
The clamorous gain whate’er they crave, the silent suffer
and die.

“ Ah! death is not the worst that may the wounded drudge
befall ;
Death comes alike to poor and rich and spreads o’er both
its pall ;
But death is only the road to life, and God is over all.

"A worse than death, this ill-paid toil, this struggle bread
to win.

To find as now that I have naught in basket or in bin—"
A smart rap sounded on the door, and she wearily said—
"Come in!"

II.—PLENTY.

Came in a rugged butcher boy, with more of strength than
grace,
A heavy basket on his arm, a grin upon his face,
That was so full of cheery fun, it seemed to light the place.

"There is a turkey, mum," he said, "the finest in the shop ;
Them's rattlin' cranberries in the box—the biggest in the
crop ;
There's chops, that sal'ry's a bo-kay—" Amazed, she
uttered, "Stop!

"I did not order these, my boy ; they are not meant for me ;
You're laboring under some mistake." "Well, I guess not,"
quoth he.

"See here, mum, you are Mrs. Grey, fourth floor, at forty-
three.

"Of course you are. Then them is yourn, and them there
goods'll stay—
I never make mistakes, I don't. There's nothin', mum, to
pay."
And then that ungrammatical boy downstairs went whist-
ling gay.

What generous hand it was that gave she could not even guess ;
Had she but dared to hope, her hope had fallen far short
of less.

And now she knew her words too weak her feelings to express.

"Such want before, and plenty now," she said, and dropped
a tear—

"God bless the giver, whoe'er it be, who sends this wel-
come cheer ;

But, ah! there are but two of us—if John were only here!"

Some lumbering steps upon the stairs, much knocking by
the way,

Two stout men entered, laden down, and naught they had
to say

Beyond, "Here are the groceries for Mrs. Ellen Grey."

"But who—but who—" she stammered forth, "who sent
these goods to me?"

"As stout and bluff a sailor, ma'am, as ever came from sea ;

'For Mrs. Grey,' was all he said, but he spent his money free."

Great packages the porters piled on table, chairs, and
floor—

A horn of plenty shaken out—till they could pile no more,
Then shouldering their hampers huge they vanished through
the door.

Through Nelly's brain there surged a wave of mingled hope
and dread—

What words were these that carelessly that night the man
had said—

Ah! could it be the cruel sea had given up its dead?

A gentle rap! With trembling hands she opened wide the
door ;

A woman there whose face and form she once had seen
before,

Who gazed with sweet and kindly smile upon the plenteous
store.

Emotion thrilled the visitor. "My name is Mrs. Cruise ;
We occupy a flat below—you surely can't refuse
A kind reception when I bring—but can you bear good
news?"

"My husband!" "He is in our room." One moment,
she was gone,
And Ellen heard a well-known step, as close her breath
was drawn ;
A strong man clasped her in his arms ; but all she said was—
"John!"

III.—BARBARA.

There seated with his wife on knee, the happy sailor said :
"We wonder much, we whalers do, why all you people dread
This little snow on ground below, and little cold o'erhead.

"Were they to make a voyage once within the Arctic seas,
What they esteem a blizzard here would seem a gentle
breeze—
I tell you, Nell, the weather there knows really how to
freeze.

"Your fire is scanty—even for you"—and here he awk-
ward laughed ;
"But cheer up, lass, we'll load ere long more coal upon this
craft,
And make all shipshape here and trim, and snug both fore
and aft.

"And why none heard a word from us—ay, ay! you want
to know ;
It seems to me as I sit here 'twas fifty years ago
Since we were locked up close and tight within that ugly
floe.

“Jammed in by ice-packs on the day we filled up, decks
and all,
And hardly room enough on board for men to pull and
haul,
And powerless there we saw the ice around us creep and
crawl.

“And thus we were for nigh two years, all frozen hard and
fast,
Nothing to see on every side beyond the ice-field vast,
And weary life through dreary days continual we passed.

“Not altogether dull the time; we frequent hunted seals
Coming to holes in ice for air; we were not scant of
meals;
But, oh! how homesick in such plights the weary mariner
feels!

“At length the great floe broke in twain upon an autumn
day;
It broke in twain just at the place where our stout vessel
lay—
I tell you he was a master-hand that built the Ellen Grey!

“What time I had the vessel launched, and called her after
you,
I knew the name would be a spell to keep her staunch and
true:
And oft amid that waste I thought of Barbara and you.

“And so when Salem’s wharves I reached and found you
gone away,
I let the mate the cargo break; I did not stop or stay,
But sought New York and only found the place you lived
to-day.”

“But what is in that package, John?” He opened it and smiled;
“I bought a doll for Barbara.” “For Barbara! She’ll be wild!
She prayed for one from Santa Claus.” “She did! Where is the child?”

Faint creak of hinges and a step, scarce heard, upon the floor;
They gazed upon the picture framed in that half-open door—
A blue-eyed, barefoot child, whose locks fell neck and shoulders o’er.

The father rose, with doll in hand, as she in gladness cries,
With joy of fruited hope that fills her eager gazing eyes—
“It’s Santa Claus, an’ there’s my doll!” then stands in shy surprise.

“How do you know me, Barbara?” her father asked.
“Ah! there!
I know you by the great fur cap that lies upon the chair,
An’ that fur coat—you beau’ful doll! an’ all that beard
an’ hair!”

The seaman caught his little child in rapture to his heart.
“Your father, dear,” the mother said, while happy tear-drops start.
“Your father, back from icy seas, to never from us part!”

THE KITCHEN QUARREL.

A DOMESTIC APOLOGUE.

SAID the Poker at the jamb to the Kettle on the hob—

“Idle thing!

While I labor at my hot and grimy job

You do nothing more than sit content and sing.

While with fiery coals I battle

There your lid you gaily rattle ;

Or you go to sleep and dream,

With your nostrils breathing steam.

Pleasant work is all you do—

Ah! if I were only you!

But in this degenerate day

Merit never wins its way ;

Hence you queen it, while a quiet drudge I am ;

But I'll strike, if I like!”

Said the discontented Poker at the jamb

Said the Kettle on the hob to the Poker at the jamb—

“Crusty thing!

While engaged in boiling busily I am,

Or, to give them warning, cheerily I sing ;

While I clatter, hiss, or bubble,

Never grudging time or trouble,

There you idle stand and wait,

Lazy, sullen, stiff and straight ;

Or, if in the embers thrust,

Ashes scattering and dust

All above, around, below,

Showing, plain as steel can show,

Neither willingness nor pleasure in the job ;
 You may strike, if you like !”
Said the pert and noisy Kettle on the hob.

Said the Mantel-shelf above to the jarring twain below—
 “Silly pair!

Do you really fancy, when you quarrel so,
 That the people either notice you or care?
 If, your duty close pursuing,
 You your talking left for doing,
 Had no envy, each for each,
 Some content at least you'd reach.
 Go to work, and with a will ;
 You have each his place to fill ;
 Yours, the Poker, is to toil
 That the Kettle quicker boil ;
Yours, the Kettle, is to bear a heating sore,
 Not to strike if you like !”
Said the Mantel-shelf, and then it said no more.

Then the Poker at the jamb and the Kettle on the hob
 Lost their ire,

Though the Kettle gave a short, convulsive sob
 As it shook itself and settled on the fire.
 With the coals the Poker wrestled
 Till the Kettle lower nestled,
 And its spite forgotten soon,
 Hummed the first notes of a tune.
 Working all into a glow,
 There the Poker stirred below ;
 'Gainst the bars it beat and rang
 Till the Kettle chirped and sang ;
And the goodwife said : “This is a sight to please!
 Let them say what they may,
Never was there in a kitchen such as these !”

ODE

(NOW PAID)

TO AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

OH! patient turner of the crank harmonic!
Ixion thou of never-ending airs!
Foe to chromatic scales and diatonic!
Indifferent to curses, deaf to prayers,
I note thee, standing on the cobble-stones,
Remorseless mangling tones and semi-tones,

Baking our *Do* and giving *Fa* a fall,
Attacking *Mi* and violating *La*,
Dispersing every *Re* and clouding *Sol*,
Stirring the *Si* with brown Italian paw;
Minstrel of Italy, mechanic Mario!
Of the street-opera sole *empressario*.

Some let their wrathful words upon thee thunder,
Bidding thee take thine organ "out of that,"
And take thyself their window-ledge from under,
And will not drop one kreuzer in thy hat—
Nay, some, to scare thee quicker from the street,
Call loud for the policeman on the beat.

But I indulge not in such verbal waste—
I have a pewter shilling, which is thine;
So take thy time—grind on—I'm not in haste,
And the policeman has gone home to dine.
(Perhaps in that I'm wrong—he may be closer—he
Is very much given to yonder corner grocery.)

Why dost thou vex the air with those rude sounds?
Hast thou a spite against the human race?
Has thy soul suffered from the many wounds
Given it by men of wealth and power and place?
Hast thou some rival slain and, under locks,
Fastened his wailing spirit in the box?

Wert thou a noble in thy land so sunny,
Who did some wrong to Ghibelline or Guelph?
And dost thou wander daily, less for money
Than as a punishment upon thyself?
Or toilest thou from love of gain unholy,
Pouring out discord for the coppers solely?

Cowper, the poet, though all debt despising,
Oh'd for a lodge in some vast wilderness;
Had he heard thee thus dole thy strains surprising,
He would have owed for twenty—more or less—
Ay, would have, that his hearing might be less hurt,
Voted himself a farm far in the desert.

Poor Robinson Crusoe, at his fortune grumbling,
Cast on an island far from friends and kin,
Were he, escaped, to hear this squealing, rumbling,
Tune-mangling, jangling, squeaking, shrieking din,
Would stand aghast, and hail the day a high day
Which bore him back to parrots and Man Friday.

Still turns the crank! Well, Job was patient—very!
Furunculi (um! boils) and loss of kine,
Camels and sheep and lands hereditary—
All these he felt, but not this woe of mine.
Smitten he was with many woes, good lack!
But then his ears were never on the rack.

Though Mistress Job henpecked him, and Eliphaz
Tormented him, he never thought to wince ;
Careless of taunts from friends and such a wife as
Some few had had before, and others since.
But wert thou there thy music-mill to grind,
Then Job had been no model for mankind.

Oh! sweet Italian! wilt thou not have pity?
Thou hast been torturing me an hour or more—
Hence to some other spot within the city!
Shoulder thine organ and depart my door!
Now, this is *too* much! Lo! another comes!
Is there no respite for our aural drums?

And not at all deterred this seems to be
Because a rival on the spot has been :
Round goes the crank, and—fearful sight to see!
He has a woman with a tambourine,
Who leads a little monkey by a string,
And, mercy on us! she's about to sing!

POMPEY. THE FIDDLER.

AND so, my black and shining fiddler,
You're sitting by yourself alone,
As still and quiet as a statue
By sculptor wrought from ebon stone.
You nothing know of this same riddle
Which puts all thinking men in pain ;
So rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And play us " Money Musk " again.

There was a time, my dark musician,
When statesmen only ruled the land,
And men were spurned who strove to meddle
With things they could not understand.
The times have changed—there lies the riddle
Which many seek to solve in vain ;
Then rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And play us " Money Musk " again.

There was a time when good men only
Could high positions hope to win,
When men of courtesy held office ;
Now, Holt and Stanton both are in.
Are people dogs? That is a riddle
Which, Pompey, you can not explain ;
So rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And give us " Money Musk " again.

There was a time the Constitution
Was held to be the law supreme ;
That men in power would trample on it
We did not even dare to dream.
They do it, though ; and that's a riddle
That serves to rack the coolest brain ;
But rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And play us " Money Musk " again.

There was a time when by the ballot,
And not by bayonets, rulers came ;
Who in those days would strive for honors,
By force or fraud, would come to shame.
Cowards are tyrants. That's no riddle ;
A statement only, true and plain ;
So rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And play us " Money Musk " again.

There was a time when law was potent,
And tyrants by the land abhorred;
Now shoulder-straps replace the ermine,
And judges bow before the sword.
Has God—and that's a startling riddle—
Sent civil war as Freedom's bane?
Bah! rosin your bow and tune your fiddle,
And play us "Money Musk" again.

THE HUNDREDTH YEAR.

THE grandeur of Old England,
What time in olden days
She had not sunk her dominance
In money-getting ways—
The glory of the land of France
Before, by pride and sin,
That royal-tiger heart of hers
The cancer entered in—
The honest heart of Germany,
Ere lust of land and power
Brought peril to the unity,
The fungus of an hour—
The dauntless pluck of Ireland
That held it undismayed
Till discord and the bigot's hate
The land to shame betrayed—
The stately chivalry of Spain,
Ere shameless women came
To fill with rottenness the realm,
And smirch its name and fame—

All these and more than these be thine,
Our country near and dear,
To add new honor to the land,
In this, thy hundredth year.

Alas! the purpose sordid
That pulls Old England down,
That sinks the peasant lower yet,
And tarnishes the crown—
The pride and sins that France degrade;
(Some sins too foul to speak)
That taint the body-politic,
And make the spirit weak—
The lust of sway and greed of soil
That lets no neighbor rest,
And fills the heart of Germany
With eagerness unblest—
The hate of warring sectaries,
The avarice mean and low,
That sold the country's life for gold,
And Ireland brought to woe—
The lust, the falsehood and intrigue
By woman vile and vain,
The wiles of politicians base
That wrought the fall of Spain—
All these, and even more than these,
Find ready lodgment here,
And with their poison fill thy veins
In this, thy hundredth year.

Arouse from sleep our country,
And purge thyself to-day;
From the seething caldron of thy life
Cast scum and froth away;
The robbers who assume to rule,
And make thy chiefest woes,

Whose actions taint thy history,
 With vengeful hand depose ;
 Ere they may cover thee and thine
 With universal scorn,
 Make them to rue with grief and shame
 The hour when they were born ;
 Drive hence the money-buccaneers,
 Combined with purpose fell,
 Whose god is greed, whose heaven is gain,
 Whose faith is born of hell ;
 The sense of duty, keen and strong,
 That marked our sires, restore ;
 Truth, firmness, honesty, and right
 Bring to the front once more :
 Do this, and so disperse the cloud
 Stooping so darkly near,
 Or feel thy sure decay begun
 In this, thy hundredth year.

 MONTGOMERY AT QUEBEC.

“Victor I will remain,
 Or on the earth be slain :
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.”
 DAVYON'S “AGINCOURT.”

SPAKE the old soldier there,
 He with the silver hair,
 When his granddaughter fair
 Asked with eyes glistening,
 How 'twas Montgomery died,
 And his arm-chair beside,
 Open-mouthed, staring-eyed,
 Stood her boys listening.

“ Ah! I remember well,
How in the fight he fell;
Memory the tale to tell
 Little I miss in age—
I, though a stripling then,
Serving as one of ten
Poorly armed minute-men
 Raised in the vicinage.

“ Keeping our heart and eyes
Fixed on our enterprise,
Ready to sacrifice
 Ease or life willingly,
Famished and woe-begone,
Marching at peep o' dawn,
Where the storm sweeping on
 Smote our forms chillingly.

“ Then ere the morning light
Climbing the rocky height,
Feeling no dastard fright
 At their outnumbering,
Ranged on the plain we stood,
Near where in watchful mood—
Grim was their quietude—
 Foemen unslumbering.

“ Idle our work and sad,
With the poor tools we had—
Six-pounders old and bad,
 Iron pellets scattering;
Vainly our weak attack
Fell on the ramparts black;
Fierce came their volleys back,
 Riving and shattering.

“ Sternly our leader calls :
‘ Useless the cannon-balls !
Forward to scale the walls !
Follow me steadily !’
Then to the Prescott Gate,
Where the foe lay in wait,
Pressing to meet our fate,
On we swept readily.

“ Soon through the driving snow
Saw we a block-house low,
Seeming in fog to flow,
Ghost-like and quivering,
Whence the foe, roused to ire,
Poured forth their battle-fire,
Bearing destruction dire,
Death-bolts delivering.

“ Down fell our leader then,
Never to rise again ;
Lost was the battle when
He lost control of it :
All that we would have done,
All that we might have won,
Shrunk to a skeleton ;
Fled was the soul of it !”

Then the granddaughter said,
Bowing in grief her head,
While the quick tears she shed
Coursed her cheeks mournfully :
“ Ah ! that in all his pride
Thus the young hero died !”
But the old soldier cried,
Sternly and scornfully :

“ Weep not for him to-day!
Better thus pass away
Than a base part to play
Here in life's mummery.
Better when duty calls
Fall as a hero falls,
As at the city walls
Fell our Montgomery!”

THE DISPUTE OF THE HAMMERS.

WHILE the bellows roared I listened, as the hammer-clink
and clang,
In their triple-measured metre, on the sullen anvil rang ;
And I heard amid the clamor, disputation which, of two,
Was the foremost in position, and had power the most to do.

Quoth the great sledge-hammer, gruffly—“ You esteem me
dull and coarse ;
What would be the skill you boast of, if you lacked my
power and force ?
But for blows I strike incessant, in a ponderous, steady
storm,
With your vaunted skilful labor, you would shape no use-
ful form.”

Said the little hammer, pertly—“ Give your idle boasting o'er ;
In our craft I do the shaping, you the pounding—nothing
more.
But for me the iron were shapeless under useless blows
you rain ;
Yours the aimless work of muscle ; mine the thoughtful
work of brain.”

So they wrangled till the anvil, lying patient, dull and black,
To the boasting of the hammers, sullen muttered answer back—
“Ye are neither one the better, since to all the truth is plain:
Brain must ever call on muscle; muscle be in debt to brain.”

As it spoke I left the stithy, but a lesson thence I bore,
And it filled me with a knowledge I had never had before;
'Twas the anvil's words dogmatic forced my mind to understand
How complete was this connection of the work of brain
and hand.

For the farmer with his acres, and the workman with his tools,
Have as much to use their reason as the bookmen of the schools;
And the thinker in his closet who consumes the midnight oil,
Like the farmer and mechanic, has to win his way by toil.

One is weak without the other; with each other both are strong;
Dwarfs apart, together giants, potent foes to fraud and wrong;
Hand in hand I see them marching through the coming golden years,
Rivals never, true companions, in their state and station peers.

AFTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

APRIL 30, 1889.

DAY when these States came together,
Never to sever and part,
Greet it with hand-grasp and welcome,
Greet it with gladness of heart ;
Day when our dear mother country
Wedded her freedom to law,
Greet it with waving of banners,
Greet it with joyous hurrah ;
Day of a union grown stronger
After this hundred of years,
Greet it with pageant and feasting,
Greet it with music and cheers.

Deft were the hands of the founders
After the war had been fought ;
Matchless the patience and foresight
Shown in the work which they wrought ;
Theirs was a care for the future
Marvellous growth of the land,
Founding the house on the bed rock,
Not on the movable sand ;
Theirs was the practical wisdom,
Flexible making their plan—
That which was made for the infant
Fitting itself to the man.

What if the wiseacres round us
Tell us the fabric must fall,
Honeycombed through with corruption,
Piercing and rotting all?

What if they say party madness,
 Sapping the strength of the frame,
Makes us the prey of the vilest,
 Freemen alone in the name?
What if these prophets of ruin
 Say we shall go like the rest,
Sink like the olden republics,
 We, the free States of the West?

Greed and corruption! Why, these are
 Growing as rankly elsewhere;
Must not exuberant vigor
 Breed of such vices a share?
That shall not hamper our future
 Which has not hindered the past;
Ballots, if handled by freemen,
 Slay, when at parasites cast.
'Tis the mere scum on the caldron
 Forced to the top by the heat;
Lieth the great mass beneath it,
 Limpid and sparkling and sweet.

Party! Ah, woe to that country,
 Land where no citizen cares
Who may ascend to the summit,
 Who have control of affairs;
Better the rivulet's brawling
 Than the dull pool and its scum;
Better the noisy complaining
 Than the conspiracy dumb.
Clearing the water by motion,
 Letting in light of the sun,
Partisan strife is the streamlet—
 Long may it noisily run.

Faults has the land that we live in—
 So all her foemen agree ;
 Blind to her freedom and virtues,
 Blind let these slanderers be.
 But the broad blaze of her glory
 Proudly each one of us sees
 Here, while the flag of the rainbow
 Ripples its stripes in the breeze ;
 Here, while the strong living torrent
 Pours in a flood through the street ;
 Here, while to heart-throb and drum-beat
 March the ten thousands of feet.

So to thy twice golden wedding,
 Dear mother country of ours,
 Come we with music and feasting,
 Come with the leaves and the flowers.
 Seated as equals at table,
 Under one roof-tree secure,
 Here are the high-bred and lowly,
 Here are the rich and the poor ;
 Here with the lights and the laughter,
 Here with the music and wine—
 Each is the peer of his neighbor,
 All are true children of thine.

CONTENT.

OF all the riches great
 Which men accumulate,
 Or gold, or jewels rare,
 Or acres broad and fair,

One treasure far surpasses
The heap which greed amasses ;
Surest our needs to meet,
And make our life complete,
Safer than bonds or rent—
The gem they call Content.

If that be in his keep,
A man may dreamless sleep,
Quiet his days and nights ;
No care his soul affrights ;
No worriment perplexes ;
No vain ambition vexes ;
Who drops or holds the crown,
Which side is up or down,
Is scarcely an event,
And mars not his Content.

The peat-hut on the shore
Of rocky Labrador,
Or cabin rude, which stands
Upon the bottom lands
Somewhere in Western valleys—
In either is a palace
Fair built and furnished well ;
And, should he in it dwell,
It glows magnificent,
Gilded by his Content.

They do not vex his eye,
The rich who pass him by ;
Their coaches past him roll,
But trouble not his soul ;
Not his the loud complaint is
That others feed on dainties,

While on his board are spread
 His frugal cheese and bread ;
 For fate to him has sent
 Its richest sauce, Content.

Ah! happy is his lot
 Who others envies not,
 Who never is opprest
 By longing or unrest ;
 But, still his duty doing,
 His even way pursuing,
 Bears patiently what load
 Is his upon the road,
 And, after life well spent,
 Meets death with calm Content.

THE STRIFE OF BROTHERS.

*Occasional Poem. Written for and read at the celebration at
 Park Hall, Newark, July 4, 1879.*

OUR people and our town do not belong
 To a past age in history, art, or song.
 There are no relics here for later man
 To touch with wonder or with awe to scan ;
 Here through no gloomy crypt nor trackless street,
 The traveller wanders with uncertain feet ;
 No lizard frolics here on moss-grown stones ;
 No morning breeze through splintered columns moans ;
 No crumbling fanes betray where ages past
 To fabled gods rich offerings were cast ;
 No shapeless ruins to the eye appear—
 Nor Thebes, nor Tadmora, nor Palmyra here.

Nor is it of that modern outgrowth where,
Packed in close dens, men's breaths pollute the air,
Where moored in safety to the piers and slips,
Rise on the tide and fall a thousand ships;
Within whose harbor, hurrying to and fro,
On tireless wheels a hundred steamers go;
Where in each warehouse, crammed from roof to floor,
The choicest goods of every clime they store;
Within whose streets, vast human rivers those,
A surging current ever ebbs and flows;
Where Wealth and Poverty walk side by side,
And Wrong beards Right, nor strives its face to hide;
But a live city where the workers come
To fill each human hive with buzz and hum;
City where Industry takes highest state,
Where Skill weds Labor, and where both create;
An inland city where, with Honest Gain,
Patience and Enterprise combine to reign;
A noble city of sublime unrest,
Imperial workshop of the busy West,
Whose trust within her industry is placed,
Whose coming greatness on her labor based.
Science shall bridge her rivers: on the land
Modes of swift transit show on every hand;
Her streets shall lengthen and her borders swell,
And countless thousands in her limits dwell;
Here Art its choicest masterpiece create,
Here Toil grow noble and the People great;
Here Piety its votive fanes shall raise
Where even Greed may pause to pray and praise;
No wrong or wretchedness be with us then,
All men be honest—even if Aldermen;
And this through work: the city pauses not
For other methods; eager, fierce, and hot
To win most wealth before that certain hour

When her, like others, Ruin shall devour,
She has no time to spare for sentiment,
Her vision solely on the muck-rake bent,
And not the crown above. And yet, to-day,
Manhood and age as well as children play ;
The hammer-clink, the whirring of the mill,
All sounds of labor for the time are still ;
Faces around us lose all trace of care,
Flags kiss the breeze and music thrills the air ;
Smoothed are the wrinkles on each knitted brow—
Greed for another day, but gladness now.

Some powerful cause for this beneath must lie ;
Listen my story : that shall tell you why.

Once in Argeia, in the olden day,
Four brothers were, whose mystic names, they say,
Born of the musical Hellenic speech,
Clearly conveyed the origin of each.
Arktos had lands and ships, and wealth untold ;
Zochos had flocks and herds, and mines of gold ;
Notos grew plants whose fibres Eos wove,
And one by growing, one by weaving, throve.
Much the four prospered ; wide on either hand
Spread their possessions till they held the land.
Now, whether it were jealousy or greed,
If wives made strife or Zeus had so decreed,
It boots not ; little now is known to men
How first the feud was made, or why, or when—
They bickered first, each on each other prest,
Then Notos fiercely warred with all the rest.
Brave as he was, they, too, had come of stock
Whose force was whirlwind and whose firmness rock ;
And to their triple power compelled to yield,
Notos, o'ercome, lay prone upon the field.
His brothers raised him where he prostrate lay,
And bound his wounds ; but in contemptuous way,

Mingling their taunts with his defiant speech,
Till hatred festered in the heart of each.
Friends would have reconciled the foes ; but they
Drove intercessors angrily away,
And by their wrath gave promise to all men
The brothers ne'er would brothers be again.
And yet, even while the world around them said
All old-time fondness of the four was dead,
Astounding change! each tender in his mood,
In all men's sight warm friends the brothers stood ;
Kind looks, kind words, and kinder deeds replaced
The savage hate that erst their lives disgraced,
And stronger burned the new rekindled flame
Than that which through their birth and kinship came.
"How came this change about?" the question rose ;
"What made you friends to-day who late were foes?"
"The birthday of our mother," Arkto said,
"To honor that we four were hither led ;
And hate expires and angry passions rest
When meet true men who suckled at one breast.
Within our veins the blood she gave us runs ;
Her gentle spirit smiles upon her sons ;
And, coming thus to fitly honor her,
We feel our hearts with tender memories stir.
Our strife is dead ; we urn its ashes here
Upon the birthday of our mother dear ;
Whate'er the past, the future shall be free."
As did those Argive brothers, so do we :
Our mother is our country! Whatsoe'er
Has rankled in our hearts from thence we tear,
Bid the dead past bury its dead ; true man
Can in the patriot sink the partisan.
Pride, passion, greed, the party spirit strong,
The fancied grievance and the real wrong,
The petty feelings that in man arise—

All these we on the altar sacrifice,
And here, as in a temple, hand in hand,
Heart linked to heart, true friends and kinsfolk stand.

'Tis honest pride of race bids us rejoice,
For history seeks in no uncertain voice
What part our fathers in the struggle took
When England's empire at our cannon shook.
They scorn our State, or they affect to scorn,
Some few of those beyond our borders born ;
Sneer at the unbroken faith our annals show
Kept in our dealing with both friend and foe ;
Contemn the thrift and skill that made our sands
Of greater value than their fertile lands ;
Decry our justice as too harsh because
On rich or poor impartial fall our laws.
So let them ; but even they dare not refuse
Tribute of honor to our Jersey Blues
Who in the past, on every battle-plain
From Maine to Georgia, poured their blood like rain.
They cannot blot the record out that shows
The well-known words round which a halo glows.
There flows Assanpink ; yonder, Monmouth's plain
Spreads green before us, fertile with its slain ;
There Trenton rises, where our fortune first
Turned to the flood, when at its ebb the worst ;
There Princeton, too, whose college folk may see
Where startled Britons took their first degree ;
There is the Tory block-house on the ridge,
There Paulus Hoek, Red Bank, and Quinton's Bridge,
And all combine to keep her laurels green
Who did her duty to the old Thirteen,
And who has stood, through sunshine and through storm,
True to the Union that she helped to form.

O grand old State! land of our fathers! there
The very skies seem bluer than elsewhere,

The trees far greener, and a tenderer grey
On the mossed rocks where noontide shadows play ;
The faults (and those there are) that mark thy race
A thousand virtues balance and efface.
Thou hast kept well the plain and honest way
And homely wisdom of thy early day ;
Held evermore thy courts of justice pure ;
And, slow in step, yet made thy progress sure.
Less showy than thy neighbors, not less proud,
No wrong in thee with shame thy people bowed ;
And while grass grows, and while the water runs,
Where'er their wandering footsteps fall, thy sons,
Living, thy champions true and staunch shall be,
And, dying, turn their fondest thoughts to thee!

THE IRISH FAMINE.

*Occasional Lines. Written, and read before the citizens of Newark,
March 17, 1880, at the Irish Aid Entertainment.*

THIS is our country—though there courses through
My arteries Irish blood, *my* country, too :
A land that gives her children equal voice
If they be sons by accident or choice ;
A land whose laws permit the men of toil
To own in fee, as well as till the soil ;
A land, however fierce for gain she press,
Feels her heart melt at other lands' distress.
If, since I knew so well her real worth,
I held her dearest of all lands of earth,
And prized my birthright as a rarer gem
Than glitters on a monarch's diadem,

Even while I censured faults, how more to-day
Should I, her son, my filial homage pay ?
The wolf of want has left the poor man's door :
Full-handed Plenty scatters golden store ;
His task again the busy craftsman plies ;
Again in street and lane new dwellings rise ;
The hammers in the workshops clink once more,
Clatter the mills, the furnace chimneys roar ;
Through every channel industry has made
Flows the swift current of reviving trade ;
Again resumes the absolute sway of greed.
And yet, at murmur of a human need
Three thousand miles away, the faint, low cry :
" Gaunt famine strikes us!—aid us, or we die!"
A people's feeling to its depth is stirred,
The quick heart answers what the ear has heard ;
And, as the generous impulse shakes the land,
To the warm heart responds the liberal hand.
O blessed country! seeking not to know
The why or wherefore, but the fact of woe ;
Not hers to ask what narrow spot of earth
The man who suffers claims as place of birth ;
Not hers to seek what his relief may be—
If led by Christ, or following Confutzee.
Enough, while she prosperity enjoys,
That fire makes homeless, pestilence destroys,
Cold summer rains the lagging harvest blights,
And pitiless famine countless thousands smites ;
The Moses of her pity deals the stroke—
The fountain gushes where the rock is broke.
No creed, no birthplace can her purpose ban,
She owns in full the brotherhood of man ;
Draws, without counting, from her hard-won gains,
And gives and gives, so long as need remains.

Springs our warm zeal, in this the hour of woe,
From kindred currents through our veins that flow?
Is it because in this, our mingled race,
Nine millions their descent from Ireland trace?
Not needed that our heart of hearts to win—
When famine strikes, all human kind are kin.
Is it that in the early day when we
Fought the long fight that kept a people free,
So many Irish joined the patriot band—
Barry at sea, Montgomery on the land,
Thornton in Congress—Irish everywhere—
That chance was given for men to do and dare?
Why, no! it is enough their deeds to tell;
They did their duty, and they did it well.
Is it that at the hour our army lay,
By famine melting bit by bit away,
Twelve Irish merchants gold to Morris gave—
Ten thousand pounds—in time our force to save?
Those men had found their country on this shore;
They did their duty, and they did no more.
'Tis not that ties of kindred hold their sway,
Or gratitude, that brings you here to-day.
You are not Irish all by blood and birth;
There are men here from many lands of earth—
The Yankee grasps the Scotsman by the hand,
And here the Germans by the Irish stand.
No selfish motives move; but pity warm
And generous impulse take the heart by storm;
All of one land, if need for action call,
For boundary lines at human misery fall.

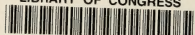
Have we not had our days of trouble, too?
In our weak youth, ere we to greatness grew,
Two centuries since, in Massachusetts, there

Rose from the land the wailing of despair.
The crops were smitten by drought, the harvest failed,
Disease struck many, famine all assailed ;
There was no food for even wealth to buy,
And rich and poor alike lay down to die.
They heard the news in Ireland. Not their way
To let their purpose dull by long delay.
The generous Irish heart was stirred to save ;
The generous Irish hand unclosed and gave.
With every inch of space from plank to keel,
Packed close with Irish meat and Irish meal,
With Irish tars to guide her o'er the sea,
The good ship Katharine sailed from Dublin quay ;
Her welcome cargo reached this Western shore,
And famine vexed the rescued land no more.
The bread they cast upon the waters then,
Be it ours to send it tenfold back again ;
Each crumb become a loaf! And let them get
A generous usury when we pay our debt!



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